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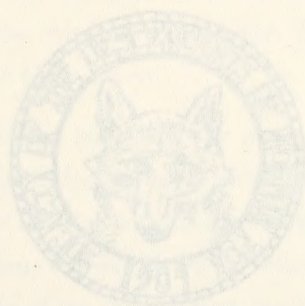
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FOX FAMILY NEWS

Volumes 1 - 10 inclusive
(1912 - 1921)

The official organ of the

SOCIETY OF THE DESCENDANTS OF NORMAN FOX




Edited and Published by

HOWARD FOX, M. D.

114 East 34th Street

New York City



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Edited and Published by

HOWARD FOX, M. D.

114 East 54th Street

New York City

June 25, 1875.

The FOX FAMILY NEWS first appeared in 1912 and was published every two months for a period of ten years when it was discontinued. Although an independent enterprise the paper was soon adopted as the official organ of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox. This is an incorporated family association the purpose of which is described in these pages.

The ten volumes of which this book is composed contain a considerable amount of genealogical research together with biographical sketches, family news and photographic illustrations. There are short sketches of Norman Fox (1792-1863) and others of his family and a series of genealogical articles showing the descent of Norman Fox from Thomas Fox who died at Concord, Mass. in 1658. The descendants of Norman Fox are also descended from the Freeman, Chesebrough and Baldwin families of Connecticut.

The main purpose in publishing this paper was to make a permanent record of certain genealogical data and to disseminate family news. The parts of the book of a personal nature were written from the standpoint of the editor's generation, individuals being referred to as Uncle, Aunt, Cousin, etc. An index of the ten volumes has been compiled by Mr. Noel Bleeker Fox. The first three issues were edited by Rev. Kenneth C. MacArthur while four of the late ones were edited and published during the war by the editor's secretary, Miss Ruth Kane.

H. F.



Vol. I.

JANUARY 1, 1912

No. 1

Recollections of My Father.

BY GEORGE HENRY FOX

My father was 54 years old when I was born, the youngest of seven. I have been told that on this important occasion the older children were entertained by various kind neighbors. When my brother Norman came home, and was allowed to gaze at his new and diminutive brother he is said to have burst into tears at the thought of what he had missed, remarking that he had seen several weddings but had never been to a barning.

In my first distinct recollection of my father I see him standing with his feet apart and hands behind him, while conversing with a gentleman at our house in Ballston. I tugged at his knee to attract attention and asked if I could go out and roll my little wheel-barrow as far as Mr. Beach's corner. He looked down at me and quietly remarked, "I've no objection." My vocabulary at that time did not include many words of three syllables, but I remember how I interpreted his language through the kind indulgent look upon his face.

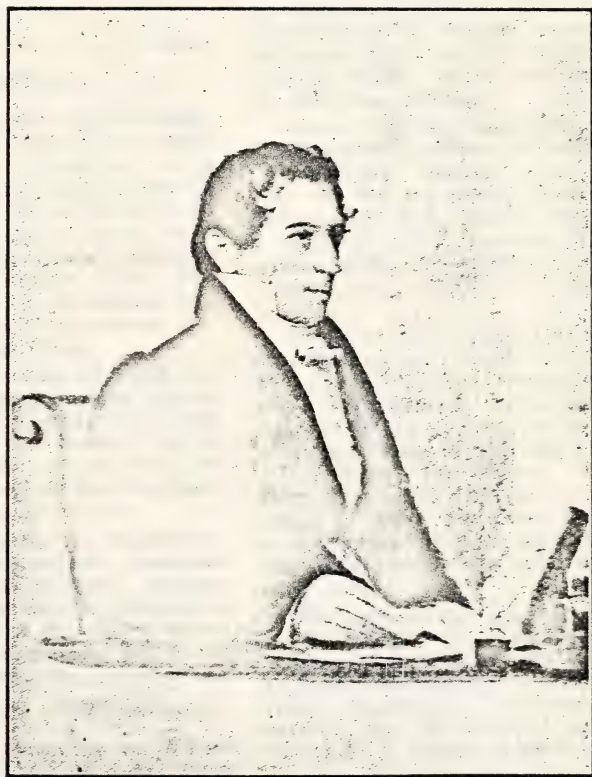
When I was four years old the family moved to Schenectady. Household goods were doubtless shipped by rail but the cow was driven over by my brother Norman to our new home, in what I believe is still called the "Bowery" near the end of the pine woods. My father took Elizabeth and me with him in his buggy behind our old black horse and about sundown we overtook Norman and the cow trudging along the dusty road just outside of the city. Father now got out and drove the cow while Norman doubtless with a glad heart took his place in the buggy. Very soon the latter called our attention to the

new home, "a white house with pillars in front." I remember looking in vain for a house with pillows in the upper windows.

From the Bowery we moved to a brick house on Liberty street near the Methodist church and later to half of a double brick house on Ferry street. Our landlord, a fine old octogenarian, resided next door and was known to us children as "Old Poppy Vedder." Our first floor was almost level with the street and when a front pane of glass became loosened he applied the necessary putty from the outside. Elizabeth and I became intensely interested in his work from the inside of the pane and watched the wind tossing his scanty white locks and the peculiar twisting of his lips over his toothless jaws, with gleeful emotions. We were endeavoring to imitate or to surpass his facial contortions when my brother William arrived at the house, and by his manifest approval of our performances encouraged us to more vigorous effort. Just then my father appeared on the scene. The performance ended, and the curtain literally fell. I cannot recall that the performers felt any great sense of shame or repentance, but I know that my father took us into another room, and for a long time talked to us with a singularly impressive kindness about the thoughtlessness of children and the respect which should ever be shown to old age. Lest the reader imagine that I was spoiled through any sparing of the rod, I might cite a backyard disagreement with my sister Elizabeth in which my crowning argument was accompanied by a vicious kick. I was unaware that my father was just then viewing our discussion from a rear window. I think the rod used in this case was of plum instead of birch, but it "got there all the same."

I can distinctly recall the many times when, as a little boy, I climbed up into my father's lap, and begged or perhaps demanded of him to draw something on my slate, or to tell me a Bible story. I can recall no instance of a refusal. Even to this day I can feel the thrills of pleasure with which I listened to the stories of the boy David, carrying parched corn and loaves to his brothers in camp, of the widow's cruse of oil and of Elijah's

ways rehearsed it before him. One day he surprised me by offering to speak a piece for me, and standing up he recited verse after verse from the Greek Testament. One day in college our class was struggling with the story of the Pool of Bethesda when the phrase "aron ton krabbaton" sounded so familiar that I was almost overwhelmed with the recollection that these words were in the piece that my father used to speak.



NORMAN FOX

chariot of fire. One night in Paris I listened to the opera of Samson. I had almost forgotten the story, but when the blind old man was led in by a little boy to the great pillars I entirely forgot the music and almost cried aloud, "There is the little boy my father used to tell me about."

When somewhat older and called upon to speak a piece at school, I often asked my father to select one for me, and al-

In his later years at the Gang Mills near Painted Post, he took great interest in tree planting and in gardening. He read the horticultural catalogues to any of us who would listen, and we noted the fact that every variety was described as "large and fine." At the end of the family table my father usually sat in silence, apparently oblivious of the fun that was generally going on. Whenever a dessert was served that seemed un-

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EDITORIAL.

In response to a letter sent November 24 to members and friends of the family, sufficient assurances of support for a family paper have been received to justify the News in making its bow at this time to the clan. It hopes to carry on to greater success the good work begun by its departed predecessor "The Fox Society News," and to supplement in a more permanent form the service rendered by the Round Robin.

It seeks, like the society of which it is the spokesman to perpetuate the memory of Norman Fox, to promote affectionate fellowship among its members and to preserve the family records that the younger generation may emulate the ideals and achievements of the elders.

It, therefore, bespeaks the co-operation of all, whether descendants, associates or friends. Send us items, articles, jokes, puzzles and helpful suggestions and criticisms. It is the paper, not of individuals or local groups, but of all and aims to be worthy the support of all.

usually appetizing some one was always ready to remark in an undertone, "large and fine." During the war our soldier boys had to live on scant and short rations. One day when some peculiarly toothsome dish was brought to the table my father remarked that if William and Charles were here they would say that this was "large and fine," showing that he had noticed more of what was said and done at our table than any of us had imagined.

The unusual difference between my father's age and mine did not tend to an intimate companionship and naturally, I

was unable to appreciate his rare and admirable qualities as did my older brothers. While these rambling recollections may be of little value, I trust my gentle reader may find in them a certain amount of interest.

Howard's Visit to Bert.

Howard read a paper in June at a meeting of the American Medical Association at Los Angeles. He travelled in a special train of doctors, and visited the Grand Canon of Arizona, the coast of California, the Yosemite and Yellowstone National Parks. In a letter he wrote the following account:

"One of the most delightful incidents of my trip was a visit with Bert at Colorado Springs. He met me at the station, but did not recognize me, as we had not seen each other for many years. I recognized him, however, from the strong family resemblance to his three brothers, all of whom I had seen more recently.

"Bert's delightful hospitality was also extended to my friend Dr. Satterlee, who was my travelling companion on the trip. We dined at Bert's house, and later on in the evening had a fine old fashioned visit at the home of his father-in-law, Mr. Moore. It was a great pleasure to meet such a nice new cousin as Anna, but I felt disappointed in not seeing the most important member of the family, who had retired at an early hour.

"The sight seeing that appealed to me the most was a visit to the reducing and refining works where Bert is employed as Boss. He modestly called my attention to machinery of his own invention that had been the means of saving many thousands of dollars to his company. If any one is under the impression that Bert is fooling around in Colorado Springs playing golf or lounging back in an easy chair, reading French novels, he ought to be disillusioned right now. Bert is "on the job" from morning to night including holidays. He has never had time to climb Pike's Peak which seemed funny to me till I realized I had never seen the new aquarium in New York. If I had known that I was soon to become a newspaper reporter, I might have gotten more details of Bert's rather exciting life, which includes trifling inci-

dents such as being stabbed and shot at by strikers to say nothing of struggling with malaria in the wilds of Mexico."

From the Archives.

Mr. Jehiel Fox, Dr., to Union College, for the College Bill of Son Norman during the Session commencing September 21st, and ending December 21st, 1813.

To Tuition and use of College Library,	\$10.75	
Room Rent, &C.	1.50	
Wood and Cutting for		
Public Rooms,	2.50	
Servants, Hire, &C.	2.50	
Public Damage,	1.25	
Printing,	.50	
	\$19.	\$19.

12 Weeks Board, at \$1.25 per week,	\$19.	
Taken from dining hall		.75
Private Damage,		
Fines, as per letter forwarded,		

A bill of those absences and tardiness which have been charged to your son during the last term, which are not placed under the head of fines, as he has rendered some excuse for the same.	Absent from or tardy at		
	Prayers 1 times 1		
	Recitation 1 times 1		
	Rooms 1 times 1		
		3	3

French Books furnished, 1 Dollar per year.	
Classical Books furnished, 2 Dollars, 25 cents per term.	2.25
Books damaged,	
Books lost,	

Total \$47.38

On the original bill, which is among the archives of our society, the items are printed and the amounts as far as \$10 are also printed. The remaining amounts and the total, and also the names are filled in in handwriting. The entire bill was folded and sealed with wax, in the manner customary before the invention of envelopes, and addressed to "Mr. Jehiel Fox, Chester, Warren County." Instead of postage stamp and printed postmark, which had not then been invented, there is written on one upper corner the figure "10" and on the other the words "Schndy Decr 25".

Army Notes.

Uncle George has been re-appointed Surgeon to the George Washington Post, No. 103, G. A. R.

Noel won a silver cup last summer which was offered for the highest score in rifle practice made by a private of Troop I, Squadron A.

Alanson was recently appointed corporal in Troop One, Squadron A, N. G. N. Y. He acted as "Corporal of the Guard," on December 16th, when Secretary of War Stimson reviewed the squadron.

Howard was lately appointed First Lieutenant in The Medical Reserve Corps of the United States Army.

Rob was commissioned last summer as Second Lieutenant, Company A, First Oklahoma Infantry.

The Editor, with two others, represented Company I, in the Heavy Marching Order, Inter-Company Relay Race at the 7th Regiment Games, December 9, and won second place. There were five teams competing. Each man ran 352 yards in uniform, carrying blanket roll, haversack and rifle.

My visit to Bert revealed the fact that one member of the family, at least, served in the Spanish war. Bert enlisted in May, 1898, in Battery C, Utah Volunteer Artillery, and served till July of the same year, when he left the service on account of physical disability (defective vision). During this time he was stationed at Fort Douglas, Utah. According to a recent letter he had a much more exciting service in 1900, when he acted for six months as United States Deputy Marshal in Washington, and helped in running out horse thieves from the Colovill Indian Reservation. A year later he was under sheriff of Ferry County, was again engaged in the same kind of work. He said there was not as much glory in this, as there was hard work, but perhaps as much danger as there would have been in going to Cuba or the Philippines.

Martha's Wedding.

Martha was married on November 15th, to Richard Hungerford Townsend, M. D., of Queenstown, Ireland. They have been travelling in England, but will reside at No. 13, Westbourne Place, Queenstown.



Vol. I.

MARCH 1, 1912

No. 2

The Annual Banquet

The eighth annual banquet of the Society of the descendants of Norman Fox was held at the Brevoort House, on the evening of January first, 1912. Uncle George, as President of the Society, welcomed the guests of the evening, and regretted the absence of Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Annie, Aunt Harriet, Uncle Robert and our numerous western cousins, all of whom he hoped would be with us next year. He called attention to the fact that our list of members was a duplicate of that of last year, and said that while we regretted that the names of new and beautiful associates did not appear in connection with those of Noel, Alan, Howard and Alanson, we had great reason to rejoice that no names had been stricken from our muster roll. He then yielded his place to the toastmaster of the evening, Mason Trowbridge, who spoke in part as follows:

"The committee informed me that the other speakers would not take up much time, and that I was expected to do a good deal of talking myself. The first thing, however, that met my eye on coming into the hotel, was Walter Freeman carrying a large package of manuscript. I at once cut half an hour from my prepared remarks. In a moment Noel came in with a suit case, and I took off another hour and a half. I then took the precaution to ask the head porter if he had noticed anything in Clinton Ivins' hand when he arrived. He said, 'I didn't see anything in his hand, but he brought a trunk with him.' I therefore hasten to introduce the speakers without more ado, and call first on the representative of the great body of associates, Walter Freeman."

In an interesting and humorous manner Walter then described a recent trip to Europe with his family. At the conclusion of his remarks he presented all of the ladies present with souvenir calendars. These consisted of choice photographs that he had taken abroad and that bore witness to his unusual skill and artistic ability.

The toastmaster then continued: "Not having had the pleasure of meeting the next speaker personally, I asked one of the family this afternoon to tell me some characteristic anecdote of him that would serve as an introduction. 'Well,' she said, 'he once hit Aunt Powers in the eye with a spoon.' It was with no small apprehension that I noted as we sat down, the small objects on the table, within his reach. It gave a growing sense of relief to see them removed one by one as the dinner progressed. We used to be told at New Haven that Princeton men were unacquainted with the use of forks or spoons. Anyone who has watched the next speaker as closely as I, must have seen that either this is untrue, or that we have in his behavior at table this evening, a striking instance of quick adaptability to the habits of civilized life."

In response to the toast, "Collateral members," Clinton Fox Ivins then proceeded to show his college training had included the art of public speaking. He referred to the coincidence in having been sent by his employers, the Ingersoll-Rand Co., for a prolonged stay at Painted Post. Here he became well acquainted with some of Uncle Charles' descendants, especially George Henry, to whom he frequently referred as "Dick" Fox. He could not resist the temptation to remind the Yale members of the family, that in spite of Edgah

Freeman's presence on the Yale football team, this had been decidedly a Princeton year.

The toastmaster continued, "The business management of the Fox Family News has asked me to make an announcement: In order to increase its subscription list it makes the following offer. To anyone procuring one new subscription, it will give as a premium one of Dr. Howard Fox's medical pamphlets. Anyone procuring five subscriptions will be given a copy of Prof. Charles Fox's, Ph. D. thesis on "The Omission of the Auxiliaries *Haben* and *Sein* in Old and Middle German. Anyone procuring twenty-five new subscribers will be given his choice, suitably framed in gilt for hanging in a drawing-room, of anyone of the colored plates in Dr. Fox's album of Skin Diseases. Noel will now give us the second of the ninety-nine instalments of the military history of the family."

In a most interesting manner, Noel then spoke of the members of the family who fought in the civil war. He read a stirring letter which Uncle William had written after the battle of Antietam, a letter which we hope will be published later in full. Indeed it is hoped that Noel's remarks at this and last year's banquet will be elaborated into a complete martial history of the family to be published in the columns of our paper.

Mason then continued, "I have been thinking all the evening that one of our guests whose name is so prominently and enviably connected with the great peace movement must be contrasting in his mind the harmony of this dinner with the one given to President Taft, which he attended night before last, where they had to call out the police reserves to protect the dove of peace from the mighty hunter of Oyster Bay. Speaking of the latter, let me read some letters I have here. As the ex-president is a neighbor of Dr. Fox out on Long Island, he was invited to dine with us this evening.

He replied:

'Dear George.—Delighted to come. You are doing a fine thing. Am glad to hear that the war history of the family is being written up.
T. R.'

By the next mail came a second letter.

'My dear Dr. Fox.—I hear that Mr. Hamilton Holt of the peace movement is to be at our dinner. I cannot consent to dine with anyone who believes in real peace. I am for peace, but only as a last resort. I favor a clause in all arbitration treaties providing that arbitration is to be employed only after the possibilities of war are exhausted. Yours truly,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.'

Dr. Fox replied that he was sure there would be no untoward incident if Mr. Roosevelt would come, that it would be a particular disappointment not to have him after he had once raised our expectations by accepting. The return mail brought the following:

'Sir.—You are entirely and unqualifiedly wrong in stating that I accepted your invitation in any way, shape, or manner. Anyone who says anything else is guilty of a deliberate falsehood. T. ROOSEVELT.'

After this elaborate introduction, Mr. Holt responded in a short and humorous speech, and was followed by President James M. Taylor and Rev. Edward Judson, and made us wish that they would all be frequent guests at our family gatherings.

Among the letters read at the dinner was the following from Stuart Freeman:

"Dear Foxes—one and all—Greetings from Sigurd, Utah. The greetings come from Sigurd, although the paper comes from Salt Lake City, which latter fact leads up to the conclusion that I am again in the realm of bath tubs and barber shops. But I return tomorrow to the mills and their dirt and their health giving surroundings. I feel proud there, for am I not the only fox? There be plenty of wild cats, ducks and geese, but the craftiness of the fox makes him the dominating influence (must here acknowledge the help rendered by Mr. Winchester), and as Christmas comes but once a year in Utah, let me take this occasion to hope that you all have made the most of it. In New York, leap year comes but once in four years, so you bachelors look out. In Utah, leap year comes as often as it pleases, the advantage of this being, that one accepted proposal does not shut out future bidders. Well, a Mormon's a Mormon for a' that, and I am doing famously among them. So,

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good luck, and a Happy New Year to all good foxes. STUART FOX FREEMAN,
(Leader of the 3d generation.)"

During the course of the dinner, Howard sang the Descendant's Song, as usual, and later, the musical members of the family rendered the family hymn and the doxology. To make the occasion complete, the famous quartette, composed of Helen, Alan, Noel and Kenneth nearly paralyzed the waiters by their melodious efforts.

The following were present at the dinner: Uncle George, Aunt Cornelia; and Cousins Ada, Walter and Howard Freeman, Alan, Noel, Alice, Charles, Edith and Montague, Kenneth and Rachel, Howard, Alanson, Adaline and Harry, Helen and Mason; and as guests, Rev. Dr. Edward Judson, President James S. Taylor of Vassar, Cousin Louise Ivins, Clinton and Hope Ivins, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Holt, Dr. G. R. Satterlee, Miss Vandeventer, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Levi Satterlee.

Gertrude's Visit to Tulsa

Four years ago when the MacArthurs first began to visit Tulsa, no one in the East seemed to have even heard of the place. "Tulsa, Oklahoma!" (only people have a way of pronouncing it Oklohama.) "Where under the sun is that?" But, now, I notice, every one knows a man in Tulsa or Muskogee, or has a brother in Bartlesville or even just going to be married to an oil man or a lawyer in some part of Oklahoma, and Eastern people are beginning to realize that it is not a far western state, but is more south than west and is only a night and half a day from St. Louis. Tulsa is becoming

known, but whether this fact is due to the pushing methods of the "boosters," who once came all the way to New York with brass band and Tulsa banners, or due to the intrinsic virtues of the place, I cannot tell. Certainly the Commercial club boosters are most energetic, and certainly Tulsa is well worth their enthusiasm.

On the main business street to-day instead of the few little one-story wooden buildings with false square front hiding the slope of the roof, there are solid blocks of high office buildings and department stores. Now you turn around to gaze at the shaggy Indian ponies with tail and mane tangled with burrs, but you do not give a second glance at the automobiles. The policeman at the corner has to guide the traffic on Saturday afternoon and there is a steady stream pouring into the moving-picture shows. When I visited Rob and Nelly four years ago we went to a near-by station to see an Indian pow wow, but this time we joined all Tulsa society at a fancy dress dance at the Country Club. All these signs of progress detract from the picturesque, but there are still romantic suggestions in the Indians and there is a kind of romance—to the visitors at least, if not to the banker or grocer—in the "plunger" whose exciting career is the talk of an oil town.

The population has grown from thirteen hundred, in 1900, to nearly twenty-seven thousand in 1911, and what figure it has reached since I left town in December, I should not dare guess. Every morning more paved streets and more miles of sidewalks are reported, and you cannot wonder Tulsans are proud of their thirty miles of paved streets and one hundred and ten miles of sidewalks, cement and granitoid, their eight banks and sixty-three factories and industries in operation, their three oil refineries and one hundred and sixty-seven oil and gas companies. If I owned property there, I would go on to tell of the three daily papers, the fourteen churches and the new million dollar hotel now being built, but enough of statistics.

Rob has to be away a great deal of the time. Sometimes, for weeks he is off at Osage Junction or some other oil center, and when he is at home he is very busy. His evenings are spent mostly at the telephone,

as then he gets reports from men out in the field and gives orders about four inch cylinders. When a free half day comes I notice he likes to escape social risks and to go off and shoot or to hide away in his gun room, where he revels in back numbers of "Arms and the Man" or dissipates at weighing lead for bullets. I am sure none of the military cousins look so well in their war clothes as Rob does. Being Rob, he does not wear them because they are becoming but I confess I was proud of the relationship when I saw him in his uniform.

Social life in Tulsa is gay, and Nelly has many teas and clubs that take up the whole afternoon. Sometimes I would inveigle her into taking me to a moving picture show when we should have been to a tea, and occasionally we would run away for a country walk, for there are lovely brown sandy stretches of undulating plains or stony climbs through the woods up the little hills overlooking the town. The kindness and hospitality of Nelly's friends to me I greatly appreciated, and realized that they reflected the affection people have for her. I wish all readers of the Fox News would stop off at Tulsa and see how interesting the city is, how delightful the people, and what perfect hosts Nelly and Rob always are.

Notes

Charlie Clapp writes from Toledo as follows. "I am Secretary and Treasurer of the National Supply Company, the largest oil and gas well supply Company in existence. We have sixty stores throughout the United States and Canada and located in all of the principal oil fields now in operation. Outside of the work connected with this company I lead a quiet and uneventful life."

Cousin Marie Wait's house at Hightstown, N. J., is done, and Adaline's at Pittsfield is making good progress. Two more places, where disreputable walking trips may stop!

Edgar Freeman played right half back in the Harvard—Yale football game last November and won his "Y".

Noel took part in the recent military maneuvers in Westchester County.

Uncle Robert returned on February 10th from a trip to Russia on which he had many adventures of interest. There will be fuller particulars in the next issue of the News.

Kenneth has been elected President of the Bronx church and Civic League and a Director of the New York Federation of Churches. During February he acted as Chaplain of New York University. He writes up the Library News for the Seventh Regiment Gazette.

The New York Herald for December 23, 1911 contained an article about the Tremont Baptist Church with pictures of the church and of Kenneth.

Datus C. Smith writes from Kinderhook. "It is a great pleasure to me to know that our family (for I was adopted into the tribe at an early age, or at any rate a great many years ago, which I must admit is not quite the same thing) is to have the one thing it lacked in its bounds to greatness, the printed page. The business and editorial management announced, assure success; in fact there can be little doubt but that they will add to the glory of every member of the family if such a thing is possible. Enclosed is my dollar, my proud dollar, to help on the good work."

Aunt Annie has recently visited Ada in Plainfield.

Ada was on the Committee that recently raised \$132000 for the Plainfield Hospital within ten days.

Aunt Hattie recently visited Adaline at Pittsfield.

Kenneth has been chosen to serve on the Social Service Committee of the men and Religion Movement in New York.





VOL. I.

MAY 1, 1912

No. 3

Jane Freeman Fox—Our Mother

BY

ELIZABETH FOX MAC ARTHUR

There is something of pathos in the thought that one alone in the family can in any way recall in memory, our mother. With the single exception of a member of the Ballston church, who I believe is still living, there is no one, so far as I know, who knew her.

On March 7, 1849, she fell asleep, aged forty-two years, leaving seven children between two and a half and seventeen years of age. I may not here allude to the blow that fell upon the faithful pastor of a church, with slender means, and the shadow of a mortal disease hanging over him. As it seemed best to relieve the tension of the family life, my Uncle Robert and Aunt Elizabeth Freeman took me to their house in Albany. Notwithstanding I was so young, one scene is indelibly stamped upon my memory, that of my mother lying ill in bed, and saying to me as she bade me her last good-by, "be a good girl, and kneel down every night and say your prayers."

In the archives of the Fox Society there is a letter to Uncle Robert Freeman, written by my father, in the restrained manner so characteristic of him announcing the death of my mother. Sitting in a high chair by the table when the letter was received and listening to the reading of its contents, I little comprehended its purport, but I remember the hush that came over the family as they talked together of what was to mean so much to me in after years.

Of the journey to Ballston and arrival there, I have indistinct recollections, but one thing remains in my mind. Following the custom of the time, the mirror in the

room where my mother was lying, was covered with a sheet, and that filled me with a kind of superstitious awe, which I never could forget.

I am indebted to a friend in Ballston for information regarding my mother's personal appearance. I remember her saying, when I told her I had longed to see a picture of my mother, "I never see you, but a picture of your mother comes back to me, even to the tones of your voice." And I distinctly recall having old members of the Ballston church say, "You look like your mother, I hope you will grow up to be as good a woman."

I am largely indebted to Aunt Mary Chapman and her daughter for the knowledge I have of my mother's temperament. Living as next door neighbors to this Aunt, who was not indeed related by ties of blood, but by affection, a close intimacy existed. I judge by many things I learned, that my mother had a keen sense of humor that helped her over some of the hard places she had to meet. We employed one servant, a Scotch woman named Betsy McVoy who had a small boy about my age. I remember, pushing him into the creek, after which certain impressions were made, not soon to be forgotten.

My father, with due regard to the Scriptural injunction, was "not forgetful to entertain," but I fear the brethren did not always prove to be "angels unaware." But though my mother's housewifely patience was often tested, her spirit of hospitality was ever the same.

There are certain articles attesting my mother's accomplishments as a needle woman, her skill being proved in her wedding gown and veil, now in the possession of the

family.

Her sympathy for, and interest in children, not her own, our neighbor Amelia Chapinan, often called to mind, when she told me that sometimes when her mother had to curl her hair, (and little girls were lacking in personal adornment if the hair was not curled) she could run over to Mrs. Fox, who would finish her toilet in a most satisfactory manner. Then too, "Mrs. Fox could dress dolls better than her mother could."

In giving this meagre sketch, I feel that scant justice has been done to one who served her day and generation, as a fond mother, a devoted wife, and truly consecrated Christian. In closing, let me quote from a well known writer, who in speaking of a mother voices my thought regarding our mother.

"She built it herself, and yet she did not know that she had a monument. She lived in it, but she did not know that it existed. She never dreamed that she was great or that she was specially useful, or had achieved anything worth living for. Sometimes she had a "dream of fair women," and looked with a sigh on her life, made up of little deeds, so little that she who did them was not conscious of the doing, she whose loom moved so noiselessly, that she neither thought how long she was at it, nor what a beautiful pattern she was weaving. She did not think about herself: self consciousness would have destroyed her monument. Her monument was her home. It grew up as quietly as a flower grows and no one knew, she did not know herself, how much she had done to tend, and water and train it."

I cannot close this tribute to "Our own mother" without allusion to the wise and true woman who later entered into our family life and conscientiously and lovingly performed a mother's part.

I do not know how many years intervened (I think about five) but I distinctly remember when father taking George and me aside told the glad news that Auntie Hale, whom we had always known, was to come to brighten our home. For, "what is home without a mother," meant far more than the title of the popular song. I can truly say that the tidings imparted by father created

emotions, although not as deep as might have been expected, for uppermost in our minds was the thought of attending a wedding for the first time, and what was better, the prospect of having all the wedding cake we could desire.

The next day we accompanied father to Ballston where the wedding was to take place at the house of her daughter, Mrs. Russell P. Clapp. There we were permitted to witness the preparations for the wedding feast and participate to the extent of eating pieces of cake that "stuck to the bottom of the pan" also to certain portions of icing that adhered to the dishes. As to the manner of the latter, I leave to the imagination of any reader not too old to remember childhood days. Some one may remark that these are rather insignificant details to place on record, but they are the memories of a child, not of a mature woman who might have been more interested in the marriage service than in culinary preparations.

"Mother Fox" as she is remembered by all the relatives, outlived my father many years, making her home with her daughter, Mrs. Clapp in Ballston. There she died in ripe old age surrounded by children and grandchildren and beloved by all who knew her. Of her it might truly be said, "she openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Her children arise up and call her blessed.

From the Archives

The archives of the Society contain this early example of a Fox family "round robin letter." It was sent to Norman Fox, (Jr.) when he was a sophomore at the University of Rochester. It is written on both sides of a large single sheet of paper. The spelling is exactly as written. At the time it was written Uncle William was twelve years old and Uncle George was just six.

SCHENECTADY Tuesday Oct. 26th-52.

Dear Brother

Last week I omitted to write to you and finding I could write to-night I thought I would. Father is growing better rapidly and the rest of the family are all well, except Georgy who hurt his thumb the other day. The Lyceum opened with a very large number of scholars. Mast's Meeker & Brown are the editors of a paper called the Adel-

From Whos Who In America.



Montague Howard, Jr., Born April 30th, 1910, in N. Y. C., Son of Edith MacArthur and Montague Howard, handsome like his mother, fat like his father—a combination difficult to beat, noted for great intelligence, has a wonderful digestion and magnificent physique, possesses remarkable ability and fine sense of humor, a noble character, gives promise of being a famous author and great benefactor to his country, in other words a second Roosevelt.

M. H.

FOX FAMILY NEWS.

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phian Banner. It is a neutral paper though its editors are whigs. I have taken up the study of Greek. It comes very hard to me at first,

but I hope I shall be able to master it after a while. Mr. Aikin is a better teacher than I expected. He is a very good scholar, and understands the languages well. Mrs. Halleck is staying at our house. I forgot to mention that we have coal stoves at school. Herman has gone to Richmondville to school. James Garrell and Hiram Wright went with him. General Scott passed through here on his way from the west

WILLIAM FOX

Dear Brother

you requested me to write I received your letter Today General Scott passed Through This place a few days ago They had out No 2 Cannon They fired 6 times a minute with-

out swabbing and it went of when They were ramming and blew Sancher Smith's and John Featherston arms off John Featherston arm is broke in 2 places John Smith arm is off Today a man climbed the Democritic pole in state street and put the rope Through which had been cut by whigs great many people Tried to climbed it for there were 12\$ Reward for the person that could climed it and put the rope Through when the man come down the boys began to Hurah for him he was a Boat-man on the canal and as soon as they got the ope put Through and got down they raised a large flag on the pole and a Flag across the street it is 300 squar yards long I am well and all the rest of the family

YOURS CHARLES FOX

Bro Norman

Pa say he will guide the pen while I write you.

MARY E. FOX

Here comes Georgys Letter.

GEORGE HENRY FOX.

Wednesday morg.

I Recd. your letter yesterday & was glad to hear from you. I Recd. a letter from Alanson Lately he is well & the mill business is going on well Except within the last week there is a Lack of water & the mill is Shut down. Mrs Hallack from Ballston is here making the Boys clothes for winter. Election news is all we can hear now.

You s affectionately

NORMAN FOX.

Notes

Aunt Louise is at present in a sanitarium at Corning, N. Y. recovering from her recent severe illness. She had intended to spend the winter with Walter at Colorado Springs.

Norman Fox IV. is now the youngest member of the S. of the D. of N. F. Charlie and Bertha are the proud parents of this latest recruit who arrived April 3, at Bethlehem Pennsylvania. At last reports mother and child were flourishing.

Alice and Noel, after a thoro search of the suburbs, have taken a house at Ridgefield, Ct. for the summer.

Howard has recently delivered medical lectures at Ottawa, Orange and Schenectady. At the latter city, he informed the audience that his grandfather, two uncles and one cousin had attended Union College.

Harry and Adaline expect to move into their new house at Pittsfield next month.

Mason Trowbridge and Alan Fox formed a law partnership some time ago, under the firm name of Trowbridge & Fox.

The Glen Cove Foxes have joined the automobile; enthusiasts, having recently bought a Hudson car.

Aunt Cornelia has spent the past month in Tryon, N. C.

Katherine Kershner is at the Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Edgar Freeman is one of the substitute pitchers on the Yale University Baseball team. He recently accompanied the team on its Southern trip.

Nellie Young MacArthur has been elected First Vice-President of the council of women of Tulsa, Okla, an organization for civic and social betterment.

From the Archives

Certificate of Election of NORMAN FOX

I Daniel Shepherd Clark of the court of common pleas of the County of Washington do certify that I having ascertained do determine pursuant to the Statute in such case made and provided that conformably to the Certificates to me delivered John Daly, William P. Adams, John Gale, Norman Fox and William U. McFarland esquires were duly elected Members of Assembly for the Counties of Washington and Warren at the Election held in and for the Counties aforesaid on the last Tuesday of April last and two succeeding days—Witness my hand the 11th day of May 1818.

D. Shepherd





Vol. I

JULY 1, 1912

No. 4

Alanson J. Fox—An Appreciation

By Rev. Henry H. Stebbins

"What would you say of your Uncle Alanson?" I asked of my daughters, Katherine and Jane, in the course of our table talk on a recent Sunday evening. From one or the other of the girls I gathered the following, which I recorded on the pad, I had provided myself with:

"I would say that among Uncle Alanson's marked characteristics was his well balanced judgment. He looked at matters from more than one point of view. He did more thinking than talking. He might be called a silent man. In business and in educational matters he was far-seeing. He was a man of unquestioned integrity. He built up his fortune in the good, old fashioned way—no flimflam, no watered stock mehods."

"Uncle Alanson was domestic, very fond of his home. He was a very good conversationalist. He had a quiet sense of humor. He was unpretentious. He was a good story-teller. He was a man of simple habits. He was broad-minded, christian, loyal, very so, to his denomination, yet of catholic spirit."

"Uncle Alanson was a man of wide reading. Like others of the Fox family he always had with him some choice clippings. He had a very retentive memory. He was not a college graduate, yet he knew more than a good many graduates."

"Uncle Alanson inspired a certain deference. He was looked up to."

The above answers to my question I have given without the least attempt to set them in order. They were spontaneous, unstudied expressions and on that account it seems to me, are of greater value. They are the obvious impressions made upon those who were so fortunate as to know the man. And the better they knew him the more fortunate they were.

The first time I met Alanson Fox was when he came to our home in Plainfield, New Jersey, to be married to my sister.

The word that above any other smote me as comprehensively descriptive of the man was "straightforwardness." And the longer I knew him the more confirmed I was in my first conviction. Alanson Fox had the single eye of which the Bible speaks, in consequence of which his whole body was full of light. His faith was as far removed from either credulity, superstition or fancy, as the east is from the west. He insisted upon having a reason for the faith that was in him. He was fond of argument and far oftener than otherwise held his own in any discussion he engaged in. Doubtless it was a surprise to many that he was not a college bred man—he was so intellectual, so cultivated, so widely intelligent and so well read. The fact is, and it was a vast compensation for the lack of a collegiate career, he was possessed of his full share of that gray matter which is a distinct quality of the Fox family. Alanson, while a man of firm convictions, believed in freedom of thought and speech. I well remember with what satisfaction he looked upon the Open Forum, or whatever it was called, where all Baptists of whatever shade of belief, could meet and wield a free lance in the arena of debate. And whenever possible, he was in attendance.

Alanson was a much sought for man in religious, educational and other councils. His business head and business habit, his conscientious attention to details, his disposition and determination, as a director, to direct, his keen foresight, his rare sagacity, his thoroughness, his executive ability and his unswerving integrity, made him a most valuable counsellor. His death cast an unusual shadow upon all the trusts he had admitted to his care.

Alanson was sincerely and ardently attached to the Church. He saw her faults, but with all her faults he loved her still. He was an attentive hearer, a devout worshipper, a generous discriminating giver, and a reliable worker in the local churches and in the denomination with which he was identified.

Alanson was a pure minded, a large



THE

THE

minded, a high minded, a pure hearted man.

Read the fifteenth Psalm; read Micah of the 6th chapter and the eighth verse; read the Epistle of James, the first chapter and the twenty-seventh verse, and you have a faithful word picture of Alanson Fox.

I am grateful for the privilege of speaking my mind of one to whom I was attached. I congratulate his children upon having that sort of a father. And I congratulate the Fox name upon him who shed such luster upon it. For, "Whatever record leap to light He never shall be shamed."

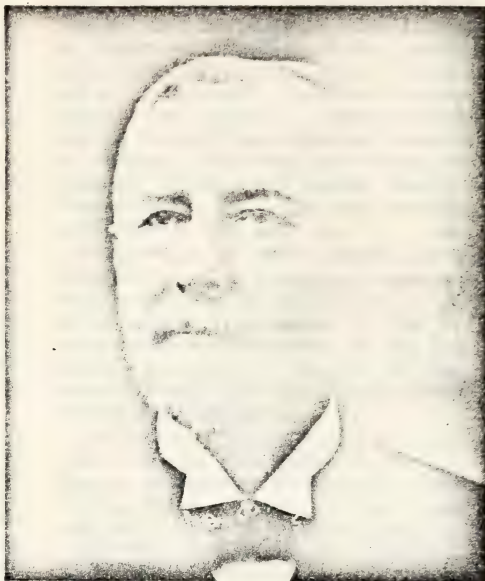
Baptist World Alliance and Russian Trip

By Uncle Robert

Probably the Fox family as a whole has but little interest in my election to the presidency of the Baptist World Alliance, and in my recent visit to the Capital of all the Russias; but at Howard's earnest request, I shall give some facts concerning both. The election took place in June last, in the city of Philadelphia. The Convention assembled at that time was the largest distinctively denominational body ever assembled on this planet. It was remarkable also for the number of nationalities represented, there being over sixty present by their delegates. It was notable also for the great ability shown in the papers read and addresses delivered; it was remarkable also for the wide reach of its sympathies and its missionary endeavors. I never sought the position, and the election was unanimous.

The office is really a world-wide bishopric. There is no bishop or archbishop in any Protestant or Romanist church with so vast a diocese. The only ecclesiastical official who bears to his church a relation similar to that which the occupant of this office bears to the Baptist body, is the Pope of Rome.

The first duty which devolved upon me in this high office was a visit to Russia. This visit involved no little sacrifice of time and comfort; but its results are gratifying in the extreme. I strove to secure several definite ends. The first was the Dedication of the "Dom Evangelia" the great new Baptist Church in St. Petersburg. The second was permission to deliver sermons and addresses in St. Petersburg and in other parts of the Russian Empire. The third



purpose was to acquire permission to purchase a site in St. Petersburg, on which the Baptist Bible College may be erected. There was also the hope that I might have some influence in securing a larger degree of civil and religious liberty for all persons outside the Russo-Greek Church.

The difficulties which I encountered were very great. The first difficulty was the fact of American sympathy with Japan in the war between Japan and Russia. Russian officials declared to me that but for American money, Japan never could have been victorious. The second difficulty was in having brought Russian exiles and martyrs to Philadelphia last June. Every mark of honor paid to them was a mark of dishonor paid to Russia. The third difficulty was the passage of the bill through both houses of our national Legislature abrogating the Treaty of 1832 with Russia. It was most unfortunate for me that this action was taken just as I was starting for Russia. Finally the course pursued by W. Morgan Shuster, in Persia, still further alienated Russia. The traditional hatred of the satanic majesty for holy water is not a circumstance to the actual hatred of Russia for the Jew. I could write entire articles illustrative of the truth of that statement.

I strove to pursue a very diplomatic course. I was fortified by letters from President Taft, Secretary Knox, Colonel Roosevelt, and other distinguished gentle-

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EDITORIAL

It is with regret that we announce a change in the management of the Fox Family News. Kenneth feels that he must give up the editorship of the paper on account of the pressure of his work and beginning with this issue the editorial direction will be undertaken by Howard.

We are glad to have the opportunity to express to Kenneth our appreciation of his public spirited efforts to further the general interests of the Fox Family. This has been shown in one way by his pioneer efforts as a family journalist. For several years Kenneth published without any assistance a paper which he called "The Fox Society News." He not only collected all of the news items but printed the paper himself with a hectograph. We might also mention that Kenneth's Editorial career began at an early age when he published a paper called the "Young Breeder." Most of us who did not know the difference between a "Poland China, and a "Cochin China" were greatly impressed by his knowledge of farming as well as his literary attainments.

In continuing the paper there will be no change in policy except that the good old fashioned methods of spelling will be revived. A new printer has been secured who will produce the paper at cost price, provided that some of the job printing of the family be given to him. We can vouch for his excellent work as well as his reasonable charges.

men. Colonel Roosevelt's letter proved to be more potent than all the credentials combined. These credentials I presented to our distinguished Ambassador to Russia, Honorable Curtis Guild. I cannot speak too highly of his personal cordiality, and of his official activity in the interest of my mission. All my credentials I had translated into Russian. I also prepared what might be called a State paper on the position, principles, numbers, and influence of Baptists throughout the world, and of my own position as President of the Baptist World Alliance. Probably I never prepared any other paper with so much anx-

iety. This paper also was translated into Russian, and sent with my credentials to M. Kokovtzev, President of the Council; to M. Makoroff, Minister of the Interior; and to M. Sazonoff; Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Makoroff is the successor, and M. Sazonoff is the brother-in-law of M. Stolypin, who was assassinated last summer. M. Sazonoff speaks beautiful English and is one of the most charming gentlemen I ever met.

I had days of great anxiety in St. Petersburg. The weather at times was bitterly cold, but not half so cold as were my prospects of success. In the end, however, notwithstanding all the difficulties, success was secured at every point, although with disagreeable qualifications and limitations.

In London, I had the honor of participating in the Dedication of the John Bunyan Window in Westminster Abbey. At this time I formed a pleasant friendship with the Dean of Westminster and with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Bunyan has come to his own. The church which confined him for twelve years in Bedford Jail now honors him with a window in the historic Abbey. Nonconformists, however, were not invited as clergymen to take any part in the service in the Abbey. The distinguished Dr. John Clifford, not as a clergyman, but as Chairman of the Bunyan Committee, delivered the Presentation Address. Perhaps it is too much to expect that the Anglican Church would recognize the clerical standing of the Nonconformist clergyman.

My trip to Russia is a chapter of enduring importance in family and official history.

The Fourth of July at Painted Post

The following account is taken from Stuart's famous little paper "The Gang Mill Bazoo"

"As last Monday was the fourth of July the boys had a big time. The editor was up till two o'clock, and down Kip street with a circular saw, an iron spike and a fish horn and the combination made quite a racket.

When he came back and reached the horse block his "Pa" collared him and sent him to the house for two hours. As soon as the time was up, Bear Town was serenaded.

From 6 to 7 P. M., Messrs. Asa Brown, Chas. Golden and Sam Brewster fired the anvils 36 times with only 2 pounds of powder.

Sam touched them off each time, and in the first round he got his hand blown

full of powder. The town can thank A. J. Fox for not being waked at two A. M., on the 4th of July.

On the afternoon and evening of last Wednesday, there was a festival on the Island for the benefit of Elder Ayres, a man who has been holding religious meetings in the school house during the winter. In the evening there was a good sized crowd present and with the ice cream and cake, together with peanuts, candy and lemonade, the sum of \$20 was taken in for Mr. A. Along near the close, some of the kids rattled the boards on the table, when Mrs. Perkins perched herself on a plank and remarked "that's a pretty caper." The lemonade made by Mrs. Gray was "lickin good" and was not made of river water and lemon peels, or flavored with bull frogs and lizards.

When pa collared us at the horse block Monday morning at 2 A. M., he was airily arrayed in his embroidered slumber robes, and one of the ladies was caught intently gazing at him from the window with a pair of opera glasses. In the evening we had a fine but not elaborate display of fireworks."

Helen's Patent Lamb

Most of the relatives probably know that Helen was the designer of the now famous Campbell Kid dolls which have been sold in such great numbers all over the United States. Her latest effort is a toy lamb whose wool can be taken off and washed and then replaced by means of sundry hooks and eyes. She obtained a patent upon this idea of "washable" animals on the sixteenth of April of this year. The first portion of her patent which is a formidable document, bearing the number 1,023,401, is given for the benefit of those who enjoy legal phraseology and begins as follows:—

"To all to whom it may concern:—

Be it known that I, Helen F. Trowbridge, a citizen of the United States, residing at Port Washington, Long Island, have invented certain new and useful improvements in Toy Animals, of which the following is a clear description.

This invention relates to an improvement in toy animals for children, which contains many hygienic and sanitary advantages, commending it to mothers, and which also furnishes an additional interest and amusement to children.

This invention may be applied to any of the ordinary animal or doll figures such as teddy bears, dogs, cats, etc., and in the present embodiment. I have shown it particularly as applied to a lamb.

In general this invention consists in forming a stuffed body portion into the figures desired, having an inner cover permanently secured about the same to hold the stuffing in place, while over this inner cover is placed an outer cover constructed to closely fit the stuffed body portion and made of material which resembles the external appearance of the animal's skin or fur."

If we weren't afraid of embarrassing Helen and possibly losing her subscription we would say something about another of her inventions, namely, a mechanical doll which sucks its thumb.

Family Gossip

A solid silver cup was lately presented to little Norman Fox, 4th, by the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox.

Uncle Alanson was prominent both as a Baptist and a Democrat. Named after his grandfather Jehiel, his initials were A. J. He used to say that his Baptist brethren usually thought that he was named after Adoniram Judson, while his political friends naturally assumed that he was named after Andrew Jackson.

Montague Howard has been elected a member of the Executive Committee of the American Jewellers Protective Association. This is a new organization, the object of which is to cooperate with the government to prevent smuggling. He and Edith and "Laddie" will spend July and August at Interlaken Inn, Lakeville, Connecticut.

Uncle George has been appointed First Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States Army. He and Howard have recently read papers before medical societies in St. Louis and Atlantic City.

Stuart Freeman is now in the employ of the C. A. Smith Lumber Co. at Bay Point, California.

Howard has lately been offered the Professorship of Dermatology at the University of Michigan. His secretary and general assistant "Ruth" has just sailed for Copenhagen to study some new laboratory methods. It is hoped that in spite of her absence the next issue of the paper will be published on scheduled time.

Louise Wright Fox, widow of Charles James Fox, died on Tuesday, June 18th, 1912, at Corning, N. Y.



Vol. I.

SEPT. 1, 1912

No. 5

A Tribute to Uncle Norman.

By Dr. George T. Stevens

On the occasion of the reunion of the Survivors of the 77th. Reg't N. Y. Vol. held at Saratoga Springs, September 11, 1907, the following letter from Doctor Stevens, Surgeon of the Regiment was read.

"The subject of this communication is a sad one and yet, since the necessity of a proper recognition of the fact is upon us, it is an agreeable one.

I write of our late and greatly beloved comrade, Chaplain Norman Fox. Since your last reunion our dear friend has finished his term of service here and has received an honorable discharge from the ranks of our Association of Survivors. I need not recall his personality to you. Every member of the old regiment remembers it well. Did we ever see the chaplain without that familiar smile? It had grown upon him. It was a part of him. It was not put on for parade, he could not help wearing it and best of all he did not want to help wearing it. Then we all remember his kindly sympathy for each of us when trouble or perplexity came upon us. He did not preach to us then, but he sat down by our side and said some cheering hopeful thing that made us feel stronger and better able to march against our difficulties. Do we not recall how when one of our member was sick he threw himself down beside the sick one and asked about the loved ones at home and how, from the mouth of the sufferer, words were written and sent to the anxious friends in the north and how, in his own words, he spoke hopeful and comforting things to those who read them with tears? You could not have seen him as I did at the hospitals in time of battle. It was he who reclined by the side of the stretcher or by the bed improvised of boughs on the ground and spoke softly in words of courage and hope to the badly wounded man. And when, as it too often happened, the wounded man gave up the fight there in the field hospital, it was his pen that told the stricken mother or wife or friends the terrible news in terms so gentle and so considerate,

so just to the memory of the dead soldier and so comforting to the hearts of his family that the blow was softened and the bowed hearts lifted up.

All these things you remember even if you did not see them as I saw them and no soldier of the Seventy-Seventh will ever forget the kind offices which sprang from this kind, cheerful and hopeful heart.

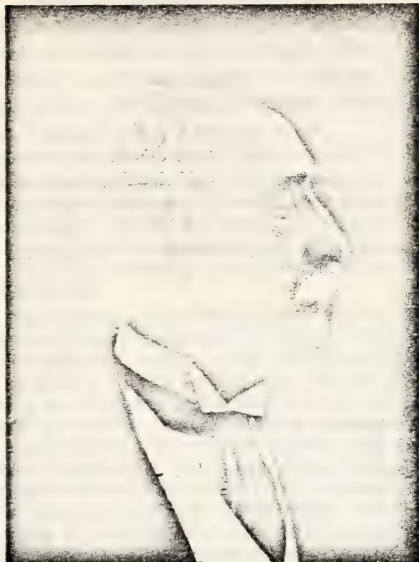
Now let me speak briefly of his history and of his "muster out."

Chaplain Fox was born in the village of Glens Falls, N. Y., February 13th, 1836. His father, the Rev. Norman Fox, was, at that time, pastor of the Baptist Church in that village.

The boy Norman was sent to the public and private schools and at length he entered the University of Rochester from which he graduated in 1855. Wishing to follow the lead of his honored father he took up the study of divinity and, entering the Rochester Theological Seminary, he graduated from this in 1857. In later years he was honored by his Alma Mater with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

His first ministry was at a church in Whitehall, N. Y. How much he was beloved by his congregation I learned after the War, when, with him and in company of our dear Colonel French, I visited at the charming home of one of his old parishioners where we heard from the lips of those who knew, how greatly our friend had been esteemed in his parish.

But the war came and the young clergyman felt, as we all felt, the call to go into the larger service of our country. He wisely felt that he could do better service as the friend, comforter and counselor of soldiers than by carrying arms. So he surrendered the pastoral charge of the church where he had won his first success and came to us as our Chaplain in the autumn of 1862. From that time forward to the day of mustering out of the Regiment he was with us in camp and on the



march, through the campaigns of the Grand Army of the Potomac from Fredericksburg to Petersburg and in all of our wonderful marches and battles in the Shenandoah Valley, where, under the leadership of Wright and Sheridan, our old Sixth Corps took so conspicuous and so noble a part. When these campaigns were over, after we had forced our opponents back at Cedar Creek, beaten and disorganized, the Regiment was ordered to Saratoga, where you meet today, to be mustered out. To the honor and credit of a large number of our old Regiment a battalion remained, reenlisted and marched in the grand demonstration of final victory in Washington. But the authorities did not allow a chaplain to such a battalion and Chaplain Fox was one of us who were mustered out of the service of the United States December 12th, 1864.

The Chaplain returned to civil life but not to a life of repose. He devoted himself to literature and took up the work of a professor. To his work he brought enthusiasm and earnest study.

Making his home at length in the beautiful city of Morristown he was elected to offices of trust and was finally chosen Mayor, an office which he filled with honor to himself and advantage to his city.

I need not tell his old comrades that Dr. Fox was an ideal chaplain nor that he was greatly beloved by us all but since you did not all know him in private life I

may add that he was a man of fine culture and of extensive reading. During many years of his life he was free from the cares and responsibilities of business life and he traveled extensively, his fund of general information and his habits of observation enabling him to enjoy to the uttermost and to communicate to his friends the varied subjects of interest which were presented to his notice.

The Chaplain was a most genial companion, a loyal friend, and an agreeable writer, a useful citizen and a faithful member of our Association. His qualities of mind and heart combined to endear him to a large circle of friends who now deplore his loss. His death occurred June 23rd, 1907.

He served his time, he is mustered out from our ranks with honor. I am sure, comrades, that I have uttered the sentiments of your own hearts in this, perhaps too long and yet too brief a sketch of our departed friend."

The Fox Family Society. Historical Sketch

One of the greatest monuments to the genius of Uncle Norman is our incorporated family society, known as the "Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox." In carrying out his long cherished plan of organizing the family, Uncle Norman thought it best to form a society, which at the outset consisted of those who were closely related. He therefore suggested that it be limited to the descendants of our grandfather Norman Fox. Accordingly a membership corporation was formed on May 27, 1904 by six trustees representing the families of six children of Norman Fox. The original trustees as named in the articles of incorporation were "Norman Fox Jr. of Morristown N. Y., William Freeman Fox of Albany N. Y., Elizabeth Fox MacArthur and George Henry Fox of the city of New York and Alan Fox and George Henry Fox (2nd) of Detroit, Mich."

On December 26th 1904 a meeting was held at Aunt Elizabeth's at 358 West 57th St., for the purpose of organization. At this meeting a constitution was adopted and officers were elected. Uncle Norman was unanimously chosen President, Uncle William, Vice-president, Gertrude, Secretary, Alanson, Treasurer and Noel, Curator. On the 30th of December of the same year the first meeting of the society was held at the house of Mrs. Bishop at 49 West 75th St. At that time few of us

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were inclined to consider Uncle Norman's project very seriously. It was not very long however before we began to realize that it was not only an immediate success, but one that promised great possibilities for the future.

The purposes for which our society exists are briefly expressed in article II of the constitution which reads as follows: "The objects of this society are: To perpetuate the memory of Norman Fox, promote acquaintance and fellowship among his descendants; to acquire collect and preserve records, papers and memorials relating to the said Norman Fox or to any of his descendants; and to establish and maintain a fund for the voluntary relief of any of the said descendants or the widow of any of them." It can be safely said that most of these objects have been attained in a very gratifying manner. Our annual banquets have brought together many relatives from distant parts of the United States. Valuable documents relating to Norman Fox, to his ancestors as well as descendants, have been collected and safely preserved in the Archives. Finally the treasury, while not as yet a financial burden to Alanson, has nevertheless grown slowly in size as a result of numerous small bequests. One of our most public spirited cousins has recently made a provision in her will leaving a thousand dollars to the society, an example which we hope will be followed by others.

With the exception of the first meeting at Mrs. Bishop's all the annual reunions of the society have been held on the evening of January first. The second annual reunion and banquet was held at the Hotel Empire where 26 persons including a few guests were present. At this meeting Uncle Norman presided, and the list of guests included, Rachel who was presented as Kenneth's future bride.

The third annual banquet held in 1906 at Bretton Hall showed a record attendance, there being 40 members and guests present. Montague acted as toastmaster and Charles followed Kenneth's example by introducing his fiancée Bertha. Uncle Charles' family was well represented at this meeting, Norman coming from Mantisque with Fanny and little Charles. The banquet was preceded by a flash

light photograph and followed by a dance.

The fourth annual banquet was also held at Bretton Hall with an attendance of 34 members and guests. Alanson acted as toastmaster. Among the speakers was Rob who with Nellie had come from Tulsa, Oklahoma to be present at the banquet. Uncle Robert eulogized the character of Norman Fox in the course of a speech which was later printed under the title of "Avuncular Advice."

The fifth meeting of the society was also held at Bretton Hall, Uncle George acting as president in the absence of Uncle William and Kenneth acting as toastmaster. There were 32 persons present. The speeches on this occasion were made solely by the ladies. In the course of her remarks Aunt Elizabeth showed her mother's wedding dress and embroidered veil.

The sixth annual banquet was held at the Hotel Manhattan, 30 members and guests being present. Among the latter were Cousin Herman Dean and Mr. & Mrs. Edward C. Fox of Philadelphia. Uncle George the newly elected president acted as toastmaster.

The seventh annual banquet was held at the Hotel Brevoort with an attendance of 32 persons. Uncle George presided, Gertrude and Howard gave illustrated talks upon Japan and Cuba respectively and Noel spoke about the martial accomplishments of some of our ancestors in Colonial and Revolutionary times.

The list of guests who have attended one or more of our first seven annual reunions includes: Mrs. Bishop, Cousin Marie Wait, Douglas Cook, George Clapp, Madelia Waterbury, Charles S. Miller, Cousin Louise Wait, Cousins De Witt and Louise Ivins, Clinton and Hope Ivins, Miss Eleanor Heywood, Cousin Herman Dean, Mr. & Mrs. Edward C. Fox, Miss Cornelia Fulton, Miss Georgia Morrill, and Levi Satterlee.

The account of the eighth annual banquet was published in the March Number of the "Fox Family News." In a later issue we hope to print a complete list of the names and addresses of the members of the society. H. F.

BORN To Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth C. MacArthur, a son on July 11th 1912. He has been named Harvey Heywood Mac Arthur.

Walter Wright Fox died on July 1st 1912, at Rochester, Michigan.

Family News

Norman writes that he expects to attend the next annual banquet.

Mrs. Bishop celebrated her 91st birthday on August Fifteenth at Ridgefield.

The Ivins are spending the summer at Bay Head, New Jersey, where they have purchased a cottage.

Montague has been elected trustee of the Calvary Baptist Church. We'll make a Baptist out of him yet.

Edgar Freeman will probably take a year's course in Law at either Harvard or Columbia.

Kenneth offered the prayer at the official 4th of July celebration of the Borough of the Bronx.

Noel, Alanson, and George took part in the recent army manoeuvres in Connecticut.

Rob has been commissioned Captain of Company A First Oklahoma Infantry. According to the Adjutant-General this is the best company in the state. Rob took part in the recent manoeuvres at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Mason Trowbridge is the latest automobile enthusiast of the family. Mason Jr. (aged two) now spends hours, "cranking up" all the chairs in the house.

Ada and Walter have been enjoying the summer at Lake Bomoseen. Among their guests have been Dorothy Clapp and Katherine Waterbury of Ballston and Miss Archibald.

The Dedication Services of Kenneth's church the "Tremont Baptist Church" were held from June 23 to June 26, 1912. The dedication sermon was preached by Uncle Robert. Alan and Alanson attended the service.

Charley says that Beatrice (aged six) has two favorite songs, one that she learned in the kitchen entitled "Everybody's doing it" and the other at Sunday School which sounds like "Onion twisted should-ers."

Harry and Adaline have named their new home "Riverbend," as the Housatonic River winds through the lower part of the grounds. Edith was the first visitor, Aunt Hattie, Noel, Kenneth and Howard following. Noel displayed his acrobatic powers by climbing a few ladders and trees to take a photograph of the house which may be published later.

In the last issue of the paper we only had space to insert an obituary notice about Aunt Louise. About three months before her death she was taken ill in Colorado Springs, where she had gone with Walter. She was later brought to the Dansville Sanitarium and died at Corning on June 18th. The funeral in

Corning was attended by Aunt Cornelia, Aunt Annie, Uncle George, Norman, Carrie and George. Bert met the funeral party in Detroit where Aunt Louise was buried by the side of Uncle Charles. A few days later came the sad news of Walter's death. He had been ill for a year and had spent the winter with his mother in Colorado Springs. Shortly after her illness, he returned to his home. He died on July first at Rochester, Michigan. Norman, Noel and Alan attended the funeral. Ethel, Marion and Frances will continue to live in Rochester.

The following was recently sent by Charles: To the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox:

Greeting:—

Young Norman has received the very beautiful cup, which you sent him and we are all very proud of it and wish to express to you our thanks and appreciation. When first shown his cup, the youngster exclaimed "ah Bwah!" which is as near as he can get to "à Boire!" This is the first intimation I have had of any leaning on his part, toward the French language. Following out his suggestion we all drink to the health of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox.

Yours truly,

Charles S. Fox

Datus Smith writes as follows from Dakota:

"The July number of our great family paper, The Fox Family News, reaches me here on the prairie, Marion, aware of my devotion, having promptly forwarded it to me.

I read every word, every letter, of the paper and then try to split the pages for more. Enclosed please find my dollar, which I send for two reasons. First, I want to support the new editorial management, even though it announces in its platform the reactionary plank of old fashioned spelling, no doubt because it is easier. Simplified spelling certainly is complicated. There is our old friend "Thru" what does it mean? Our new editor probably fears that in a serious address to the Family if he said "I, thru your love" etc, it might be read as "I, threw your love" etc, and that would make a bad beginning.

My second reason is of more importance to the paper. It is private and I can only say it reminds me of the country editor who when asked by a subscriber why his paper came to him so wet every morning answered that he thought it must be because there was so much dew on it.

I am at present devoting myself to real farming, so different from Uncle George's kind under the shadow of a tree."



Vol. 1

NOV. 1, 1912

No. 6

Colonel William Freeman Fox

By Dr. Wallace Buttrick

Gentle, modest, learned, true, unaffected, unconsciously great,—words like these crowd upon my mind as I think of my dear friend, William Freeman Fox. I had been at the Emmanuel Church in Albany some three years before I came to know him, save in the most casual way. He attended Church morning and evening; he was always friendly when we met; I did not appreciate that his reserve was born of his refined modesty.

A great sorrow in his home brought us together in a sympathy and affection that grew in strength until he went on before. His companionship I regard as one of the greatest blessings of my life; I sat at his feet as a learner; he did not know it but he became one of my three or four real teachers. He was a fountain of information and of sound philosophy within the range, by no means narrow, of his interest and knowledge.

He was a student of American History; the facts of American History he recalled with accuracy; the genius and significance of American institutions he appreciated; he was, therefore, able to interpret and show the significance of historic facts and current events. He had the sound judgment of a statesman.

He was widely read in English and American literature. It was not easy to mention a good book that he had not read. His appreciative comments on good books created in one a desire to read them.

He preeminently excelled in two particulars: his knowledge of nature,—plants, forests, animals, birds, etc., and in his intimate acquaintance with the campaigns of the Civil War. One October I had the pleasure of riding with him for hundreds of miles in the Adirondack Forest

Reservation. His conversation revealed his appreciation of the glories of the autumnal forests. He seemed personally acquainted with every tree and shrub. He did not realize how eloquent he was, how entrancing, as he made us acquainted with these life long friends of his. I can never forget an evening before the great fireplace in the hotel at Meacham Lake after our long ride through the forests. He never knew how richly he entertained us as he recalled and interpreted the events of the day.

One summer day, a few years ago, I went on board an Old Dominion steamer with my wife. We were overjoyed to meet Colonel and Mrs. Fox, who were already on board. A day or two after we went up the James River, on the old steamer Pocahontas. There, again, the Colonel was at his best. He recalled every battle and skirmish of that region. As he was talking to us a Lieutenant Colonel of the Confederate Army introduced himself. It turned out that they were on opposite sides in many of the military events of that region. We often speak with delight of the conversation between those two men, they were so enthusiastic, as sitting by the boat's rail, they pointed out the interesting places of that historic region.

I could say much more of my dear friend if space in the "Fox Family News" permitted. It seems to me that as husband, father and friend, Colonel Fox approached the ideal. At the risk of seeming extravagance I will say that he was as good a man as I ever knew. The spirit of our Master seemed to fill his very being. Probably he lacked in self-assertion, for if he had had a little more of it the lateral influence of his splendid life would have been greater; possibly, however, its depth and richness would have been less.



William Freeman Fox

News from Rob

Part of a letter from Capt. Mac Arthur.

"The wind is taken out of my sails. I had planned that when the Round Robin came along I would recite my summer's experience with the National Guard as my portion, and now I am telling it in the Fox News, and am at a loss to know what to write when the Round Robin comes.

General Orders No. 77 instructed that I should entrain my company (I was commissioned Captain in June) on the afternoon of August 9, to proceed to Chandler where is located the State Rifle Range and 1280 acres of land reserved for maneuver purposes.

Before leaving Chandler the Company team match of the State was held and won by "A" company by a margin of 11 points. I captained the team and shot the second best score. As a result we are displaying a trophy, a bronze shield mounted on one of oak. If I may mention it, I outshot all the men in my company with the rifle and with the revolver all the officers in my regiment, no big scores, yet a matter of some satisfaction to me.

Just to show how well they thought of us, two hours after camp had been made on that first day of the Kansas maneuvers and as soon as we had mess, orders

came from the first battalion of which A Company is a member, to break camp, march 2 miles to the front for out post duty. That night it rained, the bottom fell out, and in no time the deep dust was mud-mud-mud, black gumbo mud, that sticks closer than the proverbial brother, that not only sticks to the foot but sticks to the mud that stuck to your feet till your feet look like "gobs" of mud, that weigh $22\frac{1}{4}$ pounds each, and we hiked along through that till afternoon when we left the Kaw Valley for the higher land. Now while that gumbo is bad stuff in which to march it sure is grand stuff in which to plant a crop to judge from the lime stone farm houses and barns that we saw in the valley of the Kaw. These are the farmers that own their own automobiles and have electric lights in and about the house. The bare land brings \$200 per acre.

On the second day our independent cavalry got in touch with the Blues and kept in touch from then till the finish, although the infantry did not get in contact for several days. We "hiked" from five to eight miles a day but as I was on outpost duty three nights "A" company got enough walking to give them good appetite for their "chow".

Day by day the plot thickened as the main bodies of the Reds and Blues got closer, till the 26th, when we got into it right merrily. In fact it looked as though we had gotten deeper than the umpires planned we should, for recall was sounded just when we were getting a good start. That night my company was again on outpost but being in the reserve we slept till three A. M. at which time we turned out with three other companies, marched two miles before daylight, the purpose being to capture a bridge. At daylight we were discovered and subjected to so heavy a fire that we had to retire and take another course affording better cover. By the time we reached the bridge it had been blown up by the Blue engineers, that is blown up according to the rules of the game, being placarded as having been destroyed. The stream being fordable at several places, we took up positions that enabled us to hold the fords against the Blues, and at the same time the Blues held positions across the stream so strong that the umpires ruled that neither could hope to dislodge the other.

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Our position being on the extreme left I saw but little of the rest of the engagement but could hear the heavy firing and with my glass get glimpses of what was going on.

Let me suggest to any member of the family who wishes to drop a little weight, there is a better game than golf and a quicker. Just go 8 or 10 miles a day in heavy marching order under the blazing Kansas summer sun and keep it up for about a week and you will find yourself fit (or dead). We all came out fit.

From the Archives.

Lorrain July 14, 1813.

At I. Algiers.

I kept Sabbath with the people near the Harbour and on Monday came to this place. Shall attend worship at 3. P. M. and in the morning move on for Buffalo. Since my last, troops have arrived almost every day at the Harbour: at Oswego between 2 and 3 Hund. brave fellows from N. York entered on bord, the Gen'l Pike. It is said that the fleet have their complement of hand and will sail next Sunday: the whole number on bord I should judge to be something like 2000, and the regular land force about five thousand. however there are a good many pale faces, say 1000 not fit for duty. It is very desirable that our force should move soon: two objects may be accomplished which are important: the enemies pride and barbarism chect. and a more healthy station obtained. A flag came in on friday, business not ascertained, another British party landed at Gravelly point, and in the protection of their flag, and savage like, fell upon the Citizens and burnt their

houses plundering what they pleased. It seems we have sustained some loss at Bever Dam toward the head of the Lake, but you will ask where is the destination of the fleet and army. My answer is the Gen'l keeps his own Council. Our floating Battery at Oswego is almost done. In haste

Yours etc.

Jehiel Fox.

BORN: To Mr. and Mrs. Mason Trowbridge a daughter on August 31st 1912. She has been named Harriet Gibbs Trowbridge.

BORN: To Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Russell a son on October 27th 1912. He has been named Henry R. Russell Jr.

DIED: Henry R. Russell Jr. on October 29th, 1912.

Family News.

Edgar Freeman has entered the Harvard law school.

Ethel has a studio in Detroit for vocal instruction.

Howard & Co. have opened a branch store in Washington, D. C.

Mason is president of the Wilson and Marshall Club of Port Washington.

Alanson's famous pony "Billy" has just begun his ninth drill season.

Howard has bought an automobile. It is an "American Scout", of the underslung type.

Katherine Kershner will continue her studies in Corning and will not return this fall to boarding school.

Cousin Marie recently gave a tea to the Seniors of Peddie Institute at her home "Orchard Eaves". Cousin Louise Wait and Hope Ivins assisted at the tea. We hear that Hope made a great hit with the boys.

At the annual meeting of Squadron A. Association, Noel was presented with three silver cups. One of these cups represented membership in the Squadron team which won the State Headquarter's medal at Blauvelt in 1911. The other cups were for troop competitions held on the rifle range of the armory during 1911 and 1912. Noel has been appointed a member of the library committee of the Squadron Association.

That Howard Freeman is not enjoying as many luxuries at present as he did in his senior year at New Haven, can be seen by some of the following extracts from a letter to his family, written from Los Plumas, California. In regard to the weather he writes, "I don't believe even Venice knows what hot weather is alongside this place. Mr. Mercury ranges from about 65° at 3 A. M. to 110° or even 125° at 1 P. M. in the shade." He says that he is a "Handy man toting lumber etc." and cheerfully refers to jamming his finger by saying "Four fingers out of ten have tape on now, and am increasing the number daily." He also says, "I sweat hard from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M., drink

about 5 gallons of water between meals, go to bed at 9 P.M. and sleep like time with my shoes on if I forget to take them off. Got a sweater for a pillow, and a Swede snoring under me. If I last the job out I'll be as hard as the steak they served to-night."

Uncle Robert and Aunt Elizabeth have returned to Atlanta, Georgia. Gertrude intends to spend the winter in New York with Mrs. James E. Newcomb.

The latest members of the family to enjoy the hospitality of Charles and Bertha were Uncle George and Alanson. Each brought back glowing accounts of little Norman the Fourth.

Republican NOMINATION.

AT a Meeting of the Republicans of the county of Warren, held at the house of Mrs. Warren, in the town of Warrensburgh, on the 25th inst. agreeable to public notice, Nathan A. Wells, Esq. of Luzerne, was called to the Chair, and George Pattison, Esq. of Warrensburgh was appointed Secretary.

On motion, Resolved, That the following tickets be supported for county officers in said county, at the ensuing election:

Norman Fox,

Esq. of Chester, for Member of Assembly,

PELETIAH RICHARDS

Esq. of Warrensburgh, for Sheriff,

THOMAS ARCHIBALD, ESQ.

of Coldwell, for County Clerk

HENRY THURSTON, of Queensbury,

TRUMAN B. HICKS, of Luzerne,

JOHN MOSS, of Bolton, &

JOSEPH DUNN, of Chester, for Coroners.

On motion, Resolved, That we cordially concur in the nomination of

John L. Viele,

Esq. of Saratoga, for Senator in the 4th district; that we believe him to be a gentleman of strict integrity and of superior talents, and that we will use all honorable means to promote his election.

NATHAN A. WELLS, Chairman.

GEORGE PATTISON, Secretary.

Fac-simile of an election poster in a campaign nearly one hundred years ago.



Vol. 2

JAN. 1, 1913

No. 1

My Brother Charles

*by Norman Fox**

"CHARLES JAMES FOX, fourth son of Norman and Jane Freeman Fox, was born at Ballston Spa, N. Y., April 9, 1842. When he was nine years of age the family removed to Schenectady where he studied in that quaint old building the Schenectady Lyceum and afterwards in the City High School, in the old "West College" edifice. He graduated from Union College in 1861.

His father and grandfather before him had been engaged in the lumber business and on his graduation he took a position in the lumberyard of Mead, Dunham & Co. in Albany. But business more stirring than commercial transactions was in those times engrossing the thoughts of the people, namely, the war for the preservation of the Union. He was not an excitable person eager for adventure but his father had taken part in the war of 1812, his grandfather in the War of the Revolution, and his great-grandfather in the Old French War, so that it was easy to believe that when duty became clear he would not be backward in taking part in the effort for the salvation of the nation's life.

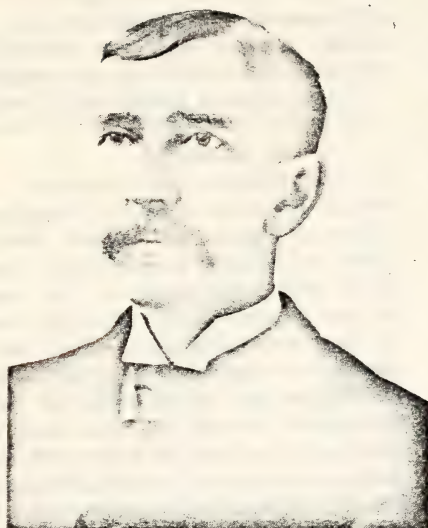
In the summer of 1862 he received a letter from his brother William at the lumber mills of Fox, Weston and Bronson at Painted Post, Steuben Co. N. Y. asking him to become First Lieutenant of a company then forming and immediately he complied with the call. The company was organized for the greater part, from the workmen in the mills; William F. Fox, Charles J. Fox and Irving Bronson being its Captain and Lieutenants. It was made Co. G. of the 107th, New York, enlisted

in Steuben, Chemung and Schuyler counties, the first regiment from the State to respond to the call of President Lincoln for "three hundred thousand more".

It was a sober day in the family home, now at Painted Post, when the two boys with their regiment were to leave the rendezvous at Elmira and go to the front. The Lieutenant left in the early morning to take charge of the company to allow the Captain to come and give his farewells. The family was sitting at the table at noon when it came time for him to depart. Opening the dining room door the width of his face he looked in and said good-bye. That was all. No one arose from the table for no one felt able to take the risk of a formal leave taking. In the supreme moments of life there is little inclination for words and ceremony. He went to the room where his father was lying dangerously sick, no one knew but near his end. Feebly he took the Captain's hand but with firm voice said, "Good-bye, my son, the Lord cover your head in the day of battle," and with but a word or two more the short farewell was ended. That evening the regiment marched out and was put on cars for Washington.

And it was another sober time in the family circle when in a few days came the battle of Antietam, the bloodiest one day's conflict ever taking place on this continent, and it was known that the boys were engaged in it. It happened to be their father's birthday, the completion of his three score and ten years. This was naturally alluded to in the family circle that evening and he spoke of God's goodness in watching over him and in giving

*Unpublished sketch written some years ago.



Charles James Fox

him a daughter and five sons to love, but interrupting himself he said, "I don't know how many boys I have to-night." Two of the number had that morning entered the thick cloud of battle and though the telegraph wires were hot that evening with accounts of the titanic conflict, no one knew as yet what ones were lying amid the slain.

The regiment was made a part of the First (William's) Division of the Twelfth (Slocum's) Army Corps serving with the Army of the Potomac till the autumn after the battle of Gettysburg when it was sent to the West, taking part in the Atlanta campaign. The Captain, made Major and Lieutenant Colonel, was wounded at Chancellorsville and afterwards at Resaca and was mustered out. The younger brother becoming Captain and Major, went with Sherman to Atlanta and on the famous march to the Sea at Savannah, on the islands near which he was detailed to difficult and dangerous service; then on through the Carolinas, taking part in the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville, and marching in the great Review in Wash-

ington at the close of the war.

Major Fox, though quiet and undemonstrative, was one of the bravest of the brave. Few officers were so often under fire as he. While one who is disabled and lying in the hospital will escape several fights, he who seemed to bear a charmed life and was never seriously wounded, was on hand to take part in every engagement and he never shrank from duty. He was moreover an able disciplinarian. When he first took rank he had to assert his authority to keep the men who had known him as a boy from addressing him as "Charley," but though strict he was beloved. Among his brother officers he was ever one of the most popular. And it was a glad evening in the spring of 1865 when, the band sounded the cheering strains, "When Johnny comes marching home," the family circle received him back to their number. Of the five brothers four had been enrolled in the army.

While still in the army he had formed a marriage engagement through the mail. The two had known each other as a boy and girl. To a prudent friend who asked what if he come home lacking an arm or a leg? she answered, "Then I will marry what is left of him." The wedding took place the autumn after his return.

Immediately on his discharge from the army he entered the office of Fox, Weston and Bronson and in time became a member of the firm. He gave himself to the duties of civil life with the same faithfulness which had characterized his military career. He was for several years a member of the Board of Supervisors of Steuben County and a working member of the body. He stood high in the respect and confidence of all, being everywhere popular and beloved. In 1888 he removed to Detroit, Mich. He served as Secretary of the Chicago Lumbering Co. doing business at Manistique, Mich.

After the funeral of his brother Alanson who died October 29, 1903, he went to

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Editorial

It is with a sense of gratification that we begin the second volume of the Fox Family News. The attempt to print a small paper even as often as six times a year was an experiment. That it has been successful would appear from the many words of encouragement and approval that have come from our subscribers. Its future success will depend not so much upon the time and thought of the editor which will continue to be cheerfully given, as upon the hearty cooperation of every member of the family.

a health resort at Battle Creek, Mich., where he had before spent some time. His wife was to join him in a few days. On November 29th, he took a walk with a friend in the afternoon and chatted for a while in the evening. The next morning as he did not come down to breakfast one went to his room and entering unlocked the door found him sitting in a small rocking chair, with one leg thrown easily over the other and his watch in his hand as if winding it. No answer came as he was spoken to and a nearer approach revealed the fact that he was dead. It would appear that in preparing to retire for the night he had sat down to wind his watch and had passed away without a pang, so quietly as not to fall from the chair nor to let the watch slip from his hand. It was an ideal departure. He died just a month after his brother.

At the funeral in Detroit the bearers were members of the Michigan Commandery of the Loyal Legion, the society of the officers of the Union Army, and over his coffin was draped the flag in defence of which he had marched and fought. The services at the house were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Meeser and at the cemetery

by Chaplain Norman Fox of the 77th. New York Vols. and Chaplain Robinson of the First Infantry, U.S.A. then stationed at Fort Wayne in the suburbs of Detroit. The latter was a classmate of Maj. Fox in Union College and afterwards an officer on the staff of Gen. Williams to whose Division Maj. Fox's regiment belonged and now after return from service in the Phillipines he was stationed where he could join in the last honors to his former college classmate and army comrade.

The burial was at Woodmere. The loved brother, the tender husband and father, the honored companion, the knightly soldier, there rests in the bivouac of the dead.

From the Archives

Glens Falls, Friday Evening

April 21, 1826.

At a meeting of several respectable gentlemen of the County of Warren held at Porter S. Chapman's Inn at Glens Falls this evening—John A. Ferriss Esq. was called to the chair and Seth C. Baldwin Jr. appointed Secretary.

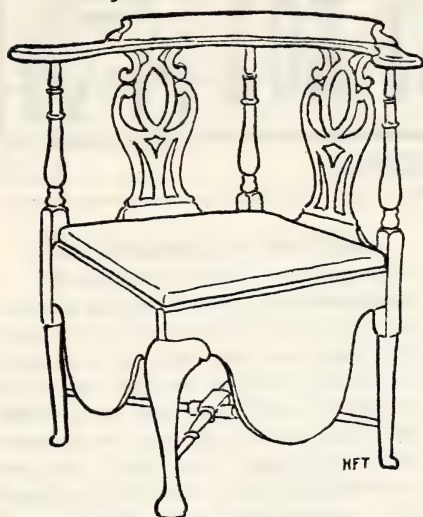
It was resolved on motion of Mr. Buell that the citizens assembled return to Norman Fox Esq. their sincere thanks for the faithful manner in which he has represented the interest of the People of the county of Warren in the late session of the Legislature of this state, and that the able exertion which he has so successfully made to introduce Canal Navigation into the county of Warren, deserves our gratitude and receives our highest approbation—and that a committee be appointed to present to Mr. Fox a copy of this resolution and to invite him to a public dinner in testimony of our respect.

Resolved that the committee mentioned above consist of three gentlemen and thereupon Messrs. Buell, Hawley and Arms were openly appointed by the chairman to compose said committee.

John A. Ferriss.

Seth C. Baldwin, Jr. Sec'y.

The Jonathan Barber Chair



One of the most interesting of our family heirlooms is a chair that belonged to our great-great-great grandfather the Rev. Jonathan Barber. After his death the chair was inherited by his daughter Rebecca Barber Chesebrough, and later by her daughter Sally Chesebrough Newman of Glens Falls. It was next owned by the latter's niece Sarah Fox Hay (Mrs. DeWitt C. Hay) of Saratoga in whose possession it remained for many years. At her death it was given to her sister Mary Fox Wait who recently left it to Howard.

The chair is a heavy piece of cherry wood and is reproduced for the paper from a pen and ink sketch made by Helen. It is especially prized by its present owner, as Jonathan Barber was a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1730. Mention might here be made of another family heirloom, that formerly belonged to this honored ancestor. This is a fine pair of Sheffield plate candlesticks that at present adorn Cousin Marie Wait's new house at Highstown.

Family Gossip.

Uncle George is building a green house at Iris Pond.

Aunt Libbie and Uncle Robert expect to come to New York in March for a short visit.

Ada and Walter expect to spend the winter in California, leaving after the holidays.

Howard Freeman is roughing it at present in Marshfield, Oregon with the C. H. Smith Co.

George served in the recent maneuvers in Connecticut in the capacity of First Lieutenant of the First Ambulance Corps of the National Guard.

The Chicago Lumbering Co. and the Weston Lumber Co. have sold out all their interests in Manistique. Norman will however, remain in Manistique for about a year after which his plans are uncertain. He expects to take a short trip with Fannie and Charles this winter to Santa Barbara, California.

Alanson and Howard went to the Yale-Princeton game this fall in their "Hudson" car and then drove to Hightstown where they were royally entertained at "Orchard Eaves". Both cousin Marie and Cousin Louise are still glad to exchange views with members of the family regarding the advantages of apple orchards.

Kenneth recently took a short vacation and visited Charles at Bethlehem and George at Binghamton. He says that the Professor is working on a new method of teaching languages, which he hopes to publish later if it proves to be a success. George was found to be flourishing with a new automobile and a new house on the principal street of the town.

Helen and Mason gave a most enjoyable Thanksgiving dinner at their home at Port Washington which was attended by three generations of the Fox descendants. These included Uncle George, Gertrude, Edith, Rachel, Kenneth, Alanson, Howard, and four of the youngest generation including little Mason, little Montague, Marion and Harriet. Uncle George, as usual led in the singing of "Johnny Smoker" a family custom at these gatherings which was begun more than thirty years ago.



Vol. 2

MARCH 1, 1913

No. 2

The Gathering of the Clan.

We have had a good many successful reunions but none of them more successful than the one that was held on the First of January 1913. The festivities began with the annual business meeting held at the office of the President, Uncle George, at eleven in the morning. It had been hoped that the "Associates" would attend the meeting in force and forget their grievance in not being allowed the franchise. We were prepared for a fresh outbreak of violence on the part of the suffrage seekers as we were informed by Mason that he was organizing a "Suffrage hike" following the example of the worthy ladies who recently trudged to Albany. There were however, only two Associates, Montague and Ethel, who had the temerity to attend. The latter making her first appearance, was received with open arms by her numerous cousins, very few of whom she had ever seen. The meeting was also attended by two of the Junior members, little Montague and little Mason, who showed themselves to be most enthusiastic even if somewhat unparliamentary.

The business of the meeting was transacted in a most orderly manner. Indeed we rather missed some of the spirited arguments that are so dear to the hearts of all true Fox Descendants. Noel was unanimously elected Counsel to the Society, a position which he had unofficially held since its organization. As curator, he also reported that the Archives had been deposited in a storage warehouse. In addition to the usual reports, a financial statement of the FOX FAMILY NEWS for the past year was made by the editor Helen was appointed a committee of one

to make a collection of photographs of every member of the family.

The most important business was the election of seven of our relatives as members of the "Honorary" class made possible last year by an amendment to our constitution. These new members were Cousins Marie and Louise Wait, Cousins Louise and DeWitt Ivins, Clinton, Hope and Charles Ivins. We only wish that we had seven more such relatives.

Our Ninth Annual Banquet was held at the Hotel Brevoort and was attended by twenty six members and ten guests. Of the latter, six had been with us at one or more previous annual gatherings. Uncle George as President of the Society made an address of welcome and said in part, "We note the absence of some of those who have been with us on so many former occasions, and are now kept from these gatherings by distance or illness. We miss Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Robert, Aunt Annie and Aunt Hattie, who from her sick bed to-night sends love and a greeting to all. We miss our cousins from the West and trust that the lives of all mentioned will be spared to meet together at the dawn of another year."

"During the past year which seems to have flown on swifter wings than any predecessor, death has claimed three of our number, a mother and son beloved by all and a little one who lived just long enough to become a member of our Society. To fill this vacancy the names of three new descendants appear for the first time upon our muster roll, namely: Norman Fox (4th,) born April 4th, Harvey Heywood MacArthur born July 11th, and Harriet Gibbs Trowbridge born August 31st."

"Another notable addition to our number consists of the seven Honorary Members who were elected to-day. Though not direct descendants of Norman Fox, they are very near of kin. They have been welcome guests of honor on previous occasions and are now doubly welcome as members of our Society." In closing Uncle George said that in spite of the sore temptation to make a long and tiresome speech he would refrain from doing so and in its place read something written by the Founder of our Society, Uncle Norman. He added that "Most of us had read it and forgotten it, and that our guests who heard it for the first time might be more or less interested in it as it was an exposition of our sentiments and seemed as befitting to this occasion as the reading of the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July." He then read the short article preceding our Constitution entitled "The Family Society."

Gertrude, the secretary, then read telegrams of greeting from Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Robert in Atlanta, Rob and Nellie in Tulsa, George and Gertrude in Binghamton and messages from Aunt Annie, Carrie and Stuart Freeman. The following letter from Howard Freeman (which we print in part) was received with hearty applause.

Marshfield, Oregon.
Dec. 24, 1912.

Friends, Foxes, Relatives.

Lend me your thoughts. Its too far a walk, so I come not—that is to bury Yale. (Loud cheers from Kenneth) Yale is not dead, but still alive and able to kick. Ask Noel. Render unto Harvard the spoils that are hers, but render not unto Kenneth the Tom and Jerrys that are not his'n.

I have great hopes here myself. My official title here, self bestowed, is lumber puller, and official duty is that of saving all the splinters I do not pile with the lumber. Just at present I am enjoying a vacation. The lumber boats are hung up six days at the bar (sand bar) and the yard is full to overflowing with lumber

and the mill has been running nip and tuck on logs. The logger is a man who wants what he wants when he wants it and at this particular season he wants excitement, so all the logging camps are closed for a week. Result, vacation for me and rest of the Swedes in the mill.

Mother has kept me in touch pretty well with what you all are doing. She writes of what a fine engineer little Mason is. I haven't seen little Mason, but know he will have to develop a lot of talent to keep pace with Herbert's likeness. Herbert Moore Fox, or by his official title of Colonel, can tighten a nut on the bed with a hair brush much quicker than Rob MacArthur, I'll bet. And as for choosing up a dustless carpet (Cousin Anne will thank me for dustless) never saw a cleverer one. I stopped a few days with them in Colorado Springs while en route for the wild and woolly and had a delightful visit.

Hopes for the New Year run high for me. In the best of health and enjoying the work with expectations of a raise shortly. Stuart's last letter implied that he had about decided to move up here, and with thoughts of seeing Dad and Mother soon, could any outlook seem brighter. So here's wishing you all as happy a New Year as mine. From your cousin most distant geographically but as close as the nearest in love and friendship.

Howard B. Freeman.

In introducing Kenneth as the reader of the historical sketch of Anne Hutchinson Uncle George regretted that his hearers knew so little of their distinguished ancestor. In this he could sympathize with them. His knowledge suggested the Irish policeman who, when asked by an old lady, "Can you tell me where the Second Presbyterian Church is" replied, "Begorra ma'am, I couldn't tell you where the First Presbyterian Church is." He said Noel had coached him to say that Ann had voted in the borough of the Bronx, and at some primary was tomahawked by a Tammany brave. He assured all present

FOX FAMILY NEWS.

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that this was a long time ago and that since Kenneth had gone to the Bronx the lid was on tight, and all might go to Tremont and hear him preach with impunity and perchance benefit.

Kenneth then spoke in a most interesting way about the trials and tribulations of our illustrious ancestor. We had no idea that biography could be made so humorously entertaining and at the same time so instructive. We refrain from telling what Kenneth said about "Heretics" and "Anabaptists" until later when we expect to publish his valuable contribution in full.

After the formal part of the banquet was declared at an end, an impromptu vaudeville was given, Alanson acting as master of ceremonies. The first performer was Helen who drew her famous rapid sketches from "wiggles" made by the audience. Ethel was then called upon for some songs which were delightfully rendered and made a decided hit. It was quite a novelty to have a girl in the family who could sing. Her accompaniments were beautifully played by Douglas Cook.

The third number on the program was a monologue by Montague, who appeared as Teddy Roosevelt in rough rider costume, eyeglasses and teeth included. Needless to say another hit was scored. We were congratulating ourselves that Teddy had probably never heard of the famous "Bootblack", when to our astonishment the following hoax was perpetrated upon us. Teddy proceeded to state that it was not the beer that "Made Milwaukee famous." There were two other reasons, the first that he was nearly assassinated in that city, the second that, "In Milwaukee, a few days ago, during a slight lull in business, two little boot-blacks, one black and one white, etc."

The next number was another monologue by the prince of imitators, Prof.



Norman the Fourth
with his mother and sister.

Charles S. Fox, who gave us his famous "Desert of Sahara" with the "Gotyertrunk" tale as an encore. As a cure for the blues we can recommend these selections as rendered by our gifted cousin. The entertainment was concluded by a humorous recitation by Charles S. Miller of the "Dude's Philosophy of Life".

The efficient dinner committee consisted of Aunt Cornelia, Gertrude and Noel.

The Banquet was attended by the following members and guests:—Aunt Cornelia, Ada, Gertrude, Alice, Adaline, Edith, Ethel, Rachel, Bertha, Helen, Cousins Marie and Louise Wait, Cousin Louise Ivins, Hope, Uncle George, Walter, Charles, Montague, Noel, Kenneth, Clinton, Edgar, Harry, Mason, Alanson, Howard, Miss Jane Russell, Miss Cornelia R. Trowbridge, Mrs. James M. Pratt, Miss Ethel Winnik, Rev. Dr. Edward Judson, Rev. Dr. James M. Taylor, Mr. Charles Sumner Miller, Mr. Douglas Cook, Dr. J. Bayard Clark, and Mr. Havens Grant.

H. F.



THE JOURNAL OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE
 The Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine is a quarterly publication of the Society, which is the largest and most influential of the medical societies in the United Kingdom. It is published by the Society's Council, and is the only journal of the Society which is read by all its members. The Journal is a valuable source of information on the latest developments in medicine, and is a must-read for all medical practitioners. It contains a wide range of articles, including original research, reviews, and clinical reports. The Journal is also a platform for the discussion of medical issues, and is a valuable resource for the medical community. The Journal is published by the Society's Council, and is the only journal of the Society which is read by all its members. The Journal is a valuable source of information on the latest developments in medicine, and is a must-read for all medical practitioners. It contains a wide range of articles, including original research, reviews, and clinical reports. The Journal is also a platform for the discussion of medical issues, and is a valuable resource for the medical community.

Active, Associate, and Junior Members, January 1st, 1913.

Cornelia Stebbins Fox	
Walter Howard Freeman	
Ada Fox Freeman	II
Stuart Fox Freeman	III
Howard Brooks Freeman	III
Edgar Wells Freeman	III
Alan Fox	II
Martha Dimmick Townsend	
Alice Bleecker Fox	II
Noel Bleecker Fox	II
Mary Shattuck Fox	
Charles Shattuck Fox	II
Bertha Sprague Fox	
Beatrice Sprague Fox	III
Norman Fox (4th)	III
Norman Wright Fox	II
Frances Hudson Fox	
Charles Kerwin Fox	III
Caroline Fox Kershner	II
Katherine Fox Kershner	III
Louise Wright Kershner	III
Herbert Wright Fox	II
Anna Moore Fox	
Herbert Moore Fox	III
Ethel McCornac Fox	
Marion McCornac Fox	III
Frances Louise Fox	III
George Henry Fox (2nd)	II
Gertrude Olcott Fox	
Robert Stuart MacArthur	
Elizabeth Fox MacArthur	I
Robert Fox MacArthur	II
Nellie Young MacArthur	
Gertrude E. MacArthur	II
Montague Howard	
Edith MacArthur Howard	II
Montague Howard, Jr.	III
Kenneth Cauldwell MacArthur	II
Rachel Heywood MacArthur	
Marion Elizabeth MacArthur	III
Harvey Heywood MacArthur	III
George Henry Fox	I
Harriet Gibbs Fox	
Howard Fox	II
Henry Ruland Russell	
Adaline Fox Russell	II

Alanson Gibbs Fox	II
Mason Trowbridge	
Helen Fox Trowbridge	II
Mason Trowbridge, Jr.	III
Harriet Gibbs Trowbridge	III

Honorary Members.

Marie Fox Wait	
Helen Louise Wait	
DeWitt Clinton Ivins	
Louise Fox Ivins	
Clinton Fox Ivins	
Hope Ivins	
Charles Fox Ivins	

In Memoriam.

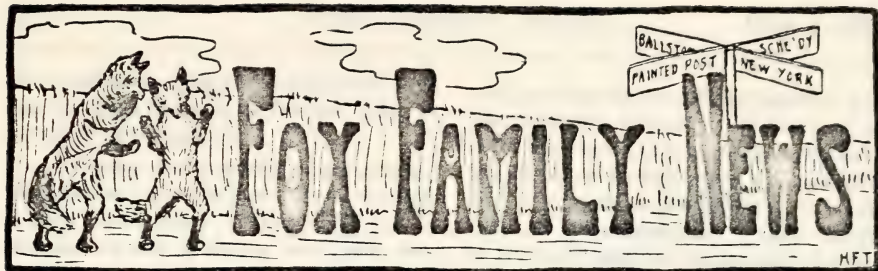
Marion Elizabeth MacArthur	II
Died—June 15, 1907.	
Norman Fox	I
Died—June 23, 1907.	
Joseph Platt Howard, Jr.	III
Died—May 13, 1908.	
William Freeman Fox	I
Died—June 16, 1909.	
Louise Wright Fox	
Died—June 18, 1912.	
Walter Wright Fox	II
Died—July 1st, 1912.	
Henry Ruland Russell Jr.	III
Died—October 29, 1912.	

Family News.

Uncle Robert and Aunt Elizabeth have returned to New York.

The older members of the family will regret to hear that Mr. Edward H. Smith died on January 8, in his 89th year. He was closely associated with the Fox Family from Chester to Gang Mills and his genial personality endeared him to many of the younger generation who lived or visited at Painted Post.

The editor recently received a postal from Los Angeles dated January 22, 1913. It was headed "Pacific Coast Reunion of S. of D. of N. F. sir—" and was signed by Ada, Walter and Stuart, Norman, Frances, and Little Charles, Bert, Anna and their son who signs himself "Colonel Fox."



Vol. 2.

MAY. 1, 1913

1565716 No. 3

STUART'S BAZOO,

One of the best investments that Uncle Alanson ever made was the purchase of a small sized printing press and a modest assortment of type for Stuart. It was not long before this enterprising boy began the publication of a paper which he called the "Gang Mill Bazoo." How the idea of printing a paper originated and why its extraordinary name was chosen, we do not know. At all events, the first issue of the Bazoo was printed on December 5th, 1886, when the editor was thirteen years of age.

It is hard to recognize the accompanying angelic picture of Stuart with the impertinent little fellow who printed whatever he wished and was no respecter of persons. Stuart's self reliance, public spiritedness and sense of humor were qualities that made him a wide awake editor, and to tell the truth, somewhat of a terror in the community. We can imagine how some of his neighbors must have trembled in their boots for fear of uncomplicated mention in the paper.

As the early years of our young editor cousin were spent in the little lumber settlement of Gang Mills near Painted Post it was natural that his newspaper divided its attention impartially between the mill owners and the mill hands. Every one in the small community, including the domestics, were on a social level in the eyes of the editor.

The editorial sanctum was situated in the upper story of the general store of Fox, Weston & Co.

That these quarters were not any too palatial in their appointments, may be conjectured from an editorial statement that "There are more wasps in the Bazoo office than you can shake a stick at."

To even a stranger the Bazoo is most interesting reading. We can therefore imagine the interest at Painted Post with which various issues were awaited, containing, as they did personal and news items such as the following:

"Mr. A. J. Fox will soon have a new suit of clothes." "Rob is printer's devil this week." "Katie's new muff is not paid for yet." "Alan Fox says that Ollie Howard has stopped sending his cuffs and collars to Hornesville to be washed." "Of course every one was glad to see Tommy Reilly

THE GANG MILL BAZOO.

VOL. I. PUBLISHED SEMI-OCCASIONALLY. No. 3
The editor's type has not yet come, so the paper will
be larger than before. The thermometer at 80° C.
is 24 above zero. Miller rose, and Pat Oha
re home from Manistique. Go to the Peak Six
next Tuesday night. Tickets for sale by S. Fox, and
Mrs. Howard. Mr. Todd is going to act in an exit
with the scholars of P. P. Katie Green has had
pictures taken. Anny Fitzmartin says she was
dolly, for Christmas. Walter Fox's cat had a
THE SMALL TYPE IS GONE.

MRS. A. J. FOX PUT HER
LITTLE FINGER OUT OF
JOINT. MRS. BRUNDAGE
HAS BEEN MAKING SOUP
KROUT.

Facsimile of an early number of the Bazoo.

here this week. He and George will leave for the west as soon as George is big enough to get pants on."

At times the youthful editor's frankness savored of impudence, as in the following news items. "Dug Gray has a pompadore and it makes him look like a wild indian." "The Manistique pioneer has had something in it about Norman Fox every other day for about a month. We hope some day Major Clarke will put in all he knows about Norman and be done with it." "John Kinsella has been fishing for bass all summer and has only caught one succor which was on the big end of the pole." Perhaps the most impertinent remark that we can find in the copies that have been preserved was the following: "W. C. Bronson has more cheek than any man. He asks why don't you send me up more Bazoo's? He has received every number but has never sent down a red cent. Just send down half a dollar Will, to pay for back numbers if you want any more copies."

The editor of the Bazoo not only undertook to disseminate news, but also felt it his duty to help improve the morals and manners of those about him, as when he wrote rather pointedly if not elegantly, "John has cleaned the store, and the next one that spits any tobacco juice on the floor will get a bad racket in the next Bazoo." That his crusade against Sunday

card playing was successful appears from the following account. "If some of the older boys don't stop playing cards in the boathouse on Sunday, they will be personally mentioned in the Bazoo." In a later issue an item appeared. "Last Sunday in walking past the boathouse who was in there playing cards but James Reilly, Dave Rellihan Gilly Jones and Chas. Woodward." Feeling that perhaps he had gone too far and might possibly lose some subscribers he added, "Boys don't get mad but buy a Bazoo and be happy." A later item stated however that "The

GANG MILL BAZOO.

Published semi-occasionally by STUART M. FOX.

VOL. I. SAT. OCTOBER, 23, 1886. NO. 33.

BRIEF MENTIONS.

Lute Rogers got the wrong woman, Sunday night.

We had quite a fall of snow last Sunday.

Hunters report game as being scarce.

Mr. A. J. Fox has a new suit of clothes.

Advertise in the Bazoo.

FOR SALE. The dead carcasses of 101 wasps. Apply to B: zoo.

Election one week from Tuesday. Vote for Mr. F. Walter came near going in the barrel.

As there was no school this week, the boys have had a picnic doing nothing.

The dead skunk still continues to smell.

Last Monday night an empty box-car jumped the track, up at the frogs and bumped along to Waitea.

PERSONALS.

Rev. R. S. Mac. Arthur, wife and two children are visiting Mrs. A. J. Fox.

One of the children on seeing the pillars of the porch asked what those legs were hanging down there for.

Bert Kinner got home-sick and came back Tuesday.

Last Tuesday we received a paper addressed; "Gang Mill Bazoo", and on opening it saw it was the Chey-bogan News. They wanted to X and we will.

A subscriber complained that his news-paper was damp. "Well" said the editor "that is because there is so much due on it."

What vegetable can be reduced to ashes, by removing a portion of it? Squashes.

....Subscribe at once....

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boys have not played poker at all since their names were mentioned in Bazoo 22."

The editor's eye to business was shown by frequent notices to "Subscribe for the Bazoo" and to have any job printing done in the Bazoo office. That the paper was not a source of tremendous income can be judged by the remark that "If the editor gets a quarter for the Bazoo this week he will get his hair cut."

Some of the news items were most dignified in character such as "Miss Ada and Julia Fox arrived here from N. Y. last Tuesday: Miss Adeline Fox [The doctor's daughter] also came." At other times quite a good deal of sentiment was shown as in the following: "Gang Mills is fast d ing out and e're the year is over, there will be little left of the noble old home." The editor's public spiritedness was shown in the following forcible if somewhat inelegant phraseology. "When the mill shuts down there ought to be a big celebration here and a big time altogether. It would be a dum shame to have the mill close without having a few speeches or something of that kind."

The youthful editor's interest in those about him included matters relating to the general health and was shown by such items as, "A good many are reported sick. Thats to bad." "Bober Curley got his nose banged in the mill a few days ago." "Mrs. Fitzgerald has had a bad toothache." etc.

The natural interest of a boy in all animals was shown by such items as "Bert is raising pollywogs." "Mrs. Rogers has about fifty cats and not one of them dare tackle a rat." "Chas. Brundage has a cat that will let a rat walk right in front of it, and is too big a fool to go after it. Shoot the cat."

From time to time owing to scarcity



Stuart MacArthur Fox

of local news the editor would make use of such well known information as "April showers bring May flowers." or would remark that "394 years ago last Monday America was discovered."

We can best conclude this meagre sketch of our enterprising cousin's journalistic efforts by quoting in full one of his prize poems which read as follows:

Two loads from Gang Town
They did tender
Their way to Addison on a bender.
They stopped and went to Hotel Keefe.
To dance awhile and eat their beef.
Tom Hart and Jocko, wild for gore.
Each one swore he'd have the floor,
And when the dancing it was done,
They found their troubles just begun.
Their bill was high, at this they swore,
O'Keefe would never fleese them more.
The boys in corners were very still
Asking the girls to foot the bill.
And Keefe charged so big for rent
The gang came back without a cent.
A sicker load ne'er came away
From Addison at break of day.

Moral

Never take 75c. to pay a \$3 bill."

H. F.

Letter from Ada.

The editor wants me to write a short account of our Western trip. I have written so many of the "Uncles and the Cousins and the Aunts" that I fear what I write now will be only repetition.

We chaperoned a good looking young girl to San Francisco and Walter was quite puffed up with pride when she was referred to as "Your daughter."

A day and a half of snow in the Grand Canyon of Arizona was somewhat of an experience, but the last afternoon was clear, and we had a wonderful 18 mile ride about the rim. Norman, Fannie and Charles arrived in Los Angeles the same afternoon we did, and Stuart, Bert, Anne and the Colonel two days later. We had quite a family reunion and one dinner together. Fannie was not at all well and was finally taken home to Manistique in the care of a doctor and a nurse. We left Anne in Long Beach. Bert had to return to Colorado Springs and hoped to go to Panama. Charles is a fine boy and a great baseball fan. The Colonel is a dandy, handsome as his mother, and smart as his father, calls my Howard "Daddy's Cousin with the straw hat". Anne said Bert is continually urged to write articles for the Mining and Engineering Journals. She has to correct them, for although he can spell long scientific words he falls down on easy ones.

Stuart certainly enjoyed his weeks vacation with us. A moustache which adorned (?) his face he shaved off at my request. We stopped for a couple of days at Santa Barbara on our way to 'Frisco and found there the only warm weather we had during our whole trip.

The journey from San Francisco to Marshfield, Oregon to see Howard was far from comfortable. A lumber boat on the Pacific is not smooth sailing, and I had several unpleasant hours, but ten days with our boy more than repaid me for any discomforts.

Both Stuart and Howard are happy and working hard to save money enough to come on to Yale in June 1914 to their triennial.

Family News

Harry has a new Cadillac Roadster.

Mason recently took a business trip to California.

Rob and Nellie expect to come East this summer for a short visit.

Alanson and Noel took part in the Inaugural parade at Washington as members of the First Cavalry N. G. N. Y. Alanson carried the guidon of Troop A.

Howard has been appointed Attending Dermatologist to the Willard Parker Hospital and Consulting Dermatologist to the Union Hospital in the Bronx.

At a recent convention of the Young Women's Christian Association held in Richmond, Va. Gertrude was in charge of the Pageant in which about nine hundred young women participated.

Mrs. Bishop and Alice expect to leave town the latter part of May for Manchester, Vt., where they have taken a cottage for the summer. Their impedimenta will include three horses, two dogs and three cats.

Alice was recently presented with a handsome silver loving cup by the boys of the Washington Club. This is an organization which she founded fifteen years ago and which has been managed by Alan for the past five years.

Uncle George has been elected an Honorary member of the Manhattan Dermatological Society. He is the first and thus far the only one to receive this honor. Uncle George says he will let Noel propose him for membership in the Society of the War of 1812 if the latter will loosen the Round Robin Letter from its moorings.

We have a few copies of Vol. I of the Fox Family News, bound in cloth with the title and official seal stamped on the cover. A copy will be sent you on receipt of two dollars. We have presented bound volumes to the Public Libraries of New York and Boston, to the Libraries of Congress and New York State and to three historical and genealogical societies.



Vol. 2.

JULY 1, 1913

No. 4

Jehiel Fox—A Pioneer Preacher

By Norman Fox

(One of the biographical sketches written by Uncle Norman a few years before his death)

Among the Baptist ministers of a hundred years ago in the circle of the old Shaftesbury Association a place of honor was held by JEHIEL FOX.

He was born in 1762 in East Haddam, Ct., removing in boyhood with his father to Canaan, now in Columbia County, New York. All four of his older brothers were soldiers in the Revolutionary Army and at the age of nineteen he himself enlisted in a militia regiment marching to the relief of New London when Arnold was harrying that region. After his return home he taught school at Whiting's Pond and here married Jerusha, daughter of Capt. Hezekiah Baldwin of the Revolutionary Army, who also had served under Lord Howe at Ticonderoga in the old French War. In 1788 he removed to Hoosack.

Here he began to preach. Among the Fox family papers is his "License", reading as follows:—

Hoosack, January 11th 1794
To Wohme yt may Concern.

These may Certify that the bearer here of Jehiel Fox is a member of the Baptist Church of Christ in old Hoosack and is in good standing with us and from the opportunity we have had we have gained a Comfortable hope that he has a Call from the Lord to preach the gospel of Christ. We therefore freely Recommend him as Such and wish our Sister Churches to improve him for their own Satisfaction.

Signed by order of the Church
John Waldo Deacon.

Though the spelling of the document is a trifle labored it is engrossed in the legible hand writing of the gentlemen of a hundred years ago. The young preacher, returning once to the place where he had been brought up and thus would be "without honor," challenged criticism by a discourse from the text,—“What will this babbler say?”

In 1797 he removed to Chester in what then was Washington but now is Warren County, in the region to the west of Lake George. The district around what is now Oneida County was the Far West of that time and was attracting many settlers but it was said by some to be less healthy than the northern region. In his new location he opened a store, built a saw mill and engaged in other operations, becoming the leading business man of the neighborhood. But he still felt the “Woe is me if I preach not the gospel” and under his labors a group of disciples was soon gathered and a church was organized.

It is an interesting picture of Baptist church life of a century ago which is given in the faded records from which I copy as follows:—

“At a Conference appointed for that Purpose a Number of Brethren and Sisters Met at the House of Jehiel Fox June 17th 1797—and after Prayer to Almighty God for Direction Wisdom and Grace on this important occasion—1st Proceeded to Inquire is it the Duty of Christians to Maintain Visible Religion in all its Extensive Branches. answd in the affirmative. 2ly are our Numbers Local Situation and Circumstances such as would render it Expedient Justifyable and duty to Indea-
vour to be agreed in Doctrine Discipline

and Worship and as a Church of Christ to become Organized and as such to maintain all the Laws—ordinances and Institutions of Christ's House. And in the affirmative. 3ly Read to Consideration the general articles of faith and practice of the Baptist Denomination in America and Europe."

* * * * *

We finally come to this important record:—

"Oct. 4th 1797. Agreeable to Request the following Churches met in council by their Elders and Delegates at the house of Jehiel Fox (viz) from the first Church in Hartford (Washington County). Elder Amasa Brown & Brn Levi Gates, & Saml Downs, from the 2nd Church in Hartford Elder Gamaliel Barnes & from Battenkill (Greenwich) Deacon Robert Kinyon & Nathaniel Perkins."

"After reading the Letters sent to and the answers of the Several Chs (the churches at Stillwater and Mapletown had also been invited) and the Brethren of this Church manifesting their Satisfaction in the Council Convened Proceeded and Chose Elder Brown Moderator and Levi Gates Scribe and after solemn Prayer to God for his Direction the Council Proceeded to examine the Articles of Faith which Chester Brethren had forced and Enquired into their standing. 2nd. Examined the call of the Church to the Candidate then to be set apart to the work of the Ministry. 3ly Heard the experience of the candidate and his Call to the Work of the Ministry. And after Sundry questions Relative to his Doctrinal and Practical Sentiments Retired and after Serious Deliberation. 4ly Voted to give the Church the Right hand of fellowship. 5ly voted to ordain the Candidate and to proceed as follows (viz) Elder Brown to preach the Sermon, Elder Barnes to make the ordaining prayer, Elder Brown and Elder Barnes to Lay hands, Elder Brown to give the Charge, Elder Barnes to give the right hand of Fellowship and Deacon Robert Kinyon to make the concluding prayer—the Whole Being attended to with the Greatest Solemnity Decency & good order May God Bless the proceeding Amen."

That council was not a large one, for the apostles summoned thereto had to come by a two or three days horseback journey over primitive roads through the wilderness. No newspaper reporters were present but in after years the candidate's youngest son, then but five years of age, told how he, with the other children was sent up into the "Loft" where he lay on his stomach and looked down through the opening on the strange and impressive scene. The old log house which was a large one for that day was of course filled by the solemn assembly. The spacious fireplace which set back from the main room like the apse of a cathedral was swept out and hung with green boughs. The officiating elders sat within the recess while before it was a table at which the candidate knelt to receive the solemn imposition of hands "where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault the pealing anthem swells the notes of praise". Was ceremonial ever attended with greater "Solemnity, decency and good order"

Elder Fox served this church as Pastor for over a quarter of a century and until his death. He preached also at outstations ten and twenty miles away, the history of the Shaftesbury Association naming half a dozen churches established by him. He drew his support from his own labors rather than from the gifts of the church, and members living at a distance were enabled to enjoy gospel privileges by being welcomed to his house to stay from Saturday till Monday. He did laborious apostolic service, making his way to his appointments over mountain ridges, fording rapid and dangerous streams, threading his way by blazed trees through the forests haunted by wolf and panther. He was moreover a man of mental activity and clear thought as is shown by his sketches of sermons and other documents among the family papers. Though not college trained he could not properly be termed an uneducated preacher for he successfully availed himself of all opportunities for study which came to his hand. His appreciation of scholastic culture is revealed in his sending his youngest son to the old Granville Academy and to

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Union College, giving him exceptional advantages for that day. A leader in commercial, religious and intellectual life, he was the patriarch of the neighborhood.

When a little past sixty he had a stroke which paralyzed the muscles of the throat so that he was unable to swallow though the vocal cords were not affected and he could speak. The story comes down of his sitting in his arm chair, the windows being open in the July evening, while many were leaning on the fence outside, he preached to them and said "My neighbors have come together to see me die. For I am starving to death. But I have meat to eat that ye know not of, I have faith to believe that I shall pass over Jordan dry shod. Tell the dear brethren and sisters that Elder Fox has gone home." And so to the last he gave his testimony till still sitting in the old arm chair he passed away.

The inscription on his tombstone, prepared by himself excepting the date of his death, reads,—*"The Revd Jehiel Fox passes this way from the labors of the field and vineyard to his Master. Lo! grace gives the triumph. Born 21st Aug. 1762. Expired July 25, 1823"*. On his wife's tombstone are the words,—*"Beneath this stone the remains of Mrs. Jerusha Fox await the resurrection trump. Born Sept. 9th. 1760. Expired 2d Sept. 1819"*.

He had been succeeded in the ministry by a son and grandson. At the ordination of the latter at Whitehall, N. Y. his father giving the "Charge to the Candidate" presented to him the bible from which his grandfather had preached. And one of the great grandsons of Jehiel Fox expects to take up the patriarch's work."

That Jehiel Fox was a man of individuality, having his own way of thinking and not enslaved by his environment, may be indicated by the fact that though in his day parents gave each infant a



Adaline Sophia Fox

Adaline Sophia Fox was the oldest of seven children of our grandfather Norman Fox. She was born in Glens Falls, Feb. 17, 1832 and died in Ballston Spa, Nov. 7, 1850. Beyond the fact that she was educated at The Albany Female Academy, we know very little about our Aunt except that for a few years she helped to take care of her motherless sister and brothers. As the above likeness was reproduced from a copy of a daguerreotype taken over sixty years ago it is not as clear as we might have desired. It serves at least to give an idea of the charming face of our Aunt who is hardly more than a name to most of the members of the family who are now living.

Bible name he called his own children, Alanson, Solyman, Norman, Selina and Sophia.

The year after his wife's death he was married again. His second consort was a worthy woman but his children were not pleased at the alliance.

He, his first wife and his two older sons were buried in the old burying ground which was near the center of the village of Chester. In 1885 this was done away with and the bodies were re-interred in the new cemetery, a mile or so from the town.

Family News

Edgar sailed for Europe on June 24th and expects to return from Genoa on September 29th.

Edith and Montague sailed for Europe on June 17th for a combination business and pleasure trip. They expect to visit some towns in Southern Germany and after a short stop in Paris, intend to go to England.

Uncle Robert will preach in Tremont Temple, Boston, during the summer months. About the first of October he expects to go on an official trip as President of The Baptist World Alliance, through Ireland, Scotland and England. He then intends to sail for Rangoon, Burma, to be present at the celebration of the Judson Centennial.

The following item is quoted from a recent number of *The Examiner*: "The resignation of Rev. Kenneth C. MacArthur from the pastorate of Tremont Church, Borough of the Bronx, New York, causes widespread regret. In this his first pastorate he has done a notably fine work, receiving 193 into the fellowship of the church, and developing the membership in the grace of giving to a marked degree. Largely through his efforts and devotion, the church now occupies a beautiful building which is free of debt and exerts a large influence in the life of the community."

Here's a puff for Rob in a recent letter from Charley Clapp, who writes:—"I have just returned from a western trip, spent one day in Tulsa, but was so busy I could not get up to Bob MacArthur's office. However I talked with him over the 'phone before leaving. Bob is a royal good fellow, very popular in Tulsa, and doing exceedingly good work for the Barnsdall Oil Company."

We are delighted to print the good news about Clinton Ivins who has announced his engagement to Miss Marguerite Carpenter of Plainfield. We hope that this item of news will be noticed by Noel, Alanson and Alan.



*Marion Elizabeth MacArthur
and her proud parents*

Noel has come up in the world, having moved his office ten stories higher in the Liberty Tower Building.

At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association, Howard was re-elected Secretary of the Dermatological Section.

A notice relating to the FOX FAMILY NEWS appeared some time ago in the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record. As a result the Minnesota State Historical Society have ordered Vol. 1 of our family paper for their library. We might add that we still have a number of bound copies to sell for two dollars each.

Uncle George expects to go to the Gettysburg reunion with his comrades of the George Washington Post. Howard has been ordered to report for duty with the provisional field hospital at the camp at Gettysburg. He is one of six officers of the Medical Reserve Corps to receive such an order.



Vol. 2

SEPTEMBER 1, 1913

No. 5

Our ancestress, Anne Hutchinson by Kenneth C. MacArthur

(Paper read at the Annual Dinner of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox, January 1, 1913.)

I once heard President Eliot say that while Harvard men represented different political and religious bodies, they could always be counted on to be on the liberal side of any question. I think the same statement may truly be made of our ancestors. Since stout Col. Dennison fought at Marston-Moor against king and church, this has been true of the family both in peace and war. The bit of half forgotten colonial history, of which I wish to remind you to night, corroborated this statement not only in the case of Anne Hutchinson, the leading lady, but also in that of William Coddington and John Sanford, two minor figures, who did not realize that they were to have the honor of being ancestors of the Fox Family.

Anne Hutchinson was born about 1592 in Lincolnshire, England, near the town of Boston. Her father, Rev. Francis Marbury, was a distinguished clergyman of the Established Church and she was a second cousin of John Dryden. Largely on account of her pastor, Rev. John Cotton, she emigrated to Boston, New England. Gov. Winthrop thus characterizes her husband, William Hutchinson: "A man of a very mild temper and weak parts and wholly guided by his wife." It is said that Anne's female descendants have inherited this ability to manage their husbands and so potent is this heritage that it has descended even to some of the collaterals and associates.

She arrived in Boston September 18, 1634. Her orthodoxy was suspected and she was not admitted to the church till November 2nd. The colony was ruled by a ring of ecclesiastical politicians, who considered themselves divinely appointed bosses of the new theocracy. Mrs. Hutchinson's exceptional ability and services as a nurse had given her great influence among the women, who met with her weekly while she discussed sermons and expounded her views. She stigmatized the whole body of Puritan clergy as a company of "legal professors who lie poring on the law which Christ hath abolished." Her emphasis on "grace" as opposed to "works" challenged Puritan legalism and seemed a revival of the heresy of exiled Roger Williams, who had become a baptist under the influence of Anne's sister Mrs. Richard Scott.

A great controversy was aroused. Sir Henry Vane and the Rev. Mr. Wheelwright stood by Mrs. Hutchinson. Her followers were "threshing instruments with teeth that must beat the hills as chaff." On the other side were the conservatives and uninfected clergy who labeled the Hutchinson party as Antinomians, or opposers of the moral law. Their temper is expressed in Dudley's verse: "Let men of God in courts and churches watch o'er such as do a toleration hatch".

September 1st. 1637 the Synod "Smiting under the fifth rib, the hydra of error" declared that her meetings were disorderly and without rule. "In November, she is tried by the Massachusetts general court in the meeting house in Cambridge (then called Newton). Richman's History of

Rhode Island thus describes the scene: "In the midst of all stands Anne Hutchinson, slender, pale, about to become a mother, on trial for her opinion. She is treated with scant courtesy; no seat—not even a stool is placed at her disposal until she gives signs of fainting." No counsel is provided and her only witness is browbeaten. Though she was accused of 82 "dangerous errors" of which the most important were (1) the person of the Holy Ghost dwells in a justified person and (2) no sanctification can help to evidence to us our justification, i. e. justification is not of works but of grace through faith (Paul must then have been a heretic). The real reason for her excommunication was her frank dissent from the opinions of her persecutors and her statement that she was directly inspired. She was unwilling to depend upon the clogged pipe lines of Orthodox Puritanism for her supply of the water of life.

From the beginning of the trial, she was doomed and no fair chance was given her. Coddington, another of our ancestors, and one of the two who dared vote for her said: "I do not for my part see any equity in all your proceedings." He was imprisoned three months for this and John Wheelwright her brother-in-law, was banished. A later hearing before the Boston church where she stood up for conditional immortality and opposed the doctrine of the resurrection of the body led to her being "excommunicate and delivered up to Satan." The sentence was to take effect May 1638 and her sons were included. To them Cotton said: "You have proved Vipers to eat through the very bowells of your mother to her ruine." Sixty of the Boston Church petitioned in her favor but all had to recant or go into exile.

Aided by the experience and friendly intervention of Roger Williams she and Coddington established Aquidneck, Rhode Island. A democracy was established with elders to "Govern according to the general rule of the word of God." An appeal from the decisions of these officers was reserved to the people, who had a sort of "recall" for their officials. It was voted

that "none be accounted delinquent for doctrine." Rhode Island was at that time the only community in the world where there was liberty of conscience. Cotton Mather stigmatized these settlers as a "Colluvies of Antinomians, Familists, Anabaptists, Anti-Sabbatarians, Arminians, Socinians, Quakers, Ranters, everything but Roman Catholics and real Christians.

Rev. Thomas Welde one of the opponents, deplors the fact that she was "exercising openly" at Aquidneck and says "since the sentence of excommunication she is not affected with any remorse but glories in it and fears not the vengeance of God, which she lies under."

Some of her spunk seems at last to have communicated itself to her husband, for when in 1640 a committee of the Boston Church tried to overthrow the colony, he said "He was more nearly tied to his wife than to the church and that he thought her a dear saint and servant of God." This was the only time he said anything in his wife's behalf. He died in 1642.

At this time Massachusetts was trying to subject the Narragansett country and to escape the forces of the colony, Mrs. Hutchinson took her family to Anne's Hoeck, near East Chester in what is now the Borough of the Bronx, New York. The precise locality where she settled has been a matter of dispute but a tablet locates it on the Split Rock Road in Pelham Bay Park. In the summer of 1643 she was murdered by the Indians.

Since her banishment the Puritans had regarded her with horror as a familiar of the Devil and her death was considered a divine judgment on her sins.

Let us try to see what sort of a woman she was and why her name is memorable. Gov. Winthrop who had said her course was not to be suffered describes her as "of a haughty and fierce carriage; of a nimble wit and active spirit and a very voluble tung." Thos. Welde says she was "insolent and high flown in spirit and speech." Hubbard characterizes her as "A she-Gamaliel," Cotton Mather as a "Non-(e)-Such." Yet the testimony even

FOX FAMILY NEWS

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of her enemies shows her to have been "kind of heart, blameless in life and more than ordinarily ready and skillful in waiting upon the afflicted of her own sex—in a word, that she was a gentlewoman."

She represented the right of woman to think and lead, and her suffragist descendants are living up to her example. In intellect and vigor of temperament she would have been remarkable in any time or place; she was extraordinary when women were expected to listen humbly and in no wise to create any function of their own.

She stood for democracy in government, freedom of conscience in religion and for a spiritual and personal interpretation of man's relation to God instead of a doctrinal and legal religious system.

In the First Church in Boston, now Unitarian, at the corner of Berkeley and Marlborough streets we read: "This tablet is placed here in honor of Anne Hutchinson, born in Lincolnshire, England about 1592, received into membership of this church 1634, banished from Massachusetts by decree of court 1637, killed by the Indians at Pelham, N. Y. 1643. A "Breeder of heresies", "of ready wit and bold spirit." She was a persuasive advocate of the right of independent judgment."

From the Archives.

Head Qrs. 77th Regt. Near White Oak Church Va.

Wednesday Jan. 27, 1863.

Dear Father

I received your welcome letter last Sunday morning, together with the papers. I was glad to receive them. We are rather in want of reading matter, the few books I brought down proving very acceptable to the boys. We are lying in the camp we occupied previous to our late move. So long as we remain in camp we get along very nicely. Not that living in a tent or shanty is as cosy as being at



Walters children, Marion and Louise.

home or that our table supplies are equal to what mother used to furnish us but with blankets and good fire places to our tents we keep warm and as necessity is is the mother of invention we make a great deal out of what is furnished for our table. I stood the late march finely and am feeling very well, have enjoyed myself very much here.

Last Sunday I preached to the boys on swearing, the shot struck a good many. We have prayer meetings on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings which are well attended.

Tell Alanson to direct that box of eatables directly to me here. Express packages come through to the regiment now. Make up a good lot of things. We work hard and want a few of the good things of life.

I suppose you know Burnside has been displaced by Hooker and Franklin removed, also Sumner the boys say. We do not care here.

Dinner is ready and I must close. Love to all.

Yours Affectionately
N. Fox, Jr.

Vacation Notes.

Cousin Marie Wait has been spending the summer at Glen Cove.

Alan recently spent several weeks at Northeast Harbor.

Noel has taken a canoe trip to Hudson Bay, Canada.

Aunt Cornelia lately visited her brother Rev. Henry M. Stebbins at Rochester, N. Y.

The Ivins expect to spend the month of September at their cottage at Bay Head, N. J.

Uncle George spent a few days with Aunt Elizabeth at Suffield and then visited Adaline and Harry at Pittsfield.

Adaline, Harry, Alanson and Miss Jane Russell motored through the White Mountains and also spent a night at Center Lovell, Maine where Helen and Mason have had a camp for the summer.

Aunt Elizabeth and Kenneth paid a visit to Lake Bomoseen and then motored with Ada and Walter to Manchester, Vt., where they dined with Mrs. Bishop and Alice.

Howard attended the recent International Medical Congress at London and in addition took a trip to Edinburgh and the Scotch and English lakes. In London he had the great pleasure of seeing his cousin Mr. Charles S. Miller and Montague, Edith and Miss Anstiss Howard. Edith and Montague had previously taken a trip to Germany, France and Switzerland. Upon cross examination Montague admitted that he had spent most of his time buying toys for "Laddie", while Edith was adding to her famous doll collection. When asked how he liked Berlin, Montague said that it was a fine city except for the noticeable absence of "churches and bootblacks."

News Items.

Alan has a Cadillac touring car.

Howard has been elected a Corresponding Member of the "Société Française de Dermatologie."

George B. Clapp has changed his address from Dewey to Bartlesville, Okla. He wrote a very appreciative letter about

our humble attempts to disseminate news about the family.

George is now Medical Officer of Company H. 1st Infantry N. G. N. Y. with rank of First Lieutenant. He is assistant Physician, Chief Anaesthetist and Pathologist to the City Hospital, Binghamton.

On Monday, September 1st, a Soldiers Monument was unveiled at Painted Post. The ceremony was held under the auspices of the Soldiers Monument Association, Town of Erwin of which Mr. Irving Bronson was president.

Charles makes the following suggestion. "How would it do to have two Round Robin letters, one express and the other local. The express could then make fewer and shorter stops allowing the "local" to take the necessary time to gather up the heavy baggage."

We have lately had a communication from Gen. Simeon M. Fox of Manhattan Kansas, who saw a notice of our publication in the July number of the New England Genealogical and Historical Register. Gen. Fox formerly corresponded with Uncle William and like ourselves is descended from Thomas Fox of Concord, Mass. He is now taking steps to identify his family in England.

Mr. Lyman Hedge of our esteemed contemporary, The Burlington *Hawkeye* writes that he enjoys reading our paper and that he feels prepared to pass an examination on our various relationships. He was Alanson's roommate at Yale and is personally known to many of the family. That Mr. Hedge is a man of discrimination is apparent from the fact that he is one of our regular subscribers.

Important Notice.

Don't forget that on January first the Tenth Annual Reunion of our family society will take place. Every single member should make a determined effort to be present and the number of guests should be larger than usual. Special efforts will be made by the committee to provide an attractive entertainment. We will remind you of the reunion once more in the November issue.

FOX FAMILY NEWS—SUPPLEMENT

SEPTEMBER 1, 1913

Gettysburg.

1863—1913.

This is a short sketch of interesting things I saw and uninteresting things I did at the Reunion of the Blue and Gray on the field at Gettysburg fifty years after the battle.

Taking the early train from Glen Cove (Tuesday July 1st) I met my comrade, Major C. W. Snyder, at the Pennsylvania station and quickly procured transportation (at the expense of the Empire State) by way of Philadelphia. I now proceeded to decorate myself with my Grand Army Star, Sixth Corps Badge and the souvenir medal presented by the State. Among the large number of old veterans some of whose breasts resembled the tray of a holiday badge seller, I was not in the least conspicuous. Going ninety miles to Philadelphia in two hours led me to expect that we would reach Gettysburg early in the afternoon. But an accommodation train of the Western Maryland one track and seemingly one horse railroad reminds one of a New York express only because it is so different.

At Lancaster, Columbia and York we saw many old veterans returning in disgust with the complaint that they could find no accommodations on the field and that everything was in a state of dire confusion. Making due allowance for what might be the exaggerated statement of a few constitutional "kickers" we began to think seriously about our own immediate future and the prospect of finding no shelter, and after reading in the headlines of a Philadelphia paper that "Ten thousand tramp the camp all night" our minds became so filled with gloomy forebodings that we were almost ready to board one of the returning trains and morally certain that we would go home the next day.

Our train stopped a short distance from the Gettysburg station at 3 P.M. eleven hours after leaving New York. After a short wait we deserted the train and carried our bags to the station and up into the crowded square where we felt like

two dazed emigrants. A polite soldier told us where we could find an automobile going to the camp a half mile away, and finding that this friendly minion of Uncle Sam was attached to the Provisional Field Hospital and knew Lieut. Fox and seemed pleased to meet his father, we took him with us and proceeded at once to the Lieut's tent. Lieut. Fox (alias Howard) gave us a most hearty welcome. After Capt. Huntington U. S. A. (from Fort Totten L. I.) had taken us to the officers mess tent for a little supper, Howard introduced us to Major Hess, in charge of this model field hospital, who forced us to confess that we were suffering from mild fatigue and ordered us into Ward No. 1 quite near his tent.

As veterans of the Civil War and members of Geo. Washington Post No. 103, G.A.R. Major Snyder and I were entitled to free transportation to Gettysburg and return, and a cot, blanket and camp kit in a tent holding eight on the field, which the government furnished. This would have been a sort of military picnic, but the tents were hot, especially during this July hot spell and falling in a long line to get our "chow" at the mess tent with tin plate and cup would perhaps have been a unique pleasure for one meal but might have palled during the four days of our sojourn. As it was I doubt whether any two men on the field had more commodious and sumptuous quarters than we had. Just think of it! Two of us in a large cool tent with three beds each, one to sleep on and two to spread our things on, electric light, which even the officers on duty did not have and the freedom of the shower bath in a tent not far distant. As patients (able to walk) we took our meals in the hospital mess tent with a few other old chaps mostly between seventy and ninety years of age. They came from various states and included men in gray as well as in blue and with notably varying views as to the latest thing in table manners. One of the patients in the hospital was a member

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

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of the 77th N. Y. V. named Wright who seemed very glad to talk about Chaplain Fox, Col. French and Dr. Stevens.

We were waited upon by United States soldiers whose service was characterized by kindness more than formality. When we became accustomed to the familiar if somewhat irreverent appellation of "Daddy" and got inured to the absence of napkins and finger bowls and such hardships, we took our places on one of the long benches by the pine tables with thankful hearts and usually left with a satisfactory sensation in the region of the stomach. The hours of our meals were as follows: Breakfast at 6.30, dinner at 11.30 and supper at 4.30. For any late "after the theatre" repast I usually depended on ice water and tobacco. In fact, I have renewed my acquaintance with the old briarwood I smoked in Norway in 1888.

Now a word as to Lieut. Fox in his gold lace or equivalent khaki. He looked like a real soldier and imitated the dress and actions of the regular officers so closely that I could see little difference. He was very busy admitting the old soldiers brought to the hospital headquarters in either an automobile or muledrawn ambulance, taking their names and valuables, noting the exact time of arrival and assigning them to this or that ward. When not doing this he was flying through the long connected tents which formed the wards leaving orders with the orderlies and nurses in charge of the patients or dispensing pills to old vets who complained of weak stomachs or sore toes but did not want to leave their comrades and go into the hospital. Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of him in the operating tent applying a bandage to a blistered heel with all the dignity and intrepidity of an Ambroise Paré. He was certainly in a most excellent school and while not gaining much or anything from a strictly medical standpoint he had a great opportunity for mastering the details of military hospital service which some day may be of great value to him.

Wednesday morning the major and I took a walk through the New York and

Pennsylvania section of the great encampment, a huge city of pyramidal khaki tents intersected by numerous streets and lettered avenues and covering many acres of ground between Cemetery and Seminary Ridges. Not far from the field hospital was a sign marked "East 31st street" which invariably attracted my attention and seemed strangely familiar. Here and there were large mess tents with busy cooks and helpers and fires constantly burning in huge pits for the incineration of refuse food, etc. Lines of old soldiers could be seen at meal times, each with his tin cup and plate drawing his generous rations which he carried back to his numbered tent. Grizzly veterans, bent and bearded, were met walking in all directions as in a crowded city or gathering in small groups rehearsing their experiences of fifty years ago. Mingled with them were young soldiers, darkies, boy scouts and a few women. Above the noise of conversation could now and then be heard some cheering and the rub-a-dub of a drum corps or music of a military band. From the shadeless camp avenue we passed on into a narrow and shaded street leading into the village of Gettysburg and found the Eagle hotel where we called on Major Breck, a comrade of our Post. Then we strolled out to see the town in its holiday attire. Imagine Nunda or Painted Post with flags flying everywhere, the streets filled with automobiles and vehicles of various sorts, the sidewalks jammed with a few thousand old soldiers in blue and gray, every front yard having a tent or booth for the dispensation of ice-cold lemonade, souvenirs, flags, picture cards etc. and it will give you some idea of how Gettysburg looked fifty years after the battle.

Returning to the Hospital we found Lieut. Fox on duty as Officer of the Day and busier than ever. Every little while an ambulance would pull up in front of the hospital office tent, a couple of soldiers would quickly let down the back and draw out the stretcher carrying some old vet overcome by the intense heat of the victim of some accident.

After our dinner we walked over to the iron tower on Cemetery hill, slowly ascended to the top where we got our first comprehensive glimpse of the topography of the battlefield. We could see Seminary ridge which the Confederates held during most of the battle, Culps hill where Uncle Charles fought in the 12th Corps, and Powers hill where Uncle Norman's regiment, 77th N.Y.V. supported a battery of artillery, the various monuments scattered here and there over the landscape and last, but not least, the field by the Emmetsburg Pike over which was made the immortal Pickett's charge.

Thursday July 3rd. was cooler and a beautiful morning ushered in the anniversary of the last day of the battle. We took this occasion to walk through the camp over to the Confederate section on the slope of Seminary ridge. Here the spirit of loyalty and cordiality was manifest on every side.

About noon Noel and Alanson appeared upon the scene and the Fox family now seemed fairly well represented by four of its military members. After an exchange of greetings, a little refreshment of the inner man and considerable posing for photos around Howard's tent our party of five started on a walk to Little Round Top. While waiting for the boys I talked with an old soldier who belonged to a New York State regiment and when I casually inquired where he came from he nearly paralyzed me by saying "Nunda". He said his name was Cook and he had married a McNair and we both agreed that there was no better place on earth in which to find a wife.

The famous Little Round Top was scarcely over a mile and a half distant but the hot sun shining on the shadeless stretches of the broad avenue and the frequent stopping to inspect the Meade and Sedgwick statues, the Pennsylvania building and the innumerable regimental stones and monuments made the jaunt a somewhat trying one. Along the stone fence at the "bloody angle" where the Philadelphia Brigade and other troops repulsed



1864

1913

the fierce charge of Pickett and Pettigrew and where Gen. Armistead was killed within our lines and Lieut. Cushing fell by his smoking cannon and where poison ivy is now more to be feared than bullets. a crowd of old soldiers and sightseers had gathered to witness an unarmed line of warriors in gray climb the wall again and shake hands with their former adversaries. Here we saw Gen. Sickles in a carriage with the widow of Gen. Longstreet, silently grasping the many outstretched hands, and groups of old soldiers listening raptly to some comrade's eloquent tale of how he won the battle.

On "Little Round Top" which is quite a hill, though small in comparison with the larger Round Top further South we saw the statue of Gen. Warren with field glasses in hand, and looking over the broad wheatfield between us and Seminary ridge we thought how different this peaceful landscape must have looked to him as he gazed at "Battle's magnificently stern array".

Fourth of July, the birthday of our nation and of Howard, was bright and warm again. The major and I devoted the forenoon to loafing and rest. My mind wandered from Gettysburg past and present back to 135 St George's Square, London, N. W. where a wee recruit joined the ranks of the Fox Family. I recalled those hours of mingled anxiety and bliss and again saw uncle Norman, who was in London at that time, as he walked softly into the room with a congratulatory kiss for the happy mother and a jocosely remark addressed to the new arrival, each characteristic of his kindness and humor.

About noon Noel and Alanson reappeared, hailing this time from Monterey where they had spent the night at an old inn. As Howard was busy, the major weary and Alanson lazy, or indisposed to take another tramp, Noel and I started out to visit Culps Hill and other points of interest on the battlefield. We walked over Cemetery hill through the National and village cemeteries which lie side by side and soon struck the fine road which curves by Gen. Slocum's Equestrian Statue on a knoll and up Culps hill to the iron tower or lookout which rises above the tops of the old trees and affords an extensive view. Here we took our bearings and soon started to find where Uncle Charles and the 107th N.Y.V. fought alongside of other red star regiments on the right of the line of battle. Up hill and down hill we walked and finally reached the 107th monument standing among huge rocks near the edge of the woods. I remember Charles telling how one soldier during the battle in a most protected position suddenly started singing the hymn "Rock of Ages cleft for me." in which many others joined with thankful voices.

Across a depressed field we found the monuments of the 2nd Mass. and 27th. Indiana on the line of the battle of the 3rd Brigade 1st Div 12th Corps. Here we dug up a small cedar tree which I brought home and planted and sincerely hope it may live and grow as a memorial to Uncle

Charles and of Gettysburg. We next walked over to Powers hill where in a detached position the 77th N.Y.V. of the Sixth Corps supported a Battery of the 12th Corps and others posted on the crest. The 77th monument is an artistic one bearing the white cross of the 2nd Div. 6th Corps and stands with a background of trees on the southern slope of the hill. During the battle Uncles Charles and Norman were quite near each other on the right of the Union line, and in a diary kept by Uncle Norman he speaks of going over after the fight to the 12th Corps ambulances, evidently apprehensive of his brother's safety. Noel had his camera with him and took snapshots of the monuments of special interest to us. We trudged over a cross-road by an old stone school house to the Baltimore Pike, one of the many main roads radiating from the village of Gettysburg, up past Gen. Meade's headquarters and finally reached the camp, warm, tired, and hungry, but well satisfied with our four hours tramp.

Saturday morning the major and I were ready for the journey home, Noel and Alanson having gone by way of Harrisburg the night before. Capt. Moncrief put us in a muledrawn ambulance and with other old veterans from the hospital we drove into town and reached the station at 8 A.M. On our train I met Lieut. Caw, a 77th Reg. veteran whose younger brother I recalled as a red-headed school mate of mine at Schenectady when the village of Gettysburg was sleeping quietly among its peaceful hills, its name as yet unsounded by the trump of Fame.

How I wish my three soldier brothers might have lived to have taken part in this reunion! No one on the field would have had a fuller knowledge of the events of the battle, the losses of the regiments and the names of the combatants than Uncle William, the author of "New York at Gettysburg."

George Henry Fox.



Vol. 2.

NOV. 1, 1913

No. 6

President John Sanford.

By Noel Blecker Fox.

One of the prominent men among the early settlers of Massachusetts and Rhode Island was John Sanford, from whom we are descended through Jane Freeman, wife of Norman Fox. Coming to America from Alford, Lincolnshire, England, he arrived at Boston on November 3, 1631. He soon became a member of the church and a "freeman" (citizen) of the colony. For several years thereafter his name frequently appears on the records as a member of committees chosen by the "General Court" (legislature) of the colony or by the Town of Boston for such duties as fixing town boundaries, allotting lands and erecting bridges. Among those who served with him on these committees are William Coddington, William Hutchinson and William Chesebrough, who are also ancestors of Jane Freeman. John Sanford and William Hutchinson served together on the Board of Selectmen of Boston from 1636 until they removed from the colony in 1638.

In the meantime the General Court had appointed Sanford and another to examine and report on the condition of the "ordinances, powder & shott" and on September 3, 1634, voted that "Mr. John Samford is chosen canoneere for the ffort att Boston; & itt is ordered, that for two yeares service that hee hath already done att the said ffort, & for one yeare more hee shall doe, to be accompted from this day, hee shall haue allowed him out of the treasury the some of XX£." On September 8, 1636, the General Court "Ordered, that Mr. Samford shall have ten pounds allowed him for his seruise for the

publike, in the office of the canonere for this yeare last past; and Mr. Samfoard is chosen surveyor of the ordinance & other amunition, & it is referd to the nexte Genrall Courte to consider of a meete recompence for him." Then on October 28th, of that year it was voted that "Mr. John Samfoard is chosen canonere for Boston, & surveyor of the armes & amunition, & for this to have 30£ for this yeare for his owne, & his mans paines hearin." And on November 2, 1637, "John Sanford is graunted 13£ 6s. 8d. for the yeare past, & so he is discharged, upon delivery of an invy. to another wch shall be appointed."

The reason for Sanford's leaving that office was doubtless the "Antinomian controversy" in which he supported the religious ideas that were advocated by Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and that the authorities of the colony were trying to suppress. The Hutchinsons, like Sanford, had come from Alford in Lincolnshire. On November 20, 1637, the General Court voted to compel the adherents of these "Dangerous errors" to give up their arms and amunition, both Sanford and Hutchinson being named among those to be disarmed. Mrs. Hutchinson was placed on trial for heresy and banished from the colony.

As a result of this persecution the "Antinomians" decided to found a colony of their own where religious liberty might prevail and for this purpose they purchased from the Indians the island of Aquidneck which they later renamed Rhode Island. A government was there established by a compact signed on March 7, 1638, by nineteen men among whom were Coddington, Hutchinson and Sanford. Two towns, Newport and Portsmouth, being formed

on the island. John Sanford was elected in 1640 constable for Portsmouth and in 1644 Lieutenant of the military company there.

In May 1647, these island towns united with the towns of Providence and Warwick to form a single colony called "Providence Plantations" and governed by a "President" and four "Assistants". John Sanford was one of the Assistants chosen in 1647 and 1649. In 1651 this colony divided again, Rhode Island maintaining its separate government for several years. On May 17, 1653, John Sanford was elected President of the Colony of Rhode Island but he died later in the year during his term of office.

John Sanford's first wife was Elizabeth Webb. After her death he married Bridget Hutchinson, a daughter of William and Anne Hutchinson. One of the sons of John and Bridget Sanford was Peleg Sanford, who became Governor of Rhode Island. Through him we are descended from Anne Hutchinson as well as John Sanford.

My Trip to Europe.

It is with great timidity that I venture to break into journalism, especially with my first assignment to such a formidable and authoritative periodical. You ask me to write of my trip to Europe, giving me carte blanche to intersperse as many jokes as I see fit. I am glad you did not ask me to write a humorous article. It takes an Uncle George to do that, but most anyone can copy a second hand joke, and so I do not altogether despair. (journalistic modesty).

I sailed from Boston on the Laconia and will you believe it, Kenneth, with two Harvard graduates? But I'll tell you how that anomaly came about. I couldn't find any Yale or Princeton or Williams or Rutgers men to go with me and so philosophically grinned and bore it. But again I must admit that they were splendid travelling companions, and not sufficiently interested in athletics to improve their opportunity to rub it in beyond reason. The only fault I found with them was that they left me prematurely, urged

on, I think, by the compelling goad of Heimsehnen nach Cambridge (introducing a slight draft of continental atmosphere). I may work in a little French later. Alan advised me that the ocean trip was perhaps the best part of a European summer and my extreme disinclination to leave the ship at Fishguard gave me a preliminary hint that he was right. There was a remarkably fine crowd on board. Yes, Alanson, lots of attractive girls, and almost equally fine weather, plenty of stinging salt breeze and Hamamelis-inducing sunburn, but not enough motion to make five meals a day a tormenting regret. So I ate my five meals and slept my twelve hours a day which is almost sufficient for any one. Beside those forms of exercise I held down someone else's deck chair occasionally gleaning what refreshment of memory I could from Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris" and Hauptmann's "Die Versunkene Glocke." Also I remember shaving infrequently. Then there was dancing and deck sports in which I had the misfortune to be awarded several beautifully useless prizes.

But bless me, here I've written a thousand words and haven't reached London yet. Yes I have too, for here we are. London appears to me peculiarly as the place which starts one planning how to evade the customs officials on the return. I never saw so many attractive articles of male attire at such unbelievable prices. I know that when I appear at the annual S. D. N. F. dinner no one will believe my dress suit came at 2 guineas, 'alf a crown, thrupence ha'penny. I wont blame them a bit, It didn't. In fact a dress suit is about the only thing I didn't buy.

Our itinerary was of the "where'll we go next" order, and after leaving London we slept in different beds each night for some time. I wont inflict all the details of my travel on you, because I don't remember all, and if I did, I need my right hand for taking law notes tomorrow. Venice, I enjoyed very much indeed, affording a chance for a daily bath, which in Europe is surely more to be desired and more difficult to be obtained than much fine gold. (For the citation address

FOX FAMILY NEWS

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all complaints to the editor.) I have already arranged to go there for my honeymoon. (Alan, Alanson and Noel take notice. It is perhaps just as well I met no girls there for I can't afford yet to engage myself to any other than old lady law. Rome I found overwhelming. It was entirely too much for a poor tourist to see in a short six days. Here too, my Harvard friends said adieu, and I joined forces with two Dartmouth fellows with whom I remained the rest of the summer. In Switzerland it rained all the time we were there except one day, and we took advantage of that one, which was exceptionally clear, to go up the Jungfrau. That was the best thing I did in Europe. I was in Paris over two weeks doing very little sightseeing and taking it easy, resting up from the fatigue of rapid travelling.

The home voyage was on the Cincinnati, also a Boston boat and I enjoyed it practically as much as going over. To be sure we had no jolly deck sports, and the girls didn't attain such a standard of excellence, but the five meals a day were even better and of course going west we could sleep an hour longer every morning and still make breakfast.

There, Mr. Editor, is a very poor account, indeed, of a fine trip, but I take considerable comfort in the fact that after this literary effort no toastmaster at any of our future dinners will dare to call on me for a speech, if not out of consideration for me, at least for the other members. For heaven sake don't headline this, or crowd any worthy print out of its proper place, an unnecessary suggestion after all.

Edgar Wells Freeman.

A Visit to Dartmouth.

A few months ago I was asked to give the course of lectures in dermatology at Dartmouth. Having heard some glowing accounts about the New Hampshire College I promptly accepted the offer and

was appointed Professor of Dermatology for this year at the Dartmouth Medical School. The opportunity to visit Hanover was too tempting to lose, in spite of the fact that I had recently taken trips to Rochester, Washington and Minneapolis and was planning to go to Gettysburg and London.

My visit was made at a favorable time of the year, when the college activities were in full swing and the weather conditions ideal. From day to day my interest in the college increased until I finally became a confirmed Dartmouth enthusiast.

In paying my respects to the President of the college, Mr. Ernest Fox Nichols, I was interested to learn that he was descended from Thomas Fox of Cambridge. He had just written a card of introduction to his uncle, who he said, knew a great deal about our branch of the Fox Family. Imagine my surprise to find that the Uncle was General Simeon Fox of Kansas about whom we spoke in the last issue of the paper.

I visited the brethren at the Psi Upsilon Chapter House and heard from them about some of the student pranks of former times. They said that at one time a poll tax was exacted of every student by a vote of the town, a measure which proved to be most unpopular. As the students greatly outnumbered the townspeople, they attended the next election in full force and for revenge solemnly carried a vote to build a court house a mile long and two feet wide with a window at each end. I believe it was later necessary for the good townspeople to go to the legislature to have this measure repealed. At all events, the students were not bothered after that about poll taxes.

My only regret is that the Dartmouth Medical School is about to close its doors after 117 years of existence. The rudiments of medicine will still be taught but the last two years of the course are to be omitted, the students going elsewhere to obtain their degrees. As a result my delightful visit to Hanover cannot be repeated except in an unofficial manner.

Howard Fox

Family News.

Uncle Robert sailed from Boston on the Laconia, October 14th. He expects to sail from Liverpool on November 5th for Rangoon.

Alanson recently attended a house party at Pittsfield given by Mr. Marshall Crane, one of the guests being Mr. Lyman Hedge.

Rob and Nellie recently came East for a short vacation, spending most of their time in Suffield. They spent a day in Pittsfield with Harry and Adaline.

Gertrude is studying at The National Training School of the Young Women's Christian Association. Her address this winter will be 135 East 52nd Street, New York.

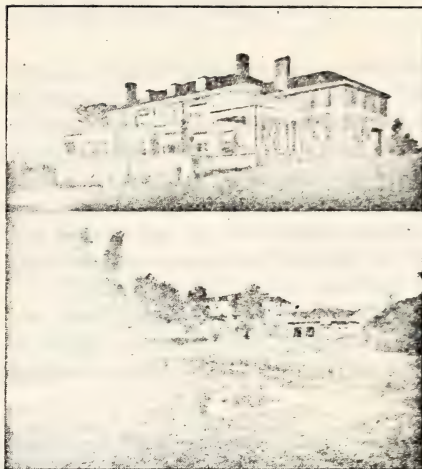
Montague has opened a store on the corner of 58th street and Madison Avenue, which he calls the "House of Foreign Novelties. It is entirely independent of Howard & Co.

Alan won the mens singles in the Annual Tennis Tournament at Tivoli-on-Hudson. He also took part in the finals of the mens doubles and mixed doubles of the Bar Harbor Tournament, playing in the mixed doubles with Miss Sears, the former National Champion.

Kenneth has accepted the position of acting pastor for six months of the First Congregational Church of Suffield, Conn. According to Gertrude, Kenneth is now in his element as he is able to call on all the farmers wives and discuss "Berkshires and White Orpingtons."

Howard recently combined business with pleasure by visiting Adaline and Harry in Pittsfield and delivering an address before the Berkshire District Medical Society. He has joined the Society of the War of 1812, having been nominated by Noel and seconded by Alanson.

Cousin Marie writes, "A sea breeze blew into Orchardeaves Monday night between six and seven P. M. when Cousins DeWitt and Hope Ivins, Marguerite Carpenter and some friends from Orange stopped on their way from Bay Head to Plainfield. They had been



"Riverbend"

Harry and Adaline's home at Pittsfield.

spending the week end at the shore. The thirty miles of moonlit run were a trifle chilly, but by lining their wraps with plenty of newspapers they went on their way somewhat better protected. Hightstown is a convenient stop for motor trips."

Once more we call your attention to the dinner on January first, when we celebrate the tenth anniversary of the founding of our family society. Unless all signs fail we shall have a much larger attendance than at any previous gathering. A considerable number of guests who are interested in our society have already accepted invitations to be present. This year Aunt Elizabeth and Aunt Annie expect to be with us. Norman hopes to come on from Manistique and Ethel says she will surely come unless something unforeseen happens. George has been asked to act as toastmaster. The business meeting will be held as last year at 616 Madison Ave. at eleven A. M. Honorary, Associate, and Junior as well as active members are urged to attend. It is hoped that a photograph of those present can be taken.

FOX FAMILY NEWS

INDEXES TO VOLUMES I AND II (1912 AND 1913).

The editorials and family notes in the NEWS are written from the viewpoint of the grandchildren of Norman Fox, who was born in 1792. Thus a son or daughter, is referred to as uncle or aunt. In these indexes the name of a member of the family is given in full, even though not so given on the page referred to, and women are indexed under their married names. The date of birth is given after the name if two of the family have the same first name. A star indicates a member of the Society of the Descendants of

Norman Fox, or a descendant or ancestor of Norman or Jane Freeman Fox. The pages of volume I are referred to as if they were numbered consecutively from 1 to 24. In the name index, a page given in parenthesis, is one on which the name does not appear but on which the person is mentioned in some other manner, such as "My Father" or "I". The members of the family may be further identified by referring to the booklet published by the society in 1906.

Index of Subjects, Authors and Illustrations.

ABBREVIATIONS:

Art.—Article about,
Auth.—Author of article,
Doc.—Copy of document about,
Let.—Letter by,
Pic.—Picture of.

Army Notes, I 4.

*Barber, Jonathan, his chair, art. & pic.
II 4.

Bazoo, The Gang Mill, art. I 15, II 9;
pic. II 9, 10.

Buttrick, Wallace, auth. I 21.

*Fox, Adaline Sophia (1832), art. &
pic. II 15.

*Fox, Alanson Jehiel (1833), art. I 13;
pic. I 14.

*Fox, Beatrice Sprague, pic. II 7.

*Fox, Bertha Sprague, pic. II 7.

*Fox, Charles James (1842), art. II 1;
let. I 11; pic. II 2.

*Fox, Charles Shattuck (1868), let. I
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*Fox, Frances Louise (1910), pic. II 19.

*Fox, George Henry (1846), auth. I 1,
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*Fox, Herbert Wright (1873), art. I 3,
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*Fox, Jane Freeman, art. I 9.

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*Fox, Noel Bleeker, auth. II 25.

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*Fox, Norman (1836), art. I 17; auth.
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*Fox, Stuart MacArthur (1870), art. II
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*Russell, Harry & Adaline's house, pic.
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*Townsend, Martha D., art. I 4.

*Trowbridge, Helen Fox, art. I 16.

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JANUARY 1, 1914

No. 1

The Two Thomas Foxes of Early Massachusetts

By General Simeon M. Fox

The descendants of Daniel Fox of East Haddam, Conn. or in fact of any other Fox of East Haddam, for they all descend from the same ancestor, should be careful to speak of the American founder of their family as "Thomas Fox of Concord", and not as "Thomas Fox of Cambridge"; for there were two distinct personages who contemporarily bore the same name in the early Massachusetts colonies, and who now as a distinguishing mark have been designated by genealogists as above. Writers of local histories, compilers of genealogies, and especially the hack writers who do the lines of the various families who find a place in the pretentious compilations of town pedigrees, perpetually confuse the histories of these two men. Their lines are however reasonably clear and distinct when carefully studied and checked up from the original records. A kinship between these two men is often suggested, but so far it is nothing more than a suggestion, as no evidence to that effect has been found, except the bare fact that for a brief season both were apparently dwelling in Concord. Thomas Fox of Concord was undoubtedly our ancestor, but to clear the way from any possible confusion, I will first take up Thomas Fox of Cambridge, to remove him as a disturbing element when it comes to the consideration of our homonymous ancestor.

The two Thomas Foxes were made freemen respectively in 1638 and 1644. There has been contradictory speculation, but the weight of intelligent opinion is

that Thomas Fox of Cambridge (who was born about 1608) was the older of the two, and that to him belonged the earlier date of freemanship. Personally I strongly coincide with this opinion, as I have reason to doubt that our Thomas Fox of Concord had arrived in New England at that date. Thomas Fox of Cambridge died April 25, 1693 aged 85 years, so was born about 1608. A genealogy of this family has been printed and stress has been laid upon the tradition that obtains among the descendants of both Thomas Foxes, of descent from the Rev. John Fox, the martyrologist, but more especially strong among the descendants of Thomas Fox of Cambridge. In this genealogy he is claimed to have been a grandson of the distinguished scholar and a son of "Dr. Thomas Fox, a distinguished physician of London". This tradition is defective to the extent that the Rev. John Fox had no son Thomas. "Simeon" was the name of the London physician. He was the youngest son (1558-1642) and it is a mooted question whether or not he had a son or children. But the possibility of such descent yet remains unsettled. Thomas Fox of Cambridge, sometimes at least signed with his mark; one would hardly suppose that the son and grandson of such distinguished scholars would be illiterate to that degree. On the other hand it may be here stated that Thomas Fox of Concord, although "being feeble & weake in body," signed his will in an exceedingly neat and steady hand.

The first known wife of Thomas Fox of Cambridge was Ellen, the widow of Percival Green, who came to America in 1635. She is usually credited as the

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mother of Jabez, the only known child of Thomas Fox of Cambridge. This seems to me to be more than a doubtful proposition. This son Jabez became the celebrated clergyman of Woburn, Mass. The record obtained from his old tombstone that stands in the ancient burying ground at Woburn, is as follows:

"Rev. Jabez Fox died February 28, 1702-3, aged 56 years."

He was therefore born about 1646. Percival Green died December 25, 1639 and his widow appears in the succeeding proprietors records at Cambridge as follows: In 1641 as "Hellen Green," in 1645 as "Ellen Green," on February 23, 1648-9, as "Hellen Green", and the name of Thomas Fox appears as a proprietor in the same list. The marriage contract between Thomas Fox and Ellen Green was dated May 24, 1650. As Jabez was at least four years old at this date he was evidently the son of a former unknown wife.

The following appears in the records of the Cambridge church, as recorded by the Rev. Jonathan Mitchell, in the list designated:

"taken and registered in ye 11th mo., 1658."

"Thomas ffoxe & Ellen his wife in full communion."

"His son Jabez baptized in Concord but in minority when his father joyned here."

Several genealogists have too hastily assigned Rebecca, the first wife of Thomas Fox of Concord as a possible first wife of Thomas Fox of Cambridge. She is proved beyond a reasonable doubt to have been the first wife of Thomas Fox of Concord.

There have also been frequent suggestions that Thomas Fox of Concord was a son of Thomas Fox of Cambridge, a condition that was not at all probable. Thomas Fox of Concord was made freeman certainly as early as 1644. At this date to be eligible to such citizenship one must have been "orthodox, a member of the church, 20 years old, and worth 2000 pounds." Thomas Fox of Concord must

therefore have been born as early as 1623, when Thomas Fox of Cambridge was not over fifteen years of age.

The records show that there was a Thomas Fox, one of Cradock's men, who evidently came in the fleet with Winthrop in 1630. On March 8, 1631 he was ordered to be whipped for "uttering malicious & scandalous speeches whereby he sought to traduce the court, as if they had taken some bribe in the business concerning Walter Palmer." It appears that on Sept. 28, 1630, a jury had returned an indictment against Walter Palmer for manslaughter because the "strokes" that he had given were "occasionally the means of the death of Austen Bratcher" (Bradshaw), who had been a fellow servant with Thomas Fox. Palmer had been tried in Boston, and on Nov. 9, had been acquitted. Thomas Fox evidently sympathized with the victim, and had evidently been a little free in the expression of his opinion. Criticism of the courts did not seem to have passed unrebuked in those days, especially as the courts were the whole thing themselves and had the power to retaliate upon their critics. The ruffled dignity of the court was probably soothed by the flagellation of the recalcitrant Thomas and we may hope that a poultice was forthcoming from some of the surviving Bradshaws to soothe the lacerated back. April 1, 1634, said Thomas Fox was fined for not responding to a summons to appear as a witness to testify against one John Lee. March 2, 1640-1, he was enjoined to pay a fine or appear at the next term of the court.

The record of this Thomas Fox has been variously associated with the record of both Thomas Fox of Cambridge and Thomas Fox of Concord as a possible prefatory bit of their early history in New England. and there is little doubt that it does belong to one or the other of them. Thomas Fox of Concord was probably too young to meet the requirements, yet the stern discipline of the courts did not often consider years in meting out punishment whether the whipping post or the

FOX FAMILY NEWS.

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bilboes. Thomas Fox of Cambridge would have been about 22 years old in 1630 and citizenship in 1638 would just about allow for the lapse of his seven years of indentured servitude. His biographer contributed the tradition "that he left England in anger and disgust at injustice done him in a lawsuit." This would afford an excellent explanation for the state of mind evidently possessed by Gov. Craddock's pugnacious servant.

His wife Ellen died May 27, 1682 "aged 82 years," so was born about 1600 and was about eight years older than her husband. After her death he married Elizabeth, the widow of Charles Chadwick, who in turn died February 22, 1684-5; and on December 16, 1685 he again adventured and married the widow Rebecca Wyeth, whose previous husbands had been Thomas Andrews and Nicholas Wyeth. Percival Green left two children, John and Elizabeth who were born in this country. In after years they brought suit against their stepfather. Thomas Fox to recover property claimed to be theirs as part of their father's estate. They, however, failed to recover.

Thomas Fox of Cambridge was evidently an influential citizen. He was one of the board of selectmen in 1652 and repeatedly held office thereafter in Cambridge. His son Jabez was one of the early graduates from Harvard, and he became celebrated as the clergyman of Woburn, Mass., whose record fills a conspicuous place in early New England History. It is from him, as the only son, that the generations of the succeeding members of the family descend.

✉ We urgently request our readers to send more news items about themselves.



*Mason Trowbridge Jr.
Harriet Gibbs Trowbridge*

More from the Bazoo.

The following additional items are quoted at random from different numbers of Stuart's Bazoo.

Mag Hart thumped the editor last night.

Bert Fox found a dead cat in his woodshed.

Alan Fox has had two little girls visiting him.

I wonder if the editor will get a valentine tomorrow—General Hancock died last Tuesday—Miss Archibald, got wet at the frog pond the other day.

Which Kate got kissed last night.

Mr. Tom Hogue has made a call on his friend Webber the tailor.

Big Ned has a new pair of shoes, no 12½.

"The Powgoo"

(Helen recently found little Mason modelling a lump of clay and asked what he was doing. He replied that he was making a "Powgoo" and volunteered the following information)

A Powgoo is an animal like a turtle covered with fur. Injuns shoot the skin off and throw the bones away. They never shoot red Powgoos.

Some of the Powgoos are little ones, and the big ones are the Mother Powgoos.

The Injuns stick the Powgoos with sticks and then keep them in their tents. Then they cut them up with knives.

Little Powgoos don't have ears, and big Powgoos do.

Family News.

Alice has a Cadillac touring car.

"Tulsa will", a song written by Nellie, was recently sung during the campaign in Tulsa to raise money for the Y.M.C.A.

Kenneth preached the Annual Sermon before the Southern New York Baptist Association, October 14th, and read a paper on "The intellectual Life of the Minister" at the Pastor's conference of the New York Baptist State Convention at Buffalo October 21st.

In acknowledging a copy of our paper, the Rev. John W. Gammack, of Glen Cove, wrote Uncle George as follows: "The present issue has interested me very much. Anne Hutchinson must have been one after my own mind. She was one of the pioneers of the suffragist movement. She knew what she wanted and got it—after she was dead—But this is a reward to which we may all look forward! I have read many accounts of the "Battle of Gettysburg 1913" but none so vivid or entertaining as was yours. I enjoy the "News" and I hope I may be able to read more of them. Strength to the elbow that writes or edits them."

We wish to thank Noel for his elaborate and accurate index which includes practically all of the names (271) mentioned in the first two volumes of our paper. Noel apparently drew the line at including "Satan" and also omitted the names of Elijah and the Apostle Paul. He let down the bars, however, for John Bunyan, possibly because he was a good Baptist. At a social gathering of the people in the index, we would enjoy seeing "Pat" O'Hara hobnobbing with John Dryden or Pres. Elliot, and wonder whether Stolypin would make a bigger hit than "Poppy" Vedder with Mrs. Brundage of sourkrout fame.

Uncle George was unanimously elected an Original Companion, at the last meeting of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, an honor which was held by three of his brothers. According to the requirements for admission to this

exclusive military order, a candidate must have served in the Civil War as an officer, or must have served as an enlisted man and later become an officer in the United States Army. As Uncle George only enlisted during the last eight months of the war, at the advanced age of seventeen, he never rose higher than a "high private in the rear ranks." But through his recent commission of 1st Lieut. in the Medical Reserve Corps he became an officer in the United States Army and therefore eligible for membership in the Loyal Legion. He is the only one to have been elected by virtue of service in the Medical Reserve Corps, establishing a precedent that is unique and that will seldom if ever be followed.

Helen and Mason gave their "Second Annual" Thanksgiving Dinner at Port Washington and succeeded in completely satisfying the appetites of seventeen hungry people. The party consisted of Aunt Elizabeth, Gertrude, Edith, Montague, "Laddie", Miss Cornelia Trowbridge, Mr. Alfred B. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Trowbridge and their little daughter Mary, Uncle George, Alanson and Howard, beside the host and hostess, and their two prize children. As many of the guests as possible were taken to Port Washington by Alanson and Howard in their automobiles. Of course we missed Kenneth and Rachel and little Marion who were with us last year. Uncle George led the singing of "Johnny Smoker" as he has done for nearly thirty five years. As a matter of record we wish to note that Harriet Gibbs Trowbridge (aged 15 months) took an active part in this time honored ceremony.

Frances Hudson Fox, wife of Norman Wright Fox, died December 19, 1913, at Ann Arbor, Michigan. The funeral service was held at Detroit and the burial took place at Rochester, Michigan.



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MARCH 1, 1914

No. 2

The Decennial Reunion.

The tenth annual banquet of our family society was held on the evening of January first at the Hotel Brevoort, and proved to be one of the most enjoyable as well as the largest gatherings we have had, there being fifty people present, including guests. During the course of the dinner, some of the family songs were sung, and at the end of our repast, Uncle George acted as the toastmaster. He said that our guests usually wondered why the Fox dinners were always dry dinners, and added that the best explanation had just been given him by a lady sitting near him, who said it was because "The little foxes spoiled the vines." After a few words of welcome to those present and regrets that so many were kept away by illness and distance, he paid a tribute to Uncle Norman for the brilliant inspiration which prompted him to plan and found the "Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox."

In introducing the first speaker of the evening the toastmaster said: "I cannot help thinking how short a time it seems since we were the youngest members of the family and had to wait for the second table; when we used to cross the fields together and my sister would run ahead and shout back that the cows were coming to eat me up. And now the calendar claims that we are the oldest. As I think of the family circle of a generation ago and of the brothers who have been with us and are gone, I cannot help paraphrasing Whittier in saying:

"Ah, sister! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now."

In responding to the toast of "Our Society," Aunt Elizabeth said that while she was probably the oldest mem-

ber, she did not boast of her age as the men do. She had been greatly interested some time ago to learn that she had an ancestor who had been killed by the Indians. She had proudly informed her friends of this fact and was greatly chagrined when they asked her "Who was Anne Hutchinson, and why did the Indians kill her?" The speaker, in conclusion, referred to the pioneer work of Jehiel Fox as a priceless legacy to all of his descendants.

Answering to the toast of "Our Associates," Mason Trowbridge spoke as follows: "I dislike to bring a note of discord into the harmony of this occasion. I do not like to drag from the closet the family skeleton and seat it at this feast. But as long as the cause to which four years ago to-night I dedicated my life, my fortune, my sacred honor, is still unrecognized, I must seize this opportunity on behalf of the associates; for it is the only opportunity throughout the year when they are ever given a chance to be heard. I refer, Sir, to the unjust and iniquitous provision in the Constitution of the Society by which the associate members are excluded from all participation in its government. In order that you may understand that I do not merely voice the sentiments of the younger hot-heads, but express those of many who have for years endured this wrong in silence, I am going to read a poem, written, I understand, by either Aunt Cornelia or Aunt Annie and which is appropriately entitled

JUSTICE.

Upon the morn of New Year's day,
In each succeeding year,
The Foxes hold a conference
And come from far and near.
Pursuant to the by-laws stern
Which govern their Society,

Those members only have a vote
Of the direct descent variety.
They are the ones who frame the laws
Which strictly bind us all,
And by their arbitrary rules
The associates enthrall.

If any daughter, still unwed,
Within the previous year,
Has met her fate and to his suit,
Has lent a willing ear;
She may not of herself decide
That she will be his mate,
But to this meeting must submit
The name of candidate.

And none in all the family
May join the marriage state,
And bring to the Society
A new Associate,
Without she first obtain consent
Of Uncle George, our President.
And let no one of you here think
That this is a formality,
The secret minutes would disclose
Full many a fatality.

They say that after three rebuffs
One poor despairing cousin,
The fourth time gave the family
Their choice amongst a dozen;
And when they had selected one,
An unsuspecting swain,
She then went out and married him
By eminent domain.

And so this morning while you met
In annual communion,
We held a great mass meeting
At historic Cooper Union.
From every quarter of the land
Associates were there,
The author of these verses came
And occupied the chair.

Amidst the throng were maidens,
Each angry in her soul,
Who had won the hearts of Alan,
Alanson, Howard and Noel
But had failed to win the ballot
At this wretched family poll.

Our Uncle Robert pledged support
By cable from Siam,
From Tulsa, Nellie telegraphed
"A bas the Sydenham."

Now many plans were there discussed
And some were for a "hike,"
And some proposed that at this feast
We try a hunger strike.

While some with stronger appetites
Cried "Here's a wiser plan,
We'll put the Foxes in a hole
By eating all we can."
But on one thing we all agreed
And pledged us each to each,
We would not one of us, if asked,
Consent to make a speech."

Clinton Ivins was then called upon
to speak for "Our Honorary Mem-
bers," and said: "While realizing the
honor of being members in the So-
ciety through collateral relationship,
we have a certain feeling of superi-
ority from the fact that our descent
is through Alanson Fox, the oldest
of the sons of Jehiel. We conse-
quently ask for that respect and de-
ference which is the proper attitude
of a younger toward an older son."
The speaker then made a graceful
reference to Miss Marguerite Car-
penter, who was with us for the first
time, and who had accepted his pro-
posal to become an "Associate Mem-
ber" of the Society. He also refer-
red to his brother Charles, the young-
est person present and said: "If I
hadn't observed how heartily he was
getting away with the good things
to eat, I would have thought he was
having almost as poor a time as I
had when I attended the first Fox
Dinner."

Mr. Hamilton Holt, who was How-
ard's roommate at Yale, then re-
sponded to the toast of the "Friends
of the Family." He had been espe-
cially interested in reading an ac-
count in the FOX FAMILY NEWS
of the Thomas Foxes of Massachu-
setts. He was quite familiar with
Thomas Cats, he said, but had never
heard Foxes referred to in this way.
Mr. Holt was also pleased that How-
ard was now an editor, because a
doctor-editor was always good at in-
creasing circulation and besides he re-
membered that in college a young
lady told him she liked his room-
mate so much, especially when he
was going to press.

Mr. Datus Smith, one of the best
beloved of the old family friends,
was next called upon and made some
happy allusions to his former asso-
ciations with many members of the
Society. The following telegram
from Detroit was now read: "Greet-
ings to all at the Fox Dinner. Ethel

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and Norman," after which Dr. Edward Judson discoursed most entertainingly on various topics including the ladies, consanguinity, the blessings of age and Baptist sociables.

A "dog-gerel" on the Foxes was next read by Dr. John B. Calvert, a part of which was as follows:

A's for Anniversary
Of Foxes all.
United to-night
In this banquet hall.

E is for Edith.
Young, handsome and gay,
But always determined
To have her own way.

K is for Kenneth
Who's full of the dickens,
And never so happy
As when feeding his chickens.

M is for Montague,
Howard's his name,
He looks awful fierce,
But is really quite tame.

N is for Noel
Of good legal stock,
Whose fees always give
His poor clients a shock.

S is for Stuart
Way off on the coast,
Of whose qualities sterling
Mother Ada may boast.

Mr. John B. C. Tappan was then called upon for a speech and remarked that as he entered the hotel, the first person he saw was Marguerite Carpenter, one of the twenty-seven girls he loved most. In answer to her question as to why he was there, he gave the following reasons and in so doing, told about "Four Fox Family Heroes." He said: "One day last week I met a certain physician of this city, who said, 'Won't you come to the Fox Family Dinner and speak? Speak on some subject of importance in American History, and by the way,

have you ever noticed that my military career in the Civil War has not received the historical attention to which it was entitled? Here are some notes on the subject." Forty-eight years ago at Painted Post occurred the one event which more than anything else foretold and brought to pass the successful termination of the war and the restoration of the Union. In the latter part of December, 1864, George Henry Fox, your esteemed chairman, enlisted in the Army of the United States—shortly thereafter the war came to an end.

A few blocks further down I met another, younger physician, who said: "Won't you come to the Fox Dinner and make a speech? And by the way my work at the Gettysburg Reunion last summer has hardly had the attention it deserved from the city press. I am an editor myself and have done all I could in my own paper, but I cannot do it all." How many of you know that the real hero of Gettysburg is sitting with us now? He was with Meade at Gettysburg—fifty years after. There, Lieutenant Fox ran the Hotel du Fox, equipped with all the luxuries of life as a hospital for the use of the Fox Family only. There he entertained our chairman.

Later I met a banker on his way to what he calls his work, and he said to me, "Come to the Fox Family Dinner and speak. Say something about the Mexican troubles if you wish. And have you noticed that Gen. O'Ryan has been in Washington a lot this winter, conferring with President Wilson?" If the Mexican troubles get any worse, O'Ryan has it fixed up with Wilson that Corporal Fox of the Squadron is to be promoted to Sergeant.

Finally, I went out to Glen Cove to see if the proprietor had made any paths lately. The Fox stable door was open. I went in and there I saw an old friend, a real hero. He was better equipped than the others for military service, having four feet with which to escape from the enemy. I patted him and said: "This is the man for me. It was Billy Fox. I give you the toast, drink it in pure Croton. Here's to Billy Fox."

The toastmaster then introduced Mr. Bainbridge Colby and remarked that Aunt Harriet and he were able to vouch for his good Baptist pedigree, his paternal grandfather having been Elder Colby of Nunda, and his maternal grandfather, Elder Bainbridge, of Painted Post. Mr. Colby paid a fine tribute to Aunt Harriet and said he felt at home at this dinner in the company of so many of his old friends. He thought, in fact, that he ought to be a member of the society himself, but as he was neither a Descendant nor an Associate, he was unfortunately ineligible. He suggested that some new classes of members be established such as Non-Resident, Coadjutor, or Army and Navy Members. The speaker sympathized with Mason in his protest against the organized tyranny represented by Uncle George as President, Alanson as Treasurer and Howard as controller of all sources of information. "The FOX FAMILY NEWS had its good points," he said, "but it was not as accurate in its weather reports as the *Nunda News*." In regard to his Baptist antecedents, Mr. Colby said that he himself was somewhat of a backslider and that on account of the "ungovernable hilarity that characterized their sociables," he was led to resign from the Baptist church and join the University Club.

In conclusion, brief remarks were made by Mr. James M. Pratt and Mr. Robert P. Barry, Jr.

The following members and guests were present: Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Cornelia, Aunt Annie, Ada, Gertrude, Edith, Adaline, Rachel, Helen, Cousins Marie and Louise Wait, Cousin Louise Ivins, Hope, Uncle George, Walter, Charles, Montague, Harry, Howard, Noel, Alanson, Mason, Alan, Kenneth, Edgar, Clinton and Charles Ivins, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John B. Calvert, Mr. and Mrs. John B. C. Tappan, Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge Colby, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Trowbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Barry, Jr., Miss Marguerite Carpenter, Mrs. Matthew Field, Miss Elizabeth Field, Miss Archibald, Miss Titus, Miss Marion Keys, Miss Brearly, Dr. G. Reese Satterlee, Mr. Datus Smith, Rev. Dr. Edward M. Judson and Mr. Hamilton Holt.

H. F.



General Simeon M. Fox.

Family News.

Mason has been appointed Justice of the Peace for the town of North Hempstead.

Uncle Robert has returned from Burma and is spending the winter with Aunt Elizabeth in Baltimore.

Adaline and Harry sailed for Italy on February 15th, expecting to return by the first of April.

The family unite in expressing their sympathy to Noel and Alice upon the death of their grandmother, Mrs. Caroline C. Bishop, who died on January 7th in the 93rd year of her age.

Our new subscribers for 1914 include, Miss Harriet Littlefield, President Ernest Fox Nichols, Mrs. J. B. C. Tappan, Mrs. James M. Pratt and Dr. John B. Calvert.

Mr. Levi Satterlee, who has been a guest at several of our banquets, was recently married to Miss Emie Westlake. Mr. and Mrs. Satterlee are living at present in St. Peter, Minnesota.

We recently communicated with the editor of the "*Chase Chronicle*," and as a result, have agreed to exchange our family periodicals. The *Chronicle* is the official organ of a large family organization known as the Chase-Chace Family Association. The paper is published as an illustrated, twelve-page quarterly and is now in its fifth volume.

MARCH 1, 1914

Thomas Fox of Concord, Mass.*by General Simeon M. Fox*

The histories of the two Thomas Foxes of the early Boston colonies have been so frequently confused by historians, that in speaking of one it is often necessary to refer to the other to clear the way for fact; therefore, when "Thomas Fox of Concord," or "Thomas Fox of Cambridge," is hereafter mentioned they should be carefully discriminated and not confused one with the other.

Thomas Fox of Concord was the undoubted ancestor of the "Descendants of Norman Fox." His history as preserved in the early records may be summed up very briefly. He was a member of the church at Concord as early as 1640, and was made freeman in 1644. He had a wife, Rebecca, and to her were born three children, twin daughters and a son. One daughter died in infancy. Wife, Rebecca, died May 11, 1647, and Thomas Fox married second, December 13, 1647, Hannah, the daughter of Henry Brooks of Woburn, and by her had six children. He died on April 14, 1658, when his youngest child was about six months old and his eldest about fourteen years. His will was dated January 25, 1657-8. His widow evidently marriedLester; became a widow the second time, removed to New London, presenting her certificate of dismissal from the church at Concord during the incumbency of the Rev. Simon Bradstreet at New London, 1666-1683. She died after 1690. She was mentioned in her father's will, July 18, 1682, as "daughter Lestor."

The preserved early records of Concord, Mass. are very meagre. The church records were first kept in home-made books, unbound, and many of the pages became detached and lost and the earliest town book is missing. Again, during the Civil War when paper stock became very scarce, and old paper advanced to tempting figures, the thrifty officials of Concord are said to have marketed many of the old records as

junk. Benedict Arnold, in 1781, burned many of the priceless records of New London, Conn., and he is "thrice accurst." As to those officials of Concord, we may perhaps avoid a breach of the blue laws by leaving it unsaid.

Thomas Fox, of Concord, tilled the soil. His farm land seems to have been located in the eastern part of the town. In presenting the following list of his children, the reason that definite dates in the birth record of four of them do not appear, is not because they probably failed of record, but because that special page was lost.

The children are as follows:

By the first wife, Rebecca:

Elizabeth } Twins, b. Sept. 18, 1642.
Mary } Mary died in infancy.

Eliphalet, born about 1644.

By the second wife, Hannah Brooks:

Hannah, born Sept. 25, 1648.

Thomas, born Feb. 26, 1649-50.

Samuel, born about 1651.

John, born about 1653.

David, born about 1655.

Isaac, born Oct. 17, 1657.

In substituting a son David in place of an alleged daughter, Mary, I have corrected an error that has obtained since Mr. Savage published his great Genealogical Dictionary. He gives no son David, but in this space he places a daughter, Mary, who, he says, "went to New London with brothers Samuel and John and married Daniel Lester, Jr." Investigation soon showed me that Mr. Savage, or his informant, had got his wires crossed and I was able to correct as above. Inferential and corroborating testimony prove the existence of such a son David with reasonable certainty, and the New London, Conn., records distinctly show that Hannah (2) Fox, preceded her brothers to New London by several years, and there on October 1, 1668, married Daniel (2) Lester (Andrew 1), a fact that had escaped Savage. There was no such daughter Mary, nor was there a "Daniel Lester,

Jr.," for such a daughter Mary to have married had she existed. Daniel Lester, Jr., born April 15, 1676, was the son of Hannah (Fox) Lester. He married October 20, 1702, Mary Wells.

Potter, in "Old Families of Concord," says that Hannah Brooks, the second wife of Thomas Fox of Concord, was the daughter of Thomas Brooks. This was a mere assumption and is clearly disproved. Also, Mr. Henry Baker, in his "History of Montville, Conn.," attempts to give the genealogy of the New England Foxes. His attempt is a comedy of errors. He says that Thomas Fox's first wife was Rebecca French. This is possible, but the author's genius for mixing chronology leads me to think he has confused a great grandson of nearly a century later, who bore the name Thomas Fox, who did marry Rebecca French.

Thomas Fox, of Concord, made his will, January 25, 1657-8, and therein in appointing the overseers, he says:

"Also I appoint & constitute my Loving uncle Thomas Brooks, my loving brethren Moses Wheate & Thomas Batman, and my loving friend & neighbor Robert Fletcher the overseers of this my last will & testament." The word "brethren" here evidently referred to kinship and not to church relationship, and indicates that Moses Wheate and Thomas Bateman were brothers-in-law. It is thought that Martha, the first wife of Thomas (1) Bateman was another daughter of Henry Brooks. This is in a measure confirmed, since Eleazer (2) Bateman (Thomas 1) in a document calls David (2) Fox his "kinsman." It is, however, very improbable that Tamsen, the wife of Moses Wheate, was also a daughter of Henry Brooks. The alternatives would be that Rebecca, the first wife of Thomas Fox was a sister of Moses Wheate, or that Tamsen, the wife of Moses Wheate, was a sister of Thomas Fox, or that Thomas Fox and Moses Wheate had married sisters (French?). There is a suggestion that Thomas Fox and Moses Wheate were possibly kindred with

Ambrose Martin of Concord. Joshua Wheate, aged 17, came in the Elizabeth in 1635, certified under a certificate of conformity from the minister of St. Saviour's, Southwark, London. Joshua Wheate, in 1640, transferred his lands to his brother Moses, on condition that he, Moses, would relinquish his right to any legacy from his father. Joshua Wheate returned to England. The parish registers of St. Saviour's, Southwark, show many of the family names of Fox, Martin, Fletcher, French, etc., which names appear among the first settlers of Concord. It is not improbable that an investigation of the records of St. Saviour's, Southwark, etc., would disclose the English habitat of these families.

Thomas Fox "although feble & weake in body butt of sound mind & memory" signs his will with a neat and steady hand, and on the wax seal is impressed a coat-of-arms. The impression is quite small, but enlarged by photography and under a strong glass, the coat-of-arms shows a strong similarity to the arms of the Bulkeley family. As the Rev. Edward Bulkeley was one of the witnesses to the will, and very probably drew the will also, it is possible that he used his own seal to make the impression. An application to the Herald's College, London, would probably settle this question. The coat-of-arms, as developed, appears to be three bulls' heads, caboched around a chevron.

The will of Thomas Fox of Concord, further states:

"Also the overseers shall have power to dispose of all my Children to trades & abroad as they shall see cause, only my sd wife Hannah hath liberty to choose any one of them I had by her to continue with her."

How all the children were disposed of during their minority will ever remain a mystery, but it is probable that David went to his grandfather, Henry Brooks, or to one of his Brooks' uncles in Woburn, that Isaac eventually found a home with his uncle Timothy (2) Brooks in Billerica. Eliphalet, the eld-

est son, by the will, eventually succeeded to all the real estate. He alone remained in Concord to perpetuate the name in eastern Massachusetts.

Elizabeth (2) Fox, married, October 3, 1665, John Ball of Watertown, as his second wife. They had a son Joseph, born March 12, 1670. All three, father, mother and son, were killed by the Indians during the massacre at Lancaster, Mass., February 10, 1675.

Eliphalet married, October 26, 1665, Mary, daughter of George Wheeler, of Concord, and by her had six children: Thomas, Eliphalet, Samuel, Mary, Joseph and Benoni. (Savage gives two sons' named "Joshua" and no son Joseph Joseph should be substituted as above.) The first wife, Mary Wheeler, died February 24, 1679, and he married, second, November 30, 1681, Mary, widow of Isaac Hunt, and daughter John and Ann (How) Stone. By her he had two sons, John and Nathaniel. The second wife died and he married, third, April 15, 1702, Mary, the widow of Robert Coburn, and the daughter of Edward Bishop, of Beverly. Eliphalet (2) Fox died August 15, 1711. His widow married, third, Joseph Lee, and fourth, Daniel Hoar.

The children of Thomas Fox, of Concord by his second wife, Hannah Brooks, with the exception of David, seem eventually to have found their way to New London, Conn., where they settled and married and brought up their families.

Miss Caulkins, in her "History of New London," is very often superficial in her sketches of family history, and she is frequently erroneous. She mentions only Samuel and John Fox. The earlier coming of their sister, Hannah, and her marriage to Daniel (2) Lester, and the later coming of their younger brother, Isaac Fox, with his family from Medford, Mass., were facts that entirely escaped her. Mr. Henry Baker, in his "History of Montville, Conn.," attempts a more pretentious genealogical record of the Foxes of New London, and the result is a painful mass

of errors. Isaac (2) Fox and his family are not at all comprehended, and he tries to account for the father and children as offspring of Samuel, and he goes so far in one instance as to consolidate a father, son and nephew bearing the name of Isaac, into one composite individual. Miss Caulkins says, in checking up the later arrivals in the colony in New London (p. 264):

"Fox, two brothers, Samuel and John, about 1675."

Later (p. 370) she presents a more detailed account giving some real facts, but still alloyed by a few errors. I will endeavor to give a more accurate account, not going very deep in detail, as I hope sometime later to write more comprehensively of our ancestors who apparently drifted down one by one from Massachusetts to the New London colony. They were all children of Thomas Fox of Concord, by his second wife, Hannah Brooks.

Hannah (2) Fox was apparently at New London several years before her brothers, Samuel and John, who came about 1675. She is recorded by Daniel Wetherell as having been married by him on October 1, 1688, to Daniel Lester, the son of Andrew (1) Lester of New London. She may have come from Concord with the widow Grace Bulkeley, about 1662, being apprenticed in accordance with her father's will. Or it is possible that the widow Hannah Fox of Concord became about 1661 the third and last wife of Andrew (1) Lester of New London and was known thereafter in the New London records as "Ann" or "Anna", which names often appear as variants of Hannah. Henry Brooks in his will mentions his "daughter Lester" and in a court record of the year 1663 Andrew (1) Lester refers to his "son-in-law T. ffox" (that is, step-son).

Daniel (2) Lester and wife Hannah Fox settled upon land located in the "Great Neck" or "General Neck", south of New London village. Their children were Ann, Hannah, Elizabeth, Daniel, John and Thomas.

Thomas (2) Fox probably was living as late as 1663 at New London. He then disappears from the records. Andrew (1)

Lester had three children by his last wife Anna; Timothy 1662, Joseph 1664, and Benjamin 1666. He died June 1669.

Samuel (2) Fox attained his majority about 1672, and also his freedom from indentured service. He probably came down to New London soon after. He was a Connecticut soldier in the King Philip's War in 1675-6, and shared in the Voluntown grant in 1696. He married first, March 30, 1675-6, Mary, the daughter of Andrew (1) Lester, and the sister of Daniel Lester, the husband of Hannah (2) Fox. He married second, about 1684, Joanna, probably Joanna Way, the daughter of George Way of Providence, R. I. He married, third, about 1690, Bathshua Rogers, at time of marriage, the widow of Richard Smith. He married, fourth, August 9, 1715, the widow, Esther Andrews, who appears in the marriage record as Hester Allen. His children were by first wife, Elizabeth, Hannah (or Anna, or Ann, so variously written) and Samuel, the elder. By the second wife Joanna, Isaac and Benjamin. By the third wife, Samuel the younger. It will be observed that he named two sons Samuel who were both living and later distinguished as above.

John (2) Fox may have come with his brother Samuel, or possibly followed a year or two later. He married at New London, first, June 28, 1678, Sarah, the daughter of Greenfield Larrabee. He married, second, about 1690, Hannah Isbell, at time of marriage, the widow of Thomas Stedman. He married, third, about 1707, Susanna, the daughter of Ralph Parker, at time of marriage, the widow of Thomas Forster. He married, fourth, October, 1719, Mary (4) Lester She was fifty years younger than her husband, and the granddaughter of his sister Hannah. His children were, by first wife, John, Thomas, Jonathan and Benjamin; by second wife, Hannah; by fourth wife, two children, both dying young.

David (2) Fox was the only child of Thomas Fox of Concord, by his second wife, Hannah Brooks, who did not

come to New London. He was upon the tax list at Woburn, Mass., in 1677. He married there, January 10, 1678, Lydia Jaquith, but no children are recorded as born to them. In 1674, his brother John appears to have been with him at Woburn. It is not improbable that John had returned to Massachusetts for a few years, but if so he returned to New London before 1690. David was in the Quebec Expedition in 1690, for in 1738 Eleazer Bateman, as his "kinsman" was a claimant for his rights accruing therefrom. In 1694, he was living in Charlestown, in the part now Stoneham. He appears to have married, second, Mary, the daughter of Samuel Hayward (sometimes written "Howard") of Malden. In 1694, and in 1695, he sold land in Charlestown. No further record has been found. He had a son David, born Sept. 7, 1694.

Isaac (2) Fox married in Billerica, July 18, 1678, Abigail Osborn. He immediately settled at Medford, Mass., where his children were born. In 1698, he bought land down in the Great Neck at New London, where he had evidently removed with his family. He located near his brothers. His cousin, Henry Brooks evidently removed from Massachusetts to New London at the same time. His wife died March 12, 1718, and he married, second, intentions September 4, 1720, Elizabeth Beebe. His children were (all by first wife), John (died young), Abigail, Hannah (died young), John 2nd., Samuel, Ebenezer and Thomas.

The daughter, Sarah, that had been assigned to John (2) Fox is a positive fiction. There was no such daughter. The daughter, Abigail, that is so persistently assigned to Samuel (2) Fox is also a fiction. This error grew out of the ignorance of the fact that Isaac (2) Fox came to New London with his family and was an attempt to find a parentage for the Abigail Fox who, on August 28, 1701, married Charles Hill, Jr. This Abigail was the unmistakeable daughter of Isaac (2) Fox.



Vol. 3

MAY 1, 1914

No. 3

Norman Fox*

1792—1863

by Norman Fox, Jr.

NORMAN FOX, son of Jehiel and Jerusha (Baldwin) Fox, was born at Hoo-sick, N. Y. September 17th, 1792, the family removing in 1797 to Chester, in what is now Warren Co.

His classical education was pursued at Granville Academy, the principal of which was Salem Town, LL. D. whose spelling book and other educational works made him widely known in the earlier half of the last century. Bright young men were drawn to his instructions, one of Fox's schoolmates being Samuel Nelson, afterwards a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In 1813 he entered Union College at Schenectady where Eliphalet Nott had not long before begun the half century term of service which makes him remembered as one of the greatest of the college presidents of the United States. The buildings "on the hill" had not been erected, the institution occupying the old "West College" now taken down. When it was used by the Union School his children found one day in the belfry his name which he had cut in the woodwork half a century before. During his Sophomore year, on the death of his brother Solyman, he was called home by his father to assist in business affairs and did not return to complete his course.

When the British made their invasion at Plattsburgh he went as Ensign in one of the regiments of militia which marched thither to take part in the defence. The

detachment did not reach Plattsburgh till the battle was over though they got with-in sound of the firing and were present the next day at the ceremonial of the burial of Downey, the British commander. The members of the regiment were afterwards given land warrants and pensions. Later he held other positions in the militia up to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, his commissions making an interesting array of autographs of earlier governors of New York.

With his older brother Alanson he engaged in commercial operations. It was not easy to make business profitable in those days. There was next to no specie in circulation, so that the merchant had to part with his goods for farm produce or whatever else the customer could offer and it required great labor and close calculation to turn this into money or manageable property. It was not easy to get rich then any more than now. The brothers however carried on successfully a large business for that time. They were especially prominent in lumber manufacturing, introducing new methods of operation.

He also engaged quite extensively in politics. He was an adherent of the party of Jefferson and Jackson, then called the Republican party. For four years in the Legislature of New York he represented Washington County, and Warren, after the latter was set off therefrom. He also served as one of the Judges of the county court. He was nominated for the legislature three other years in which he was defeated. One of the candidates opposed to him was Judge William Hay of Glens

* Unpublished sketch written several years ago.

Falls and afterwards of Saratoga Springs, long a prominent member of the bar of northern New York. The old newspapers reveal the fact that there was fierce excitement and intense bitterness, at least of language, in the politics of that day.

An especial service in the legislature which he rendered to his constituents was the securing of the passage of a law making navigable the Glens Falls feeder of the Champlain Canal. A public dinner was given him at Glens Falls in recognition of his successful exertions.

But other than business and political interests began to demand his thought. When approaching thirty years of age he made a profession of religion and united with the Baptist church of which his father had been so long Pastor. He was made clerk of the church and afterwards a deacon and in the absence of a regular minister he sometimes conducted the church services. The brethren urged him to take position formally as a preacher but for a long time he declined to do so. In the Legislature an attempt was made to unseat him on the ground that he was a Minister of the Gospel and thus under the Constitution then in force, ineligible to civil office. The committee appointed to consider the matter reported in his favor (Document No. 376, in Assembly, April 2nd, 1830) but on the 16th of March 1831, he was formerly ordained to the ministry and though nearly forty years of age entered on a new career. He retired so completely from politics as never even to vote during all the time that he was pastor of a church, thinking that he could exert a greater moral influence even in civic affairs if he held himself entirely aloof from party affiliations. After retirement from the ministry he voted again.

He served as pastor of the Adamsville church for three years, of the Kingsbury church three years, and twelve years (1838 to 1850) in Ballston Spa, at the end of which time ill health forbade his continuing longer in active ministry. He was a man of saintliness, commanding the res-

pect of the world, while members of his flock spoke his name with the bated breath of the profoundest reverence. He was a preacher of ability, many of his discourses, for instance his sermon at Ballston Spa on the death of Andrew Jackson, creating a deep impression. A great many were baptized by him on profession of their faith.

He was a man of practical sagacity as well as pious intentions and thus he did blessed work as a peace maker. In the days of his earlier ministry the Baptist churches of the region were distracted by the controversy regarding Free Masonry, congregations being rent in twain and rival organizations established. The church at Kingsbury had been thus divided and there were two conflicting bodies. But he commanded so general a respect that each congregation was willing to make him its pastor and thus being at the head of both parties he was at last able to bring them together again as one. There were also two Associations covering the same territory, the Washington and Bottskill, divided on the same issue. After a time however, he and a few other broad minded men succeeded in bringing together the conflicting bodies and at a convention of which he was the Moderator, there was formed the Washington Union Association of the present day, the second word in the title of which is a historic trace of that old controversy now happily forgotten.

When approaching sixty years of age he was obliged to resign his pastorate and give up continued work in the ministry. He suffered from a cancerous growth in his cheek which was removed by a noted surgeon, Dr. Alden March of Albany. This recurred later and while it did not cause his death, it doubtless shortened his days.

After giving up the labors of the ministry he engaged once more in the lumber business. With William Anglin of Kingsbury, Canada, he built and conducted under the firm name of Fox and Anglin, a large establishment at Brewer's Mills, and

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with Isaiah Blood of Ballston Spa and O. M. Bond of Sandy Hill, under the name Blood, Bond and Co., another at Kingston Mills, both on the Rideau Canal. With Higbie, Hammond & Co. of Albany he engaged in lumber manufacturing at York in Canada, west of Buffalo and he also built a large mill at Napanee, Canada. He also purchased the Gang Mills on the Tioga River near Painted Post. Steuben Co., N. Y., and with Abijah Weston and Carlos Bronson, his sons Alanson and Charles afterwards becoming members of the firm, under the name Fox, Weston and Bronson, carried on a very extensive and profitable business. His remark was however, that if he could only regain his health he would give up all his business operations and engage in the ministry once more.

In his early life he was a great hunter and in after years his children used to be wonderfully entertained by his stories of deer hunting around Lake Brant and other districts in Warren County, and about the dogs which followed him. When upwards of fifty he went with a party into the wilderness of Hamilton County and the deer he brought out showed that the years had not impaired the keenness of his sight nor the steadiness of his hand.

In 1851 he removed from Ballston Spa to Schenectady and in 1860 to the Gang Mills where he died, October 3rd, 1863. He was buried at Painted Post but some years afterwards his remains were removed to Ballston Spa and laid beside the graves of his first wife and his daughter Adaline.

When he was in the Legislature at Albany two portraits of him, one on ivory and the other on card board were painted by George Catlin, a noted artist of that time.



OLD FAMILY PORTRAITS

I

*Mary Elizabeth Fox (Mac Arthur)
and George Henry Fox.*

Family Anecdotes.

I

One time when Ada Fox was visiting Miss Hattie Gibbs at Nunda, her perverseness and mischievous tendencies were as usual unrestrained. During an after dinner conversation Mrs. Gibbs casually put her arms upon the table. Our young Miss noting quickly what she had been told was a breach of etiquette and quite forgetful that little girls should be seen and not heard, pointed at her hostess and called out reprovingly, "Elbows! Elbows!" During the evening a loud cackling of poultry was suddenly wafted on the night air through the open windows. Upon the family rushing out of doors it was discovered that Ada had procured a long stick and deaf to the remonstrance of an indignant "hired man" was joyously poking the chickens out of the trees where they had been comfortably roosting, etc. etc. Leaving for home next day she was greatly missed.

Family News.

Aunt Cornelia recently took a trip to Washington with Miss Cornelia Fulton.

Stuart and Howard Freeman expect to come East in June for their triennial at Yale.

Aunt Harriet expects to go to Glen Cove about the middle of May and would be very pleased to receive letters from any members of the family.

Norman writes that he and his son Charles have been spending the winter in the South. He has sold his home in Manistique and will soon move to Detroit.

Gertrude sails on May 30th on the steamer Friedrich Wilhelm to attend a conference at Stockholm of the World's Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Ada writes that "Edgar spent his spring vacation with his parents when he was not in Morristown, or East Orange or Philadelphia or New York or on the train or in the dentists chair."

Harry and Adaline have returned from their trip abroad where they visited Algiers, Naples, Rome, Venice, Monte Carlo and Paris. In spite of a very stormy passage they both proved to be good sailors.

Kenneth has been elected chairman of the Suffield Social Welfare Committee which is interested in the Boy Scouts, Camp-fire girls, playground work of the town and a sewing school with seventy pupils. Rachel is superintendent of the sewing school and has helped start a branch in West Suffield. Kenneth expects to take part in the encampment of the First Brigade N. G. N. Y. at Fishkill, July 10 to 19th.

We take the liberty of quoting from a letter written by Anna from Aurora, Nevada where she and Bert have been spending the winter. The letter reads:-

"We have had a wonderfully pleasant winter out here in a real camp, electric lights and a bath room, though thirty eight miles from the railroad, and with coyotes, rabbits, California quail and Indians galore. I have always wanted to try this kind of a life and find it fascinating. The sun is brilliant every day so we are out constantly even if the snow does stay on the ground and we have on our snow shoes all the time unless we are tobogganing or on skis. Skiing is wonderful sport but a little dangerous on these hills. This is Mark Twains old town of Esmeralda in "Roughing It" and I find that he and Bret Harte have not overdrawn the life at all. We leave here in June and may stay at Lake Tahoe for the summer, or some other resort, then go to Colorado Springs in the fall."

Many of the family who have enjoyed Madame Belluc's charming hospitality at Neuilly, will be interested to read the following extract of a letter written by her to Cousin Louise Wait. The "friend of thirteen years ago" is Adaline, while Harry is the "mari" who is so highly complimented. If you can't read French get Aunt Cornelia to help you:-

"Nous avons ete tres enchanter de revoir notre amie d'il y a 13 ans et nous avons pu faire la connaissance de son cher mari. Comme je lui ai dit hier soit il est "pure gold". Elle semble d'ailleurs la plus heureuse des femmes. Elle n'a pas change, toujours gaie, vivante, aimable et bonne. Nous avons eu le plaisir de diner avec eux hier soir. Ils quittent Paris demain, a notre grand regret. J'ai ete si contente d'avoir des details sur vous tous, vous et votre soeur, Mrs. Trowbridge et les bebes, votre cousin Noel et meme les Ivins. Je viens meme de lire le journal de la famille Fox, tres spirituel et tres amusant. Nous avons parle de tout le monde, aussi de Mrs. Howard et de Miss MacArthur."



Vol. 3

JULY 1 1914

No. 4

Plattsburg, 1814-1914.

One of the most interesting incidents in the life of Norman Fox was his brief service in the War of 1812. In the year 1814 Major General Prevost, commanding 14000 British soldiers most of whom were veterans of the Napoleonic wars, invaded northern New York in cooperation with a British fleet on Lake Champlain under Commodore Downie. The Americans had at Plattsburg about 1500 regulars under Brig. Gen. Macomb and a fleet under Commodore Macdonough and the militia of the adjacent counties of New York and Vermont were called out to help repel the invasion.

At this time Norman Fox was living at Chester, Warren County, N. Y., and was not quite 22 years old. He enlisted as a private in Captain Salmon Farr, Jr.'s, company of the Twenty-third Regiment of New York Militia from Washington and Warren Counties and was mustered into the service of the United States on September 9th, 1814. The statement in the Fox Society booklet of 1906 and in the last number of the News (page 13) that he was an officer in the war is wrong although in later years he held commissions in the same regiment. The regiment had no uniforms but Norman Fox carried his own flintlock musket and his mother made him a knapsack.

In the meantime the invading army on September sixth occupied Plattsburg where their advance was checked by the Americans who were intrenched on South bank of the Saranac River. The British then waited for the assistance of their fleet which

arrived on the eleventh. By that time the Americans had been reenforced by 3200 militia from Vermont and from Clinton and Essex Counties of New York but the militia from Washington and Warren Counties had not yet arrived.

On September eleventh the British fleet attacked the American ships in Cumberland Bay off Plattsburg while at the same time the British army attempted to force a crossing of the Saranac. The result of the naval battle was the surrender of the four larger British vessels and the flight of the smaller ones. Commodore Downie was among the killed. On shore the attack of the British army was repulsed at Plattsburg village although on account of their superior numbers their right wing succeeded in crossing the river at a ford three miles from its mouth. When Gen. Prevost learned of the American naval victory he lost hope of success and after dark he commenced a retreat towards Canada with such haste that he left behind his wounded and much of his supplies.

The Twenty-third New York Regiment, which was hastening by forced marches to reinforce Macomb's army, did not reach Plattsburg until the British had retreated. The tradition in our family says that Norman Fox was near enough on the day of the battle to hear the firing in the distance and that after reaching Plattsburg his regiment helped bury the dead. He was present at the burial in the Plattsburg Cemetery of Commodore Downie and the other officers killed on both sides. After the British were again in Canada and the danger of invasion over, the militia was

sent home and Norman Fox's service ended on September twentieth.

On March 22nd 1816, more than a year after the close of the war, Norman Fox was commissioned Adjutant in the same regiment, in 1822 Major and in 1823 Lieutenant Colonel. He resigned in 1824.

It has been suggested that our family should commemorate the centennial of Norman Fox's march from Chester to Plattsburg by making that trip in automobiles in September and attending the centennial celebration at Plattsburg. We do not know the exact route his regiment took but between those towns is a road which passes through one of the most beautiful regions of the state and has recently been put in fine condition for automobiles. Then also three other towns in which Norman Fox resided lie between Albany and Chestertown and could be visited en route. The village which was called Chester in Norman Fox's day is now known as Chestertown. It is hoped that all members of the family who have automobiles in New York, Massachusetts or Vermont will attend and take with them as many of the cousins who have no cars as they can accommodate. Automobiles from New York City can be taken to Albany on the night boat.

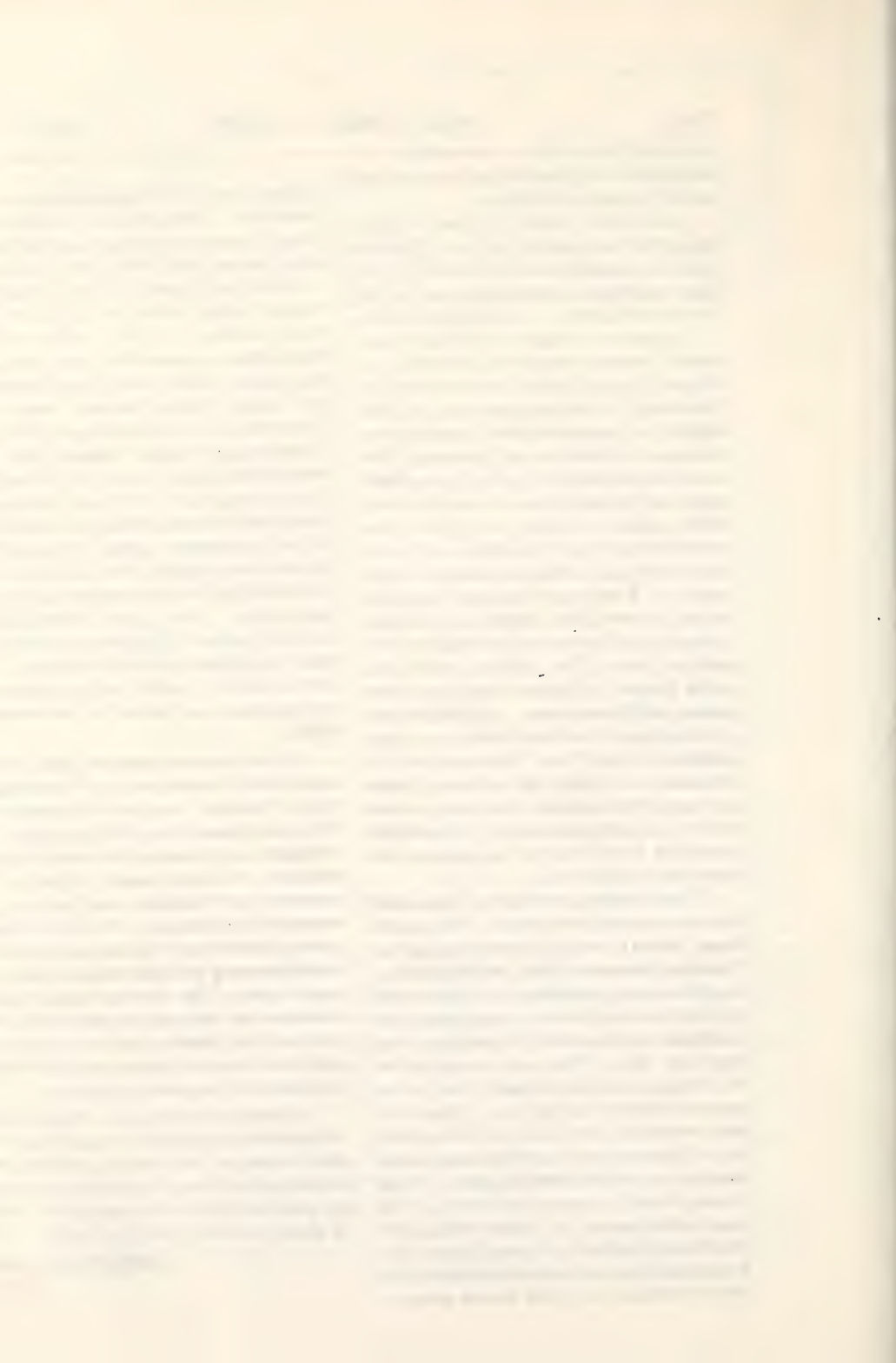
The following itinerary is suggested for discussion by the family. We should leave Albany early in the morning on Tuesday, September 8th, or Wednesday, September 9th, according to whether it is decided to make the trip from Albany to Chestertown (83.9 miles) in one day or to take two days. The latter would allow for delays and give longer visits at the points of interest by the way. From Albany we should go 15 miles to Schenectady where Norman Fox once lived and where most of our uncles went to school. Here is also Union College where Norman Fox was in the Class of '17, Uncle William in '60, Uncle Charles in '61 and Bert in '93. From there it is 15.9 miles to Ballston Spa where Norman Fox lived before going to

Schenectady and where most of our uncles were born. Then we go 6.7 miles to Saratoga Springs noticing there the monument to the 77th New York Volunteers, in which my father (Uncle Norman) and Uncle George served in the Civil War. From Saratoga it is 19.1 miles to Glens Falls where Norman Fox lived after leaving Chester and where Uncle Alanson and my father (Uncle Norman) were born. Then from Glens Falls we go 9.1 miles to Lake George Village, formerly Caldwell, passing near there the site of the battle of Lake George, in which our great great grandfather Hezekiah Baldwin was wounded on September eighth, 1755, and near which is the ruins of Fort George, where Hezekiah Baldwin was stationed as a Captain in 1775. From Lake George Village it is 18.1 miles to Chestertown where we shall spend the night of Wednesday, September ninth. Jehiel Fox and others of our ancestors are buried in the cemetery there.

On the tenth we take the ride of 86.9 miles from Chestertown to Plattsburg by way of Schroon Lake and Elizabethtown. This road passes along the foot of the Adirondacks and is one of the finest rides in the state. We shall spend all day of the eleventh at Plattsburg and take in the centennial celebration. The Hotel Champlain at Bluff Point three and one half miles from Plattsburg would probably be the best place to stay. The journey home would commence on Saturday September twelfth and could be made either the same way or by whichever of several possible variations may suit anyone's preference.

It is hoped that many of the cousins will take this trip and it is suggested that they correspond with each other on the subject so that it may be known how many are going and that accommodations may be arranged some time in advance.

Noel Bleecker Fox.



FOX FAMILY NEWS.

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From the Archives.

(Letter written by Uncle Charles to Uncle Norman.)

Camp Co. "C" 107th Regt. N. Y. V.
Shelbyville Tenn. Jan. 29, '64.

Dear Brother,

Your welcome letter came to hand a few days ago and I will now answer it, although you may not receive it very soon as I understand they are expecting you home upon a leave of absence. I will write anyway for then you will be owing me a letter which is pleasanter than to have the shoe on the other foot.

By the heading of my letter you will notice that Co. "C" has moved from Wartrace Bridge to this Utopia of the section. It is a pleasant change for now we do duty on brick sidewalks and have nothing to hinder our wearing our cleanest brass and brightest blue, are the life of the town and the joy of the girls. There are plenty of them who have been educated at Northern boarding schools, the dear things, what a blessing they are for the poor suffering soldiers. I am suffering badly, have to room in a couple of lawyers offices which look out on the public square, board at the Hotel and am obliged to call on pretty girls every evening. Hard is'nt it. Who wouldn't be a soldier.

This place is noted for its loyalty, contains about 5000 inhabitants and is connected with the N. & C. R. R. at Wartrace at which place the remainder of our Regiment is stationed. There are four companies here under command of Maj. Baldwin, Cos. A, C, D. & I. My company is quartered in a block of buildings called Council Row.

I suppose you have heard of the conditions we have received to our Regiment. The 145th N. Y. V. has been broken up,

their officers mustered out and the men divided among the N. Y. Regiments of this Corps. We received 5 companies containing about 300 men. My company now numbers 62 men Present and 78 Present and Absent, which makes us quite a respectable size.

We are expecting a number of recruits, then we will be something like we were when we left Elmira.

I received a letter from George to-day. He has got a touch of war fever. I wrote him to keep out of the army, that he was well enough off now without coming to War. Good advice to a brother if it is discouraging enlistments, don't you think so.

I am glad to hear that you are enjoying Winter Quarters. Billy is stationed at Wartrace. I was over yesterday, to see him, he is well, ditto myself. Not much to write about and will close. Write soon.

I remain

Yours Affectionately

Charlie.

Family Anecdotes.

II

When "Little Norman" (long since a grown up and Mayor of Manistique) was visiting in New York, his Uncle George took him to the theatre. Walking home up Fifth Avenue, shortly before midnight, the small boy noted the singular fact that they were not the only ones "staying up late". Being thoroughly imbued with the idea that supper ought to be finished and "things cleared away" by seven at the very latest, he stopped suddenly as they were passing the old Hotel Brunswick, rooted to the ground as it were by mingled horror and surprise. Looking through the brilliantly lighted windows of the restaurant at the groups around the small tables, he seized his uncle's arm and with an evident intimation that something ought to be done about it at once, screamed out, "Look! Look! they're eating in there."

III

As a small boy, Noel visited the Patent Office in Washington with his father. Uncle Norman endeavored to make the visit profitable by pointing out curious devices and making instructive comments but he said that when Noel reached the great display of patented corsets it was impossible to induce him to look at anything else. Noel remarked that he never knew there were so many different kinds of corsets.

Family News.

Alice is spending the summer at Manchester, Vt.

Rob was recently in New York on business.

Bert's address is now 1140 Wood Ave. Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Charles Ivins has taken his examinations for entrance to Andover.

Howard attended his Vicennial Reunion at New Haven this year where he saw Stuart and Howard, who were celebrating their Triennial.

The Round Robin Letter has at last been heard from. Nellie wrote Uncle George on May 19th that she was sending the document to Suffield and added that it had been en route for two years.

Bertha writes that Charles sailed on June 4th on the Berlin and expects to spend the summer in France. Bertha and the children left for the Adirondacks on the 18th of June where they expect to remain until September.

The following communications was recently sent us by Datus Smith.

Dear Mr. Editor:-

Your offer of a plush covered album as a prize for the best motto for the FOX FAMILY NEWS shows you the true editor you are, because, you see, it brings



*Home of Norman Fox at
Ballston Spa, N. Y.*

out real talent. Find mine below. To save letter writing I will say now that I prefer red plush, to match our parlor paper, and please send by parcel post tied with strong string.

Yours,

An Honorary Member.

Motto: All the News that's fit to print about the Fox Family.

Cousin Marie Wait writes as follows: "My trip this summer is to attend two meetings, an Exposition of the Book Industry and Graphic Arts at Leipsic and a meeting of the British Library Association at Oxford. I expect to sail on the Scandinavian-American Line, S. S. United States, on July 14th. The party, less than a dozen in number, consists mostly of Chicago librarians. We go directly to Christiania. From Bergen we take a small Norwegian steamer going in and out of the fjords for a week. We stop at Trondhjem, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Dresden and Leipsic where we meet a second party of librarians who come by way of the Mediterranean and Italy. We expect to have an unusually interesting time in Oxford. I have booked for my return by my favorite Atlantic-Transport Line, S. S. Minnewaska, leaving London Sept. 12th."



Vol. 3

SEPTEMBER 1, 1914

No. 5

The Family Athletes.

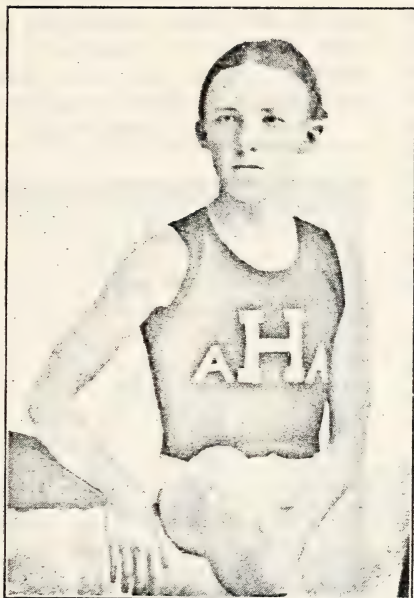
In answer to a request for an account of his former athletic prowess, Uncle George writes: "When a student at Rochester there was no college gymnasium and so I attended one in the city under the management of Prof. William Shadders. While I never excelled at wrestling or putting up heavy dumbbells I well remember how, on Exhibition nights I was usually one of the selected ten performers and with my skin and bones concealed by a newly washed set of white tights with blue trunks I elicited the plaudits of certain young lady friends in the audience by my high jumping and performances on the horizontal bar. As a student in Vienna I used to skate on the rink before the public. If Kaiser Franz Joseph and the other crowned heads of Europe did not come to see my performance it was wholly their fault and not mine. As to my brothers I remember that Uncle Norman was a gymnast in his youth and rode his bicycle at 70. Uncle Charles was a fine skater and Uncle William an excellent swimmer."

Coming down to our generation, we see where the Freeman boys inherited their unusual athletic talent. Walter Freeman writes:- "When the rules of baseball were altered so as to allow the pitcher to deliver the ball by an underhand instead of the round arm pitch or toss, I attempted to acquire this new motion and was surprised to notice a peculiar action of the ball when I had thrown it. The course certainly changed—it did not make

a straight line but certainly curved in its way to a barn door or wherever I happened to be throwing it. That winter the New York papers discussed the subject and the next spring I was called on to demonstrate it before a learned audience in the Chapel of the High School. I continued and perfected myself, mystifying all my opponents at bat, and for five years I was victor in every game our club played. Had I been a professional, attached to some Metropolitan club, my name would have gone down as the first one to pitch the elusive curve ball. Baseball was always my game. I was also a ground and loty tumbler, broad jumper



Arthur Benjamin Fox



Alanson Gibbs Fox

shot putter, pole vaulter, in fact everything but a hammer thrower. As to my proficiency as a wrestler I will add that I once received ten dollars from Mr. P. T. Barnum for sticking on the trick mule in his circus."

Arthur Fox played short stop on his Freshman baseball team at Yale ('93) and would doubtless have made the 'Varsity team if it had not been for his untimely death in Sophomore year. In his school days he was also a first class gymnast.

Alanson Fox writes:- "As a school boy in New York City I won three medals, securing second place in a mile walk and mile run, and third place in a 100 yard dash for boys under 16 years. As a member of the Hotchkiss School track team won second place in the mile run at the Connecticut Interscholastic Meet held at New Haven in 1896. In Hotchkiss I was also a member of the Pythian Society in-

door team taking part in the high jump my record being 5 feet 3½ inches. At the Northfield Students conference in 1900 I was a member of the Yale relay team at the field meet held July 4. In my first year as a member of Squadron A. (before I put on weight) I took part in several amateur horse races securing third place in a quarter mile dash on my pony "Billy" and second place in a mile run on another trooper's horse. For several years I participated in the annual mounted games of Squadron A."

Alan Fox was on the Andover track team as a high hurdler and broad jumper and was on the track team squad at Yale for two years. He is now the crack tennis player of the family.

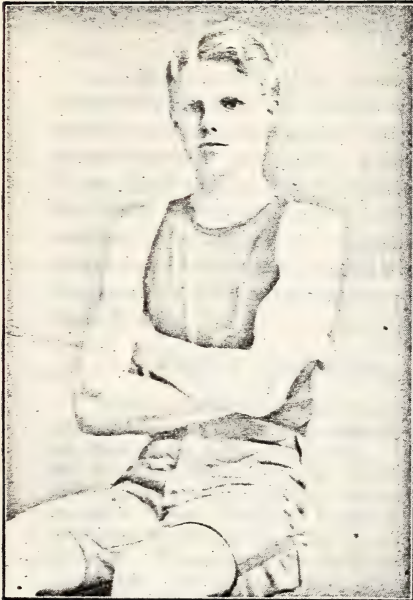
Kenneth MacArthur says:- "I played on the second football team and class team at Worcester and at Harvard survived the weeding out process for the fencing team till the last cut made, when I was eliminated. In the 7th Regiment I ran on



Stuart Fox Freeman

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Howard Brooks Freeman

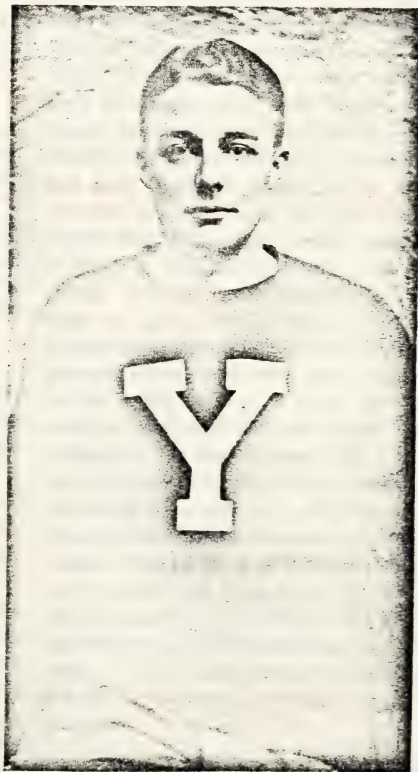
Co. 1. team in 1910 and 1911 and was in the Heavy Marching Order Relay Team that won second place in the race open to all companies."

Clinton Ivins was a member of the hockey team at St. Paul's, Garden City and a substitute on the baseball and golf teams. At Princeton he played on the University Golf team in Senior year and was a substitute for four years on the hockey team. He writes; "I played base ball at every opportunity but never shone officially until this year when I captained the Princeton Alumni of Plainfield and administered a decisive defeat to our Yale colleagues. I now feel that I can cease

my efforts and review my athletic past with much satisfaction."

Stuart Freeman was on the baseball, football, basket ball and track teams at the Plainfield High School and on the football squad and class basket ball team at Andover. At Yale he played on the Freshman baseball team and Freshman football and basket ball squads. He was later on the University football squad for three years and the pitcher of the University baseball team for two years.

At the Plainfield High School Howard Freeman was on the baseball, football, basket ball and track teams. At Andover he was a member of the gymnastic team, winning second prize in the annual con-



Edgar Wells Freeman

test. At Yale he was on the Freshman baseball and track squads and in Sophomore year was captain of his class baseball team and a member of the Outlaw basketball team. In Junior and Senior years he was also on his class crew squads and in Senior year on the University baseball squad. At Lake Placid he also won prizes in swimming and diving contests.

At the Plainfield High School Edgar Freeman played on the basket ball team and his class baseball team. At Yale he played football, eventually winning his Y. as a half back on the University football team. He also played on the second baseball team and in Junior year on his class basket ball team. During one of his vacations he won a swimming prize at Lake Placid. *H. F.*

Family Anecdotes.

IV

When Adaline was nine years old her grandfather, to whom she was very devoted, died at his home in Nunda. In a letter of condolence to her mother she evinced her practical piety in the following words:—"Dear Mother, I feel so badly that grandfather is dead but the Lord will provide. Please send me that twenty-five cents you owe me. Your affectionate daughter, Adaline."

Family News.

Alanson has started on a trip to the Canadian Rockies, the Yosemite and Yellowstone Parks with Mr. Herbert Clapp of Locust Valley.

At a recent convention of the American Medical Association, Howard was elected Chairman of the Dermatological Section for the ensuing year.

Gertrude arrived on the Zealand July 27th. This was the steamer that was rammed in mid-ocean by the Missouri. The collision took place at 11.20 A. M. before Gertrude was up.

Martha and her husband, Dr. Townsend were in the United States for a visit during the early part of the summer. Some of us at that time not only had the

pleasure of seeing Martha again but also of making the acquaintance of Dr. Townsend who is a delightful type of Irish gentleman.

Bert writes from Aurora, Nevada on June 11th:—"Anna insists that she likes this place and is enjoying everything here, but I must confess that I don't. It is by far the worst camp that I have lived in since I came west. Aurora is one of the old camps of Nevada and in the early sixties was one of the best known in the west and produced some \$60,000,000 in gold. But for the past 35 years it has been deserted until last year when the mines of this company were opened up. We are 60 miles from the railway and up at an elevation of 8500 ft. We are just over the California line and the Yosemite Park is only about 30 miles away on the other side of the range. But while the park has water and trees we are in the desert country on our side and have practically no vegetation at all. The company has just finished putting up a 500 ton cyanide plant to treat the ores from the mines and it has been pretty hard work to build a mill so far away from everything. But it is finished at last and I hope to get a little time to draw my breath for a change. We will be here for another month and then plan to get back to the world again. I think that Anna and the "Colonel" will go to the coast in California for the summer but I have to put in a month in Montana to examine a mine and then will go to Wyoming for a couple of months before returning to Colorado. I may have to come East in the early winter and hope to get to New York before returning to Colorado. I am looking forward to seeing the relations at that time. If I can put off my trip late enough I will try to time it to take in the Fox Dinner."

Katherine Fox Kershner died on August 14, 1914 at Corning, New York.



The Trip to Plattsburg.

In the July issue of the paper we published an outline of a proposed automobile tour to Plattsburg. We are glad to say that the tour was actually made by eleven members of the family in four automobiles and was pronounced by all to be an unqualified success. During the four days of clear, cool weather, beginning September 9th we motored together through parts of the Adirondacks, Green Mountains and Berkshires, Lake George and Lake Champlain and visited some of the old family landmarks as well as the homes of some of the relatives.

The start of our trip was made at Albany with three cars. Adaline came from Pittsfield with Aunt Elizabeth, Nellie and John (chauffeur). Uncle George, Howard and Tony (chauffeur) brought their car to Albany on the night boat and Noel, Kenneth, Rachel and David (chauffeur) started in Alice's car which had come from Manchester. The first stop was made at Schenectady where we looked for the three houses where Norman Fox had lived and succeeded in finding two of them. At Ballston we went to the house where our grandfather had lived and saw the famous "Kayaderoseros" creek, at the rear of the old fashioned garden, where Aunt Elizabeth regaled us with tales of her youthful days. She told us unblushingly of pushing "Betsy McVoy's" little boy into the creek one day and being soundly spanked for it. At Ballston we also had a few minutes chat with Mr. William S. Waterbury and his family and

called upon George Clapp. Before leaving we visited the graves of Norman Fox, Jane Freeman and our beloved Uncle William. At Saratoga, our party was completed by the addition of Ada and Walter who had motored over from Lake Bomoseen. Harry also met us here and took the place of his chauffeur. At Chestertown we visited the old cemetery and decorated the graves of Jehiel Fox and Jerusha Baldwin, his wife, and those of his sons Alanson and Solyman. At Plattsburg we spent the night at the Hotel Champlain at Bluff Point where we all had one of the cottages to ourselves. In the evening some of us attended the splendid historical pageant given out of doors at the Plattsburg barracks. While we were all assembled at the cottage a letter was read from Mason Trowbridge who regretted his inability to be with us at Plattsburg particularly as his grandfather, James Trowbridge, had taken part in the battle as a boy of 16. His grandfather was later presented by Congress with a flint lock musket which is now in the possession of Mason's brother, Mr. James R. Trowbridge.

On the following day (Friday) we drove by Ticonderoga to Lake Bomoseen where we spent the night. The next morning we visited Ada and Walter's summer home on the lake and also underwent the ordeal of having a professional photographer take our picture, while grouped upon the steps of Tashmoo Lodge, Ada and Walter's cottage. On leaving our Bomoseen cousins we continued our trip with three cars to Manchester where Alice and Cousin Louise Wait wel-

comed us and gave us a delicious luncheon. At Manchester we left our "conductor" Noel and with two cars continued to Pittsfield where some of the party spent the night with Adaline and Harry. On the following day Uncle George and Howard continued their journey, arriving at Glen Cove in the evening.

Our pilgrimage to Plattsburg was certainly well advertised, as an account of what we intended to do was published in the Ballston Spa Daily Journal on August 21st by Mr. Waterbury and a half column article also appeared in two of the Plattsburg papers. The account in the Plattsburg Republican of Sept. 19th began: "Among the interesting events of last week, the meeting of the Society of the

Descendants of Norman Fox holds a unique and important place". The article continued with a list of the names of the party and a brief account of the life of Norman Fox and his connection with the battle of Plattsburg. It concluded by saying that "Evidence of the sincerity of the "Fox Family" in keeping in touch, not only with ancestors, but present day members is the semi-monthly "FOX FAMILY NEWS" devoted to the interests of the connection, past and present."

Our family tour was certainly a great success and made us all wish that more of the family could enjoy a similar experience next year.

H. F.



THE PLATTSBURG TOURISTS

Upper row, left to right — Kenneth, Rachel, Noel, Harry, Adaline.

Lower row, left to right — Walter, Nellie, Aunt Elizabeth, Uncle George, Ada, Howard.

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The Family Refugees.

Three members of the family, Cousin Marie Wait, Charles Fox and Edgar Freeman, who were in Europe when the World War broke out, have written about their experiences as refugees. While these stories are too long to be printed, they will be sent out to the family as a round robin letter.

Cousin Marie writes: "The Cook tour for American Librarians never extended beyond Norway. The proposed visit to Sweden, Denmark, Germany and England was readily given up in the anxiety to return home as quickly as possible." Although the war began when the party was cruising in the fjords, the tour in Norway was completed according to schedule. Our much travelled cousin finally sailed on the Helig Olaf, considering herself lucky to obtain accommodations in the steerage. The rooms, she said, were small and uncomfortable, the fare was of the plainest and the ship was crowded to its utmost capacity. In addition to these discomforts it was very rough and the weather extremely cold from the proximity of icebergs. Further zest was added to her trip by passing through the mined fjord of Christiania and later by the possibility of being stopped on the high seas by war vessels.

After an enjoyable summer in France, Charles arrived at Marseilles just in time to take the last train to Genoa before the railroads were entirely utilized for transportation of troops. After a sleepless night "without anything to eat except a petrified sandwich" he arrived in Genoa

in time to board the steamer "Canopic" twenty minutes before sailing. At Naples, where his steamer stopped for coal, the stokers who were mostly Italians, struck and went ashore. The captain, however, called their bluff and ordered the engines started, when they scurried back promptly to the ship. That night, war was declared by England against Germany and the ship in consequence proceeded without lights. After passing Gibraltar the steamer was convoyed for 24 hours by a British cruiser and later spoken by two torpedo boats. In addition she came within an ace of running down a tramp. The passengers were eventually landed in Boston, including three irate persons who had tickets for the Azores.

Edgar was tramping in the Austrian Tyrol with four companions when the European war broke out. In travelling from Milan to Paris his train would stop frequently "when," he writes, "we would have to show our papers, buy new tickets, wait an hour or so for the next train and fight for standing room in the corridors." The sleepless nights en route didn't seem a hardship to Edgar and his friends who had become accustomed by this time to roughing it. "Paris," he continues, "we found no longer Paris. No busses were running, all lights were out at nine o'clock, and you could cross the Avenue de l'Opera without taking out an accident insurance policy. Paris was full of troops all the time, and before we left, the first trainloads of wounded began coming in. At Amiens we had the opportunity of talking to some of the wounded Tommy Atkinses. They had a vague idea of what had happened to them but were fervent in their assurances that it was "damn rough work." Edgar's trip was concluded by a visit to London, where he found the "national sports of tea drinking and left handed bus dodging" were going on as usual.

Family News.

Charles Ivins has entered Andover.

Walter Freeman holds the long distance automobile record having driven a Madison car seventy six thousand miles.

Mr. Howard S. F. Randolph, who is well known to the family (and is one of our original subscribers) announces his marriage to Miss Mary Leland Bloomer of New York.

All of our readers who had the good fortune to know Rev. Edward Judson will regret to hear of his death on October 24th. Dr. Judson had been a guest at several of our annual dinners.

Howard recently spent a week with some members of the Medical Reserve Corps at Tobyhanna, Pa. where he saw the actual firing of shrapnel shells by the 3rd. Artillery.

The most exciting bit of news we have for this number of the paper is the announcement of Alan's engagement to Miss Marion Dell Carrère daughter of Mrs. John M. Carrère of New York.

One of our new subscribers is Mr William S. Waterbury of Ballston Spa who writes: "I am deeply interested in the Fox Family of the three generations which I have known. "Elder" Fox succeeded my father as pastor of the Ballston Spa Baptist Church and of his children I knew George and "Billy" the best."

Our latest subscriber is Captain James D. Fox of Aurora, Illinois. He is a great-grandson of Hubbard Fox who was a son of Daniel Fox of East Haddam, Conn. Capt. Fox is a veteran of the Civil War, a lawyer by profession and a poet and historian.

During a recent trip to California, Alanson had a delightful visit with Bert and Anna at Colorado Springs. At Portland he called upon Mason's older brother, Mr. George Trowbridge and at Burlington, Iowa, visited his college room mate, Mr. Lyman Hedge. (We mention

Mr. Hedge, as we understand he has intimated that if his name does not appear oftener in our columns his subscription will not be renewed.)

A few months ago some of us had the pleasure of seeing our charming little cousin, Louise Kershner. During a call at Glen Cove she inadvertently got off of a pretty good joke on her Uncle George. She wandered out to the green house looking for her uncle, who was a stranger to her. She saw two men dressed in their working clothes, one of them being her uncle and the other "Tony's" assistant, "Dominick". Being at a loss to distinguish the two men she was forced to ask "Which is Uncle George."

The following extracts are made from a recent letter from Anna to Ada. In speaking of the Plattsburg trip she says, "I was wildly enthusiastic for I love anything historical and it was such a good idea and so very "worth while". I took the picture (a copy of the group taken at Lake Bomoseen) over for my family to see and they all insist that we go to the New Year's meeting and were very complimentary. You know it is of vital importance that the "in-laws" approve of ones relatives. We are back in Colorado Springs for the winter and perhaps longer, and have a cunning little house, an ideal location and fortunately just across the street from my father's house. We are having such good times visiting with all our old friends again."

New addresses of some of the family are as follows:

Montague Howard, 330 West 95th Street, New York.

Kenneth C. MacArthur, Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

Noel Bleeker Fox, 324 West 84th Street, New York.

Alice B. Fox, 493 West End Avenue, New York.



Vol IV.

JANUARY 1, 1915

No. 1

The Philosophy of Norman Fox as shown in a letter to his nephew Sheridan Fox

The following remarkable letter was kindly loaned for publication by Louise Fox Leins, a niece of Sheridan Fox. Italics are used to indicate words that had been underscored.

N. S. Fox Ballston Spa, Aug. 3d. 1840

Dr. Sir—I learn by your Sister, Mary, that you have obtained a place of employment, in a respectable House, in New York—My object now in writing, is to *impress* upon your mind, my Nephew, the importance of *appreciating* the advantage you now have & of improving the prospect—You are now forming your character, for future Life—Not only for time, but for Eternity—Let me suggest a few things for your careful and attentive observation—They will be of great use to you, after I am dead & gone—Should you survive me.

1. Children obey your parents—Honor thy Father & Mother (which is the first commandment with Promise—Exodus. 20th 12th) “That thy days maybe Long in the Earth—That it may be well with thee & thou mayest live long, on the Earth”—There is more meant, in the above Words, Than you are aware—Disrespect to Parents—Insubordination to Parental Restraint—Results generally, In, *Recklessness & Ruin* in future—

2d. Abstain from the *appearance* of Evil—Avoid Temptation of *Every Kind*—Turn away from it—In *This* Course, is your *only Safety*—*Think often, on This!*

3d. Be *rigidly & inflexibly* Honest in all Things—*Especially* in *little* things—The Infinite Mind of Omnipotence, That Knows *all* the Secret workings of the Human Heart, has said in His Word—(Luke 16th 10th) of the unjust Steward—He that is unjust in that which is *least*,

is unjust also in *Much*—Any dishonest or Sinful indulgence, in *little things* will inevitably, lead to social & moral ruin—4th—Rigidly Govern yourself—*Set bounds*, to your curiosity & desires—Say thus far shalt thou go, & *no farther*—for he that *ruleth* his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a City—You *must* practice Self denial, if you will *Excell*—

5—Make your mark *high* for Respectability & an Honorable distinction in Society—to accomplish it, you *must* Select, for your associates & familiar friends—Respectable. Intelligent and *virtuous* Persons, —*Remember This*,—Divine Wisdom sanctions This Truth—That Evil communications *corrupts* good morals—

6th—*Store* your mind, with useful Knowledge, Especially, taking the Bible, as the *best Code* of Morals—The best manual for business—And The *only sure* direction, to obtain Eternal Life—for The Truths There contained, will make men, *wise unto* Salvation—

Business Transactions

1st Be *uniformly* industrious—Be *Economical*—Be *Temperate* in *all* Things—Guard *continually*, against a propensity to *Squander* money, in buying Things, that are *not needed*—

2d. *Remember* That all your *prospect*, of usefulness to your *Relatives*—to *yourself*—to *The World*—Now, depends on The course you are *willing* to take—Let no *Self denial* or *Privation* or *perseverance*, be considered *too great*, In *Striving* for an honorable & virtuous standing in Society—Wealth and Reputation, will be your *Certain* Reward—

3d. As an Encouragement to you, many of the most wealthy, Talented, & honorable men now in the City of New York,



The first of the season's most important events is the annual meeting of the board of directors, which will be held on the 15th of the month. The board will discuss the company's performance for the past year and will also consider the budget for the coming year. The meeting is expected to be a very successful one, and it is hoped that the company will continue to grow and prosper in the coming year.

The second of the season's most important events is the annual shareholders' meeting, which will be held on the 20th of the month. This is an important occasion for the shareholders, as they will have the opportunity to elect the members of the board of directors and to discuss the company's performance. It is hoped that the meeting will be a very successful one, and that the shareholders will be satisfied with the company's performance.

The third of the season's most important events is the annual general meeting of the company, which will be held on the 25th of the month. This is a very important occasion for the company, as it is the only time that all the shareholders are gathered together. It is hoped that the meeting will be a very successful one, and that the shareholders will be satisfied with the company's performance.

The fourth of the season's most important events is the annual shareholders' meeting, which will be held on the 30th of the month. This is an important occasion for the shareholders, as they will have the opportunity to elect the members of the board of directors and to discuss the company's performance. It is hoped that the meeting will be a very successful one, and that the shareholders will be satisfied with the company's performance.

commenced under Circumstances similar to yours & with prospects, no better—

4th Strive to *merit*, by your *faithfulness* & *Integrity*, in business, The Strong *Confidence* of your Employers—When a young man *forfeits*, That, he is gone—When he *Secures* & *retains* That, he is made—

5th Remember that *hundreds* of young men, have been *Ruind*. In The City of New York, by *Temptation*—*Beware* of That hidden Rock—*Caution* is the Parent of Security—

6th Recollect, you have no Father, to *counsel* you, in your, youthful & wayward Steps—but you have a widdowd mother, who has drank deep of the cup of affliction & Bereavment, who has long watchd over you, with all The Tenderness of a mothers Care—who has risen up early and sat up late & eaten the bread of Carefulness, to bring you up to usefulness & Respectability—She has a *strong claim* now upon you, as a dutiful son, to be ready, to cast a Shield of assistance & Security around her—To become her stay & support in sickness & in her declining years—*Remember This!*

7th Keep in the mind *continually*, in all your Transactions among men, This Proverb—“Think before you Speak” Also “Think *before* you *act*” for all is not Gold that Shines!—Divine Wisdom Cautions “To ponder, *well*, the paths of your feet” Men will *deceive* you—your own ardent Temperament, will *deceive* you—*Inexperience* will deceive you!

8th Carefully & attentively *Study* human character—That you may be able to, *Read Men*—to *Weigh Men*—& to *Judge Men*—You will be less liable to be deceivd. by Men—You will find *many apparent* friends and a *few Real ones* & *only a few*—

9. Many Men have not Succeeded in business, for The Simple Reason—That They Could not say *No*—but always, unwilling to be Considered disobliging, have always been Ready to Say—*Yes*—Too Easily persuaded, to Endorse a note for another—To become Security for a Careless friend—or to Enter into any untried & visionary experiments & always, Thus been loosing.

as fast as they were getting—A man cant Succeed in business, unless he can discern *when*, it is proper to say *No* & has decision of character enough, to *stick* to it, inflexibly—I have sufferd. severely in the above—I know many others that have—I hope you never will!

10th That Navigator, is most *Safe* & prosperous, who often looks at his chart—observes the Needle—& so *understands* his course—So the business man, is most *Safe* and *Successful*, who often makes reckoning & knows the course his business is taking—

Now my Earnest request is, *Sheridan*, that you will *often* & *carefully*, Read the foregoing, & bring the Instructions, to *bear practically*, upon your character & deportment—I wish you would copy this & forward it to me, when a private opportunity occurs—& also ask Charles to take a Copy & Retain for his use—Send me your Copy—

Yours affectionately—

Norman Fox

Some Famous Ancestors.

In the following communication to the editor, Noel calls attention to our descent from some worthy ancestors who need no introduction. The letter reads:—“It may interest some of the readers of the NEWS to have their attention called to an article in the January 1914 number of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record by John Denison Champlin on “The Ancestry of Anne Hutchinson.” He gives every intervening generation showing her descent from Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Charles II King of France, Baldwin I Count of Flanders. Infante Don Vela de Aragon, Don Alonzo King of Leon, and Sir Walter Blount who was the Sir Walter Blunt of Shakespeare's King Henry IV. By adding the list given in that article to the names which may be found in the Chesebrough Genealogy any member of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox may show his descent from Charlemagne and those other notables. Anne Hutchinson's relationship to John Dryden, the Poet Laureate, has already been mentioned in the NEWS. She was a first cousin to the poet's father.”

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Family Anecdotes.**V.**

During a visit to the Grand Central Station, Montague Senior was showing his four year old son the signs of the zodiac upon the ceiling of the waiting room. In answer to his father's question as to why a fish was seen among the stars, the little fellow replied, "Why daddy that's a star fish." On another occasion little Montague was on a railroad train and was entertaining some men in the car by his conversation. He asked two of his fellow passengers whether they had heard about the big war. Wishing to draw him out, they professed entire ignorance of the subject and asked him what war he was talking about and who was doing the fighting, to which little Montague replied:—"Don't you know, its the war between the Mexicos and the Germanys."

VI

As a small boy, no one could have been more conscientious or better behaved than Alanson. One evening before going to bed, he evidently felt that he was entitled to a little dissipation after the days work and was overheard to make the following remark:—"I've read my bible and brushed my teeth and now I'm going to have a little recreation and play pigs in clover."

VII.

When Stuart and Howard Freeman were at a very young and tender age their father bought each one a handsome variegated ball as a present. Stuart being the elder was given the choice as to which ball he would have. After careful consideration he made a decision and said, "I want Howard's."

VIII

As a little girl, Edith attended a performance of Barnum's Circus, wearing a conspicuously large hat. A woman behind her was apparently annoyed at the offending head gear and made several uncomplimentary remarks for Edith's benefit. In telling her family of the incident and of her attempt to squelch the woman behind her, Edith remarked "I just turned around and gave her a reluctant look"



*The Baptist Church at Ballston Spa of which Norman Fox was pastor.
Reproduced from an engraving made in 1838.*

Family News.

Alanson has been appointed Sergeant in Troop A., Squadron A., N. G. N. Y.

The address of Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Robert for the winter is Hotel Altamont, Baltimore, Md.

Howard was recently elected Vice-president of the New York State Association of the Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. Army.

Clinton Ivins has formed a business partnership under the name of Haughy and Ivins with offices at the Singer Building.

Adaline and Harry have taken a fifteen months old boy to Pittsfield in the expectation of adopting him later. He has been named Austin Russell.

Noel has been appointed Farrier in Troop A, Squadron A., N. G. N. Y. He has also been detailed to take charge of the ordnance property of the troop and to assist in small arms practice.

The following notice of our paper appeared in the last number of the *Chase Chronicle*, a family paper with which we exchange. "We have before us a copy of the last number of the bright, clean, family association magazine, known as the FOX FAMILY NEWS and we declare it to be well named. May it continue its good work and spur us on to greater success. "Howard" seems to be a real live "Fox" as well as a successful editor."

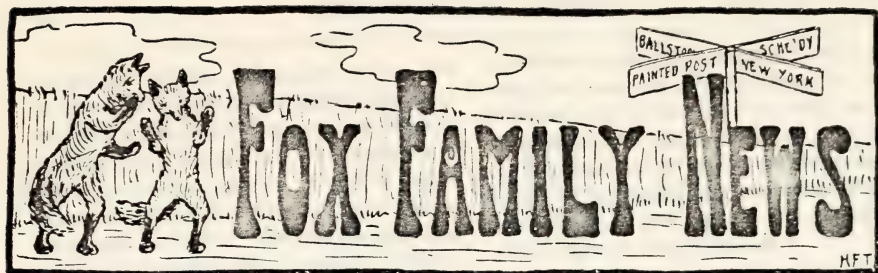
As the New York papers have seen fit to publish several columns at a time about Helen's work as an artist, we see no reason why we shouldn't say a word ourselves, though we were warned by the artist against any undue enthusiasm or praise. During the past year illustrated articles have appeared in the *Evening Sun*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and the *Sunday Herald* respectively about Helen, her children and her work. They begin with such headlines as these; "If All Doll-Babies Don't Look Alike to You This Year Thanks Are Due to a Woman Sculptor." and "Long Island Artist Designs Dolls That Are Sent

All Over This Continent." etc. Beside the usual taffy some accurate information such as the following was printed:

"The different lines on which she works are designs for dolls, silhouettes, wall paper designs for children's rooms, magazine illustrations, clay models which are photographed and make exquisite bas relief photos. Just now she is much engaged in pottery, small statuettes of children at rest and in action." One of the accounts says that "Mrs. Trowbridge is rich, not only in the creative faculty, but blest with lovely models in a small lad and lassie, her little son and his wee sister." It is hardly necessary to tell our readers that all of the models for the heads of the famous "Campbell Kid" dolls were made by Helen.

Kenneth has been elected School Minister for Worcester, Academy, the Institution from which he graduated. The *Worcester Telegram* of Oct. 28th stated that "The announcement (of Kenneth's election) was greeted with cheers by the boys as most of them have met Rev. Mr. MacArthur. He recently spoke before the school Y. M. C. A. and the boys were delighted with him as his address was that of a young man to young men." The account continues "Rev. Mr. MacArthur's position as school minister gives him a full place as a member of the school faculty. As school minister he will have full charge of the conduct of the Y. M. C. A. meetings and all allied interests. He will preach from time to time, especially on Sunday nights in the school chapel and will represent the school on suitable occasions. He will give definite instruction twice a week in Bible study to each of the three lower classes."

At the Westfield Ministers Conference recently held at Northampton, Kenneth read a paper entitled "The Findings of Eugenics in the Field of Social Evolution." A newspaper account stated that "It was a masterly paper, full of information and suggestions, eliciting deserved commendation in the general discussion of the subject."



Vol. IV.

MARCH 1, 1915

No. 2

The Annual Reunion.

The eleventh annual reunion of the family began with a business meeting held on the morning of New Year's day at the office of the President. There were twenty two persons present, fifteen of whom were active members. The most interesting business was the unanimous election of Gen. Simeon M. Fox, of Manhattan, Kansas, as a collateral member of the Society. That the meeting was not without some excitement can be judged from the proposed amendment to the constitution offered in apparent seriousness by Kenneth. This was to the effect that hereafter the initiation fees for all members be paid by the unmarried men of the society. We may have much to say about this objectionable piece of class legislation, unless the proposer suffers a change of heart before the next annual meeting.

The banquet of the Society was again held in the evening at the Hotel Brevoort. A feature of this year's gathering was the presence of a prospective member, in the person of Alan's fiancée, Miss Marion Dell Carrère and the presence of five members of Uncle Charles family, two of whom, Gertrude Olcott Fox and Louise Kershner made their first appearance on this occasion and we may add, made a decided hit.

During the banquet, the usual family songs were sung and a telegram of good wishes was read from Rob and Nellie, who deserve to be decorated for their faithfulness in telegraphing every year from Oklahoma.

At the conclusion of the banquet the President, Uncle George, acting as toastmaster spoke in part as follows:-

"The primary object of our gathering is to honor and perpetuate the name of

Norman Fox. Only two of us are left who knew him well and with one or two others are the only ones present who ever saw him. But you have all heard the story of his life and those of you who will carefully and thoughtfully read the remarkable letter in the last issue of the FOX FAMILY NEWS will readily recognize the personal characteristics which made him the great and good man that he was. All honor to Norman Fox".

In calling upon a few present for impromptu remarks, the toastmaster said we were fortunate in having with us to-night some old wine in a new bottle which according to Scripture was the proper thing, but he warned the audience that when Uncle Robert drew the rhetorical cork they might expect an oratorical explosion suggestive of new wine in an old skin.

In the course of his remarks, Uncle Robert spoke of the editorial efficiency of the Fox family. He wondered how Stuart ever decided on the name *Bazoo*. "Stuart", he said, "showed the qualities of a genuine editor and had a good "nose for news". He knew how to make interesting paragraphs of the trivial incidents occurring in a small village.

Kenneth also showed wonderful patience and enthusiasm in his editorship of *The Young Breeder*. Kenneth was editor of this remarkable publication really before he was able to write, laboriously printing his words. Had he then adopted the new spelling, as he now practices it, his Herculean labors would have been greatly lightened. He too, as well as Stuart showed a remarkable degree of editorial ability.

But the highest honors remain to be given to Howard as editor of the FOX

FAMILY NEWS. Howard is like the children of Israel when under the taskmasters of Pharoah who required them to make bricks without straw. Howard sends out appeals for articles to which other members of the Fox Family, for the most part, turn deaf ears. We still require him, however, to have a good supply of bricks on hand, whether or not he has straw. We ought all to assist in the preparation of the FOX FAMILY NEWS. Howard is a busy professional man. His work as editor is as admirable as his spirit is commendable."

Uncle Robert closed his speech by making a number of humorous allusions to Alan's submission to the darts of Cupid: and he suggested that nothing short of dum-dum bullets would reach the hearts of "Cousin" Charley, of Noel, of Howard and of Alanson.

In introducing Alan as the next speaker, the toastmaster said "We have the pleasure to-night of welcoming a candidate for Associate membership, Miss Marion Dell Carrère. As she is represented by counsel on this occasion, we will listen to whatever her lawyer may wish to say in her behalf although our minds are already made up as to how we shall vote."

Alan said he was glad to be able to benefit the Society by the addition of a new member and hoped that all would vote for her admission. He added that any one who blackballed her would not be invited to their wedding. To add further interest to the family gatherings Alan thought within a year another member of the family should become engaged and suggested that the unmarried members draw lots for this purpose. He had four lots in his pocket which he would donate for this purpose at the conclusion of the dinner. A tribute was then paid to Rev. Dr. Judson who had been a close friend of the family and a reference was also made to the passing of Manistique. Only two days before, the final meeting of the Chicago Lumber Co. had been held and the last tie severed with the little town in Michigan that had been the scene of numerous reunions.

Uncle George next referred to the

pleasure it gave all to have so many present, representing the family of Uncle Charles and called on his nephew and namesake, Dr. George Henry Fox, 2nd, of Binghamton, to talk about the good old times at Gangmills, the history of Broome County, the campaign in Poland or any other topic he might choose.

In opening his remarks, George said that he felt as nervous as the old darkey flagman, who, after an accident and cross examination in court said "You bet I was nervous when the lawyer asked me if I carried a lantern, for fear he would go on and ask if dat lantern was lit." He said he had nothing to say about Gangmills but referred to his association with Manistique, a place where he had spent more time than any one present. In regard to Broome County, George said that it had furnished the best candidate for governor that could possibly be found in the person of Mr. Harvey G. Hinman. He had no information of value to contribute about the campaign in Poland, but was reminded of the recent campaign of the National Guard in Connecticut. He had attended the manoeuvres in the expectation of finding great opportunities for the practice of military surgery. To his surprise and disgust his entire medical service had consisted in administering to the needs of several sick mules.

In introducing Mason as the last speaker, the toastmaster said "When one has an unpleasant duty to perform it is natural to postpone it as long as possible, but I have now reached the point where I must call with as good grace as possible upon a representative of our Associate members, knowing they are bound to be heard and that we are bound to listen. I am a thorough believer in free speech and am sure that the more they are allowed to talk, the fewer anarchists, communists, cantankerous associates and cranks of various sorts are we likely to have."

Mason began his remarks by saying that his respect and affection for his father-in-law made him reluctant to dwell on anything that might cause dissension between them. He would only say that he had pledged his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to the cause of the Associates.

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and he knew that in the end right would prevail. Instead of speaking of matters of difference he wanted to pay the toast-master a compliment on his preservation of the family tradition of piety as shown by the easy mastery of biblical allusions displayed in his introduction of Uncle Robert. His wealth of scriptural knowledge reminded Mason of an occasion when one of his college professors was advising him of the result of an examination. The professor said "I have looked over your paper. It conceals some knowledge of the subject and I have reported you as having passed." The speech ended with an authentic anecdote of Alan's engagement. "The day Alan told me of his engagement to my future partner-in-law, I was in my office and presently Cupid staggered out of Alan's office and into mine and sank into a chair. I shook him by the hand and congratulated him on his latest hit and said "snappy work, old fellow. Now you must get Howard and Alanson and Noel." "No thank you", said Cupid, "no more for me, I'm all in."

At the conclusion of the informal speeches a still more informal and impromptu vaudeville performance was given. This included songs by Ethel, ragtime on the piano by George, stories by Alanson and Edgar, imitations by Charles and a recitation by Mr. Charles Miller. There were also selections by the so called real quartette and by the "fake quartette", composed of Helen, Noel, Alan and Kenneth, who unblushingly stood up and sang without any regard whatever to the key. Finally, no family gathering would be complete without the "Bootblack" which was rendered by Montague in his incomparable style, for the last time, he assured us. He also added that his small son "Laddie" would soon take his father's place in reciting this classic at all family

reunions.

The following members and guests were present:—Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Cornelia, Cousin Marie Wait, Ada, Caroline, Adaline, Edith, Alice, Helen, Ethel, Bertha, Rachel, Gertrude (Fox), Louise, Uncle George, Uncle Robert, Walter, Charles, Montague, Howard, Harry, Mason, Noel, Alanson, Alan, George, Kenneth, Edgar and Miss Georgia Morrill, Miss Marion Dell Carrère, and Mr. Charles Sumner Miller.

H. F.

A Letter from Nellie.

At the urgent request of the editor for an account of her many civic and other activities, Nellie has written a letter dated Dec. 29th from which we quote as follows:—

"My newest work is the planning and installation of a municipal organ. The citizens of Tulsa are very enthusiastic about the matter, giving anywhere from fifty to one thousand dollars. However, the contract had to be signed by some person to whom the builder could look for the money. Rob said to me, "You believe in your work, I believe in you. Go ahead." It is the place right here to say that Rob gave the first money in Tulsa toward a playground association. He paid a large freight bill to the National Playground Association, to defray the expense of sending a miniature model playground that was set up at the county fair five years ago and attracted nationwide attention.

We have seen many changes in Tulsa, among others directed play by trained supervisors in ward high schools, installation of domestic science and art, manual training and music in the schools. Last year a Y. M. C. A. building was started at a cost of \$50,000. The Y. W. C. A. has a five room cottage headquarters, a fine building lot and last week opened a cafeteria with a capacity of 200, the equipment to cost about \$2000. I am on the Y. W. C. A. board and am chairman of the publicity department, because I talk so much, I suppose.

All of the local charitable interests are centered in one organization, the Tulsa County Humane Society. The So-

ciety not only looks after criminals in a splendid way, but we are the juvenile court officers and the official truant officers for the city schools. We own and control the detention home where the community nurses live. Here they bring all children too sick to be cared for in their homes. The day nursery for children whose mothers go out to daily labor, is under our care and all money passes through our hands. The daily routine also includes looking after hundreds of cases needing food, clothes, fuel, rent; settling family disputes and prosecuting offenders against children. My greatest pride is that I am President of this association and have been on the executive board ever since it was started.

Our Second municipal Tree of Light was quite inspiring this week. Last year the city gave me the money to plan for one. This year, however, eager citizens bore the cost of everything the federation of musicians giving its services.

The next campaign that I contemplate with some other friends is, that credit shall be given in all schools for study of music or any of the arts in or out of school, if the work is to be done under a duly recognized teacher. Let us remember that the Lord endows his children differently. Because one does not happen to be a gifted mathematician or linguist, but is blessed with the greater ability to hear the Choir Invisible, he should not be cast into outer darkness and be called a failure by a school system that has a made-to-order hide-bound course.

Rob is doing such fine work with his company and is really "One of the second vice-presidents" that Montague used to talk about when we were first married. He is growing, and is a bigger broader, finer and handsomer man than he was twelve years ago. He is part of Oklahoma in the making, and be assured the making is a *Man's Job*.

We send love and greetings and an invitation to each one to come and see us."

Family News.

Edith recently visited her father and mother at Baltimore.

Noel says the Round Robin Letter now goes almost too fast for news to occur.

Howard gave a clinical lecture on February 15th before the physicians of Rutland, Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Satterlee announce the birth of a daughter on January 15th. She has been named Jean Elizabeth.

Hope Ivins and Alanson were guests of Adaline and Harry at Pittsfield on Washington's birthday. During their visit a suffrage cotillion was given at "Riverbend" in honor of Hope.

Gertrude presided lately at a National Students Conference of the Y. W. C. A. She had previously spent five weeks visiting the normal and other schools in Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana, in the interest of the Y. W. C. A. movement in Japan.

Alan's marriage to Miss Marion Dell Carrère took place on Tuesday afternoon, February 16th at St. Bartholomew's Chapel, New York. The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Stebbins, an uncle of the groom assisted in performing the ceremony, which was attended by about twenty members of the Family Society. Alan and his bride went to Florida on their honeymoon.

Carolyn A. Clapp, the oldest daughter of George Fox Clapp, was married to Mr. Frank C. Armstrong, on Saturday, February the 6th at Ballston Spa, New York. Carolyn's sister was a bridesmaid and her brother George Barnes Clapp was one of the ushers. After their return from a trip in the South, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong will live in Albany.

While recording family weddings we must mention that of Dr. G. Reese Satterlee, who married Miss Mabel Alger Powell on Tuesday, February 9th in New York. In addition to being known to most of the family, Dr. Satterlee has two excellent claims for space in our paper. The editor was one of his ushers and he subscribes to the FOX FAMILY NEWS.

FOX FAMILY NEWS—SUPPLEMENT

MARCH 1, 1915

The March to Antietam.

by Capt. William Freeman Fox.

(Part of a letter written by Uncle William to his sister)

Washington, Sept. 30.

You have doubtless received letters from Charlie with full accounts of the great battle of Antietam. It is acknowledged by all to be the greatest battle ever fought on this continent. There have been greater losses at other battles, but none so great in one day. Although the battle was a grand and awful affair yet it did not impress my mind as the march of 15 days which preceded it. In writing home the soldiers and correspondents are all taken up with the fight, and forget the scenes of the march which as well as the battle had its sights of interest.

After the fighting at Culpepper our boys complained that they were left out at each battle and pretended a great distaste for the inactivities of a garrison life. They made many boasts of their warlike wishes and uttered the most direful threats, all of which they proposed to put into execution at the first opportunity. But they were suddenly startled one Saturday evening by an order to throw away their knapsacks and fill their haversacks with 3 days rations and prepare to march at 7 o'clock that night. As the sun sank, throwing the red light of sunset over the tented hills, our regiment filed slowly out of Camp Seward, and the men bidding goodbye to its comforts and jolly reminiscences turned their faces towards the blue rolling lands of Maryland. We crossed the Potomac at Georgetown and then marched along the highway towards the Harpers Ferry country. It was a beautiful night and the moving army gave rise to many scenes, grand and picturesque. It was the time of the full moon and her light fell beautifully on the army which was fast being swelled by reinforcements. At the summit of each hill could be seen a splendid sight. The road was densely packed with the dark moving masses of the sold-

iers while the moonlight fell in beautiful reflections on the restless shifting mass of glittering gun barrels. For hours the different regiments and brigades moved by, marching on with "laugh and song and ringing shout". Now and then above the hum of their voices could be heard a few men singing some popular army song. Their comrades catch up the tune and so it passes along and soon you can hear the hills echo as the night air is stirred by the rushing sounds of the tumultuous chorus. But the night wears on and the men soon grow quiet and are contented to plod wearily on and let the singing go. A few however now and then burst out in some little snatch of an old song but finding none of their comrades musically disposed they too relapse into the patient plodding step for the band have long since ceased playing and the colonels give the order "Rout step. Arms at will". The men now carry their muskets in whatever way they find the easiest and instead of keeping time, they merely follow along with uncertain and weary steps. The night wears on and the officers looking at their watches find that Sunday has come. One o'clock A. M. Silently the vast army moves on with no sound save shuffling of the many dusty feet and the dull rumbling of the artillery wagons. The men are very taciturn and even Charlie Golden has ceased his Irish jokes and Tipperary witticisms. Two o'clock. Men begin to lag, one calls out "Captain how long before they let us rest". "Can't say" replies that officer "stick to it and we'll have a halt soon." Before long the order comes "Halt, Rest". The men lie down in the road. A few less tired go to the roadside and lie on the grass. Lieut. Charlie who had just put on a pair of new boots and who had been on picket duty all day before the march comes limping along and lies down by my side. We lay ten minutes and then comes the order "Attention Battalion" "Forward March". Silently the weary and sleepy men fall into line

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The American Medical Association is a non-profit corporation organized for the purpose of promoting the interests of the medical profession and the public. It was founded in 1847 and has since that time been the leading organization of the medical profession in the United States. The Association's primary concern is the advancement of the medical profession and the improvement of the medical service to the public. It does this by publishing the Journal of the American Medical Association, which is one of the most important medical journals in the world. The Journal is published weekly and contains the latest news and information in the field of medicine. It is read by thousands of physicians and medical students throughout the United States and abroad. The Association also publishes a number of other publications, including the American Medical Journal, the American Medical Review, and the American Medical News. These publications are also widely read and are considered essential reading for all physicians and medical students. In addition to its publications, the Association is also active in many other ways. It holds annual meetings and conferences, and it is constantly engaged in efforts to improve the medical service to the public. It is also active in the field of medical education and research. The Association's efforts have been instrumental in the development of the medical profession and the improvement of the medical service to the public. It is a proud member of the American Medical Association and is committed to its principles and its work.

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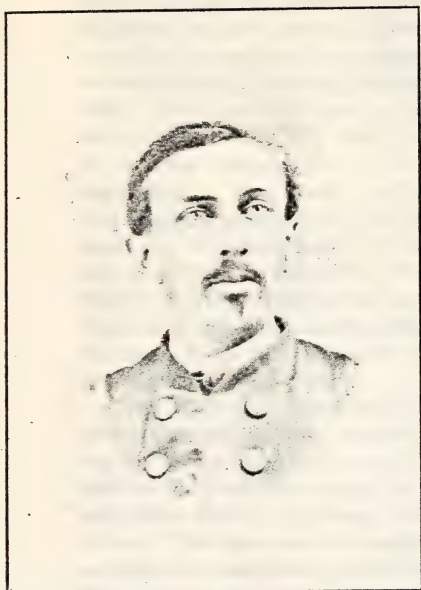
and on we move. Charlie limps along vowing vengeance on old Ben Farwell for making his boots so tight. So we go on and the moonlight disappears as the glowing of the eastern sky tells of the coming day. We soon halt for breakfast. Then on again. The church bells were ringing in the villages of the north, and many a soldier's thoughts turned towards the quiet home he had left. Still on, and as the bells were ringing for evening service at the little village of Rockville the 107th camped on a neighboring hill. Too tired to cook supper the men lay down for sleep and soon the falling night dew kissed good night upon their cheeks while the thick white fog of the Potomac crept softly up the hill and spread itself as a sheet over the sleeping regiment. But we don't sleep long, for soon, at midnight, the long roll sounds through the camp. Its first strokes are heard by the officers who hastily buckle on their swordbelts. Then we go through the sleeping crowd and urge the soldiers on their feet again. The enemy are reported but a few miles distant. Another weary march. The enemy retreat and so on for 15 days till we finally met them and fought the battles of Boonesboro, South Mountain, and finally the desperate but final contest of Antietam.

During the march we suffered much from the suffocating clouds of dust. We suffered from thirst and the men drank water in which you would not wash your hands. We had to march with nothing to eat only as we could get it by plundering and foraging through the country. I don't mean to say that I robbed hen roosts, but there were times when faint with hunger I made no inquiry as to where my boys got the fowls or beef and mutton which they used to bring in at midnight and the best pieces of which were always nicely cooked and saved by the men for "Our Captain". However Uncle Sam pays the farmers of Maryland for all the soldiers took during the march and so our consciences are free after all. I think if

I ever commit suicide I won't do it by starvation as the lovers in the theatre do. It is a very unpleasant sensation to be hungry, real hungry I mean. There were many times when Charlie and I would have run a mile for the crust which at home you were throwing away. It was a hard thing on the march to see men drop down in the road senseless. Two men in a New Jersey regt died that way. The sun at times shone with intense heat. The sweat ran in streams from our faces. One by one the men fell out and were carried into the hospitals which began to line the road through which the army marched. If I had not been a man I would have cried as I watched some boys in my company. They were too proud spirited to own that they were tired out and would keep up as long as they could but now and then one would reel blindly forward and fall senseless in the road. Covered with sweat and dust, the man would be dragged to the side of the road, a comrade left with him and on we go. When night came if we were allowed to halt we lay down anywhere merely waiting to stack our arms.

On Sunday the 13th we came up with the enemy. We were stationed in the reserve and from a side hill which overlooked the beautiful valley of the Monocacy we watched the white smoke as it rose in puffs from the batteries which were booming in the lowlands below us. The fight resulted in our favor. The Rebs retired and on again we pushed after them. At the Monocacy the bridge was burned and so we waded, the men splashing through, endeavoring to keep their cartridges above water.

There was another fight at South Mountain and we marched that day through roads and fields strewn with the corpse of the enemy. They lay by the road sides and stone walls, their faces turned up toward the glaring sun. In an old barn by the road I saw two human arms lying on an old table while a hand



Capt. William Freeman Fox.

and foot lay in the manger. The table had evidently been used by the rebel surgeons for an operating table.

Tuesday night before the battle was a rainy and disagreeable one. A cold rain chilled us and threw a gloom over our spirits already sober at the prospect of the bloody scenes which we knew awaited the daylight. We lay upon our arms while but a short distance lay the southern regiments who were to confront us in the morning. I was so tired that I fell asleep and did not awake until the jarring sound of cannon roused me. It was daybreak and our regiment was just forming. Soon we ourselves marched into the storm of death. Gen. Mansfield rode up and rallied our brigade. He ordered an advance. It was his last order. A rifle cracked in the woods towards which we were charging and the old grey headed veteran of many wars fell from his horse. But our own danger claimed our attention. A horrid shriek, a cry wrung from brave men, sounded from my left. It could be

heard above the roaring of the artillery and the incessant rolling of the musketry. I looked and a gap in our lines showed where a shell had torn through our ranks, killing and tearing the limbs and bodies of the men. That told the first death in the 107th. Coolly and calmly the men closed up the space and on. Soon my men began to fall. A shell burst in the centre of our banner. Jesse Lewis of my Co. carries it and although bruised and hurt by the shell he still waves it and presses on knowing well that the whole regiment is watching the flag. We finally are halted and marched to the support of a battery, which position we took and held, and that too after 4 regts. of old troops had run away from that place. We were afterwards publicly thanked by Brig. Gen. Gordon for our services during the fight.

My Co. suffered but slightly though we had many narrow escapes. Three horses were killed while standing in one company. Theodore Conner and Wilson Woodruff distinguished themselves in my company for coolness and courage. In the middle of the fight I called out to Sergeant Cowley and asked him how he liked it "Och murther captain" said Mike, "I would rather be sittin in your father's kitchen a talkin wid Mary, that I wud". But Mike never flinched and showed himself a bully boy. Three days later I went over the field. The dead men were yet unburied and lay in piles where our artillery had mown them down. It was a touching sight to see the soldiers of the different regiments burying the bodies of their dead comrades. A hasty trench not over two feet deep was all the grave that they could give them. Tenderly they would pick up some body and carry it to its little but final resting place. The cartridge box of the dead soldier is laid in the head of the grave as a pillow and the dead mans blanket forms his shroud. With a rough tenderness they shovel in the hard gravelly soil upon the upturned face of the soldier and then with comment and remarks upon

his life or fate the grave is soon filled. A piece of board is driven in the ground for a head stone and some friend paints in rude lettering the name and regt of the dead. Now and then some grave, larger and more carefully dug with a rude box by its side, denotes the burial place of some officer. The enemy are buried in long trenches 50 and often a 100 in a hole together. Our dead men were robbed as they were lying on the field. The pockets were invariably turned inside out. There were many sad and touching scenes after the battle at the different places where the wounded men were brought.

The night after the battle I slept in a barn which was used as a hospital. During the night some of the men died. They died too with no one to speak to them or help them, died in the dark, at night, in a barn. The barn was full but there were no lights and amid the groans of so many wounded no one heeded nor saw the dying men whose lives slowly ebbed away, but in the morning as the surgeon walked around among the sufferers, now and then he would stop and shake his head as he saw the bodies before him of some who no longer needed his help.

We are soon to have another big battle in Western Virginia whither the rebels have retreated. In fact the war has only just begun. The tremendous accessions which both sides are receiving will produce a war more desperate and bloody than any previous. I have long since given up all hopes of ever returning. If a soldier does his duty and stands right up to the flag he cannot long escape unhurt from the showers of death which fall like whirlwinds as the fight goes on. Yet there will be many who will return.

If you ever get married you must pick out a soldier. They would make capital husbands. They never grumble, because they take anything just as it comes. They would not find fault with the kitchen arrangements but would dine uncomplainingly on hard biscuit and water, being

used to that for three years. If the steaks were not just right they would not notice it as the only way they have of cooking is to put a piece of raw meat on a sharp stick and hold it in the blaze till it is burned black when they pronounce it done. The washing and ironing would always suit as they have washed their own shirts in little creeks too often and put them on wet at that as they only had one shirt or also sat in the sun till the garment was dry. And moreover they would stick to their home. Three years absence teaches them to appreciate its privileges. Besides soldiers are always such easy good natured fellows that the women can manage them as they please while at the same time they could rely upon their fighting proclivities for protection. Better wait and catch a soldier if you can. No matter if you are not good looking. A long absence from the market renders them green in that business and they will grab eagerly for the first young lady who presents herself. Better cut the home guards.

When some of the home guards come around with their invitations to moonlight walks and ice creams etc. please recollect the lads nestled side by side sleeping among the cold mountain tops of the Blue Ridge tired and hungry without even the sound of a woman's voice to take off the rough edges of their hard life. When you are in Corinthian Hall some time amidst the gay pleasures of society think of the soldiers who are perhaps, no matter how late, tramping wearily, sleepily over mountain roads with perhaps the prospect of battle and death before them for the morrow. When you sit down to tables covered with white cloths and tempting food think of the men who are sitting under a tree on some Virginia plain or hill chewing with a solemn expression of countenance the "hard tack" and drinking from their tin cups the black and bitter coffee furnished by Uncle Sam, glad enough too for that however poor it may be.



Vol IV.

MAY 1, 1915

No. 3

Fox, Chesebrough, Stanton Genealogy.

16 English, 8 American Generations.

by *Rev. Dr. William A. Stanton.*

(Author of the "Stanton Family")

Sir Bryan (1) de Stanton, lived in 6th year of Edward the Confessor, 1048 A. D. m. dau. of Theobald Chawser.

Sir Theobald (2) Stanton, Lord of Stanton, Nottingham Co. Eng. m. dau. of Sir John Gifford.

Sir Malgerus (3) Stanton, Lord of Stanton, m. dau. of Thomas Fitz Allen.

Sir Galfridus (4) Stanton, m. Beatrix dau. of Lord de Albini of Belvoir Castle.

Sir William (5) Stanton, m. Athelin Whitworth.

Sir Henry (6) Stanton, m. dau. of Sir George Rochford.

Sir Geoffrey (7) Stanton, m. Alice dau. of Lord de Ross, ancestor of the Earls and Dukes of Rutland.

Sir William (8) Stanton, m. Isabel, dau. of Sir Ralph Chaworth.

Sir William (9) Stanton, m. Joan, dau. of Lord D'Eyncourte.

A generation (10) here name unknown.

Sir Thomas (11) Stanton of Stanton, who moved to Longbridge, Warwick Co., about 1450 A. D. and founded the still existent Stanton Hall & Manor at the southern edge of Warwick City, on the road to Stratford-on-Avon.

Sir John (12) Stanton of Longbridge, m. Matilda....., about 1493.

Sir Thomas (13) Stanton, m. (?)

Sir John (14) Stanton, m. Elizabeth Townsend of Wales.

Thomas (15) (younger son) m. Maria Pudsey about 1574 bought manor of Wolverton about three miles west of Warwick city, became lord of manor &

patron of parish of Wolverton.

Thomas (16) Stanton, Knight of Wolverton; m. Katherine, dau. of Walter Washington of Radway, Warwick Co., third son of Robert Washington who was first son of Lawrence Washington, Lord of Sulgrave Manor and ancestor of George Washington of America (see p. 2.)

AMERICAN LINE

Thomas (1) Stanton, b. 1616 in Wolverton, came to Virginia in 1635, thence to Boston, Hartford, and Stonington in 1657, m. Ann, dau. of Thomas Lord, M. D. (1) of Hartford; had eleven children, the eldest Thomas (2) the seventh Dorothy (2)

Thomas (2) Stanton, b. 1638 in Hartford; m. Sarah Denison of Stonington, lived there.

Sarah (3) Stanton, b. 1674 in Stonington; m. Nathaniel Chesebrough of Stonington.

Nathan (4) Chesebrough b. 1707 in Stonington; m. Bridget (4) Noyes (James (3) Rev. James who m. Dorothy (2) dau of Thomas (1) Stanton) sister to Sarah (4) Noyes,

Peleg (5) Chesebrough, b. 1736-7 in Stonington; m. Rebecca (5) dau. Rev. Jonathan Barber and the above Sarah (4) Noyes, g. dau. of Dorothy (2) Stanton.

Maria (6) Chesebrough, b. 1788 in Stonington; m. Alanson (6) Fox (Jehiel (5) Daniel, (4) Isaac, (3) Samuel, (2) Thomas (1) Fox.)

Betsy (6) Chesebrough, b. 1777 in Stonington; m. Wm. Freeman, had 2 sons & 1 dau.

Jane DeHart (7) Freeman, b. 1831, m. Rev. Norman (6) Fox, bro. to the above Alanson. (6) Hence all descendants of Norman (6) and Alanson (6) are descendants Thomas (1) Stanton through

his son Thomas (2) and his daughter Dorothy (2) who m. Rev. James Noyes. They add at least three generations to the above.

"It is of interest to know that through the above mentioned ancestress Maria Pudsey, a direct line is traced through 7 Pudseys, 1 Hamerton, 5 Tempests, 11 Talbots (Earls of Shrewsbury) to Edith de Warrenne dau. of Gundred who was the dau. of William the Conqueror and Matilda his Queen. This shows a direct line of 36 generations from the great grand children of Norman and Alanson Fox back to William the Conqueror and Queen Matilda. Of course all of their ancestors are ours. History makes it possible to continue back to Pepin le Vieux, the founder of the Carolingian line, who died in 639 A. D. Since he was then "the old" it is certain that he was born near or before 550 A. D. I have been unable to learn his parentage but nearly 1400 years of ancestry (equivalent to 41 generations) will satisfy most folk in America.

The line between Pepin le Vieux and Matilda includes a long line of counts of Flanders (named Baldwin and Arnolph) the first count (or earl) was Baldwin I who married Judith the widow of Aethelwulf, King of Wessex, and the mother of King Alfred. She was daughter of Charles the Bald whose ancestry is Louis I, Charlemagne, Pepin le Bref, Charles Martel, Pepin le Gros, Pepin le Vieux.

One other item and I am done. Thomas Stanton was son of Katherine Washington and grandson of Walter Washington who was third son of Robert. Robert's ancestors are as follows, Lawrence, John, Robert, John. Robert's eldest son was grandfather to John who came to Virginia in 1657 and said John was in turn the grandfather to George Washington. Thomas Stanton and John Washington, both of whom came to America, were second cousins. All descendants of Thomas Stanton in the eighth generation are fifth cousins four generations removed in relationship to George Washington. Sulgrave Manor House was purchased this winter by the English

committee on "A Centennial of Peace between England and the United States" and henceforth will be a mecca for American tourists."

In a letter to the editor, Rev. Mr. Stanton writes that the above communication "Contains but little biography of the conventional type, but much of the genealogical. I spent several hours making the connecting links with the Fox Family. This is shown in no published matter that I ever saw and adds a new write up of the connection between Thomas Stanton and two sons of Jehiel Fox and their descendants. In working this out I have been impressed by intermarriages, that families such as Averys, Rogers, Lesters, Starks, Palmers, Dennisons (all of Stonington and New London) will offer possibilities to you such as Chesebroughs and Stantons have shown."

From The Archives.

Bivouac 107th Regt N. Y. V.
Jan. 30, 1863.

Dr Father & Mother

We broke camp at Stafford C. H. on Tuesday and marched 6 miles to Hoak's Landing a place on Aquia bay where the store and Quartermaster boats land supplies for Sigel's grand Corps l'armee. The road was so muddy that our regt marched in single file in a foot path which happened to have been laid through the woods. We are the only regt here. We are camped on the shore of the inlet where the "Frances Page" lay concealed last year. We came here to lay corduroy roads. We have a job on hand which will take us a week by which time we expect to corduroy ourselves back to our brigade. It is a very muggy, nasty, job. The weather is quite severe, what you at the North call "tejus". We wouldn't care if we only had a good place to go to when we quit work at night. As it is we crawl into our shelter tents which are about 3½ ft. high and pitched in the snow at that. Neither do we get the warm fire and good supper which a man wants after a cold days work. Instead, we eat some pork and dry brd and then go to bed with our wet boots on.

FOX FAMILY NEWS.

The recognized organ of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox. Published every two months. Editor, Howard Fox, 616 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription \$1.00 per year.

We have five inches snow on the ground and nothing but second growth green pine to make a fire with.

Our regt has not seen much fighting but we have seen service. I was on the Peninsula and at the Chickahominy and saw what it was then. I think we have it worse as the Peninsula campaign was carried on in a better season of the year.

Sleeping in storms of snow and rain with only one blanket over us is telling fast upon the health of the regt. Charlie and Irving are fat as bucks and merry as a terrier pup. I don't feel as well myself, but in case of any trouble with my health I shall take a trip to Washington.

Yours affectionately,

William

Japanese Letters.

Gertrude has kindly given us some samples of letters written by her pupils when she was teaching at the Peeress's School in Tokio, Japan. She writes as follows:—

There is difficulty in knowing how to address anyone in English. I have been called by different young men "Dear Sir MacArthur" and "Dear Maquarsee" the latter being the English equivalent of the Japanese form. A young Japanese used to write to me often and ask all kinds of questions. One letter ends apologetically. "I hope you sincerely to give me the answer at your earliest convenience, though I believe it will be a great trouble to you as I am sure you are busily engaging." What a vast difference between being engaged, being busy and being engaging, but how very difficult to explain.

The last letter I give was written on a postcard by a Japanese who had been entertained at dinner the Sunday before. It shows the dangers of the idiom book and the dictionary.

"Dear Sir. I have the honor to inform



Emma Freeman Fox 1836-1901

you that the last Sunday was the most pleasant day when I was favored by you the happiness of enjoying the divine litany in the forenoon while the afternoon seemed almost as if a windfall, for during the occasion you deigned to condescend a sort of social dinner by which you showed explicitly the fulness of benign cosy suave heart! I can make neither head nor tail about the cordial hospitality you vouchsafed to extend so far to me, in the very consequence of the swoon of exhilarating ecstasy generated amidst that function. It may then be surmised that I took twin meals a day, the one, esquisite dinner or fleshly diet, the other spiritual banquet or immaterial entertainment. I go so far as to assert that this course of events nicked upon my mind as an indelible impression which shall not be worn out or stamped out if I shall have come to pay my debt to nature. Please forgive my inexcusable effrontery to express my heartfelt thanks for your inundating kindness by means of such a gruff billet as would invariably cast my impudent act in your teeth. I beg in the end you would on my behalf give my good-humoredly compliments to the rest of your family."

Family News.

Alice expects to spend the summer at Manchester, Vt.

Lost:—Eight pounds by Mrs. Trowbridge, of Port Washington. No reward offered.

At the last rifle practice of Squadron A at Peekskill, Noel made the highest score in his troop.

Ethel writes that she has been elected National Vice-President of her musical sorority, Sigma Alpha Iota.

Gertrude, Cousin Marie Wait, Helen and Uncle George have lately visited Adaline and Harry at Pittsfield.

Gertrude has gone to Los Angeles to attend a meeting of the Y. W. C. A. While in California she will visit one of her cousins.

At the recent intertroop horsemanship competition of Squadron A, Alan was one of the four members of his troop team which won second place.

Uncle George recently read a paper before the State Medical Society at Buffalo. He also visited Mrs. Eugene H. Satterlee (one of our subscribers) at Pittsford, N. Y.

Edgar is a member of the Harvard Legal Aid Bureau which gives free legal service to needy persons in Cambridge and Boston. He recently won a case for a poor client.

Alanson recently took a trip in a special train with a party of bankers to inspect the Genesee River Railroad. On his trip he passed through Binghamton, Painted Post and Nunda.

Helen has designed a new toy which consists of building blocks painted like dominoes to teach young children arithmetic. Helen also has a statuette in the woman's exhibition of sculpture at Gorham's.

Alan and Dell, on their wedding trip, visited St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Havana and Panama. At Panama they were entertained by Gen. Goethals who is an old friend of Dell's mother, Mrs. Carrère.

Howard has followed Noel's example in joining patriotic societies. In addition

to being a member of the Society of the War of 1812, he has joined the Loyal Legion, the Sons of the Revolution and the Society of Colonial Wars.

It is suggested that we have another automobile "Hike" in view of the success of the visit to Plattsburg last fall. If you have suggestions to offer about the any particular route we will be glad to publish them in the next issue.

Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Robert left Baltimore on April 26th for Tulsa to spend three weeks with Rob and Nellie. After that they expect to return directly to Suffield, Ct., where they will spend the summer, Uncle Robert preaching as usual at Tremont Temple, Boston.

Here is a recent contribution to zoology by little Mason, describing one of his collection of extraordinary animals. He says "The Guile is an animal that has no head, no arms, no legs, no tail. It's almost nothing. It moves so slowly that it stays half an hour in the same place. It lives under the water because when it comes up on the beach it gets sunburned. It lays its eggs in a nest under the rocks."

In the article on family athletes, we should have mentioned some of the members of the fair sex. Hope Ivins would certainly have been the star athlete of this class. At the Plainfield Seminary she played center on the basket ball team. For two years she won the cup at the Country Club for girls singles in tennis. At Dana Hall she was captain of the junior basket ball team, played on the junior hockey team and played on the base ball team.

NOTICE. The next number of the paper will not appear until the latter part of July, as the editor expects to leave for California on June 9th returning to New York on July 8th.

Harriet Gibbs Fox, wife of Dr. George Henry Fox, died on Friday, March 19th in New York. Funeral services were held at Calvary Baptist Chapel and the interment took place at Ballston Spa, New York.

FOX FAMILY NEWS—SUPPLEMENT

MAY 1, 1915

Harriet Gibbs Fox.

1848-1915

"Aunt Hattie" as she was familiarly and affectionately known in our family circle, after an illness of two and a half years, is gone.

She was born and spent her childhood days in Nunda, N. Y. and was educated at the Collegiate Institute in Rochester, N. Y. She was married at Titusville, Pa. Aug. 29th 1872. her father having moved there from Nunda. During her first year of married life she lived in Paris and London and then made New York her home, spending her summers in recent years at her country residence at Glen Cove, L. I.

She was active in church and philanthropic work, serving as Chairman of the House Committee of the Students Club and on the Board of Managers of the Baptist Home for the Aged. She was one of the founders of the Meridian Club and a member of the Barnard Club. In music, to which she was devoted, her taste and skill afforded great pleasure both to herself and to many others.

At her funeral service at the Calvary Baptist Church, of which she had been a member for forty-two years, the organ was played by Miss Chittenden and two favorite hymns were sung by Mr. Bushnell. Dr. MacArthur said:

"No word can be more appropriate for this friend and sister than that she be called God's beloved. She was our beloved. I have never had a thought of her, not even for a moment, but love. I knew her as a girl in her father's and mother's home, and as a daughter and sister she was beloved. I knew her in the circle of her school life and as a pupil in her school she was beloved by every other pupil and every teacher in that school. I knew her in her married life, as wife and mother, and in every circle she was beloved as few people have ever been. I knew her in this church as a most devoted and consecrated member, and in our Sunday School where she in-



structed the large primary class for many years. I knew her in the circle of student life, and she was beloved by all, as a skillful musician, as a charming hostess and as a friend to all especially to the aged and the needy, she filled a large and loving place in all our hearts."

Obituary notices appeared in several of the New York daily papers, in the *Glen Cove Echo* and in the *Nunda News*. The latter contained letters written by friends who had known her since childhood and from which the following extracts are taken.

"Her presence had a personal atmosphere which made others happier for her presence. It is seldom one can write words like these of anyone. Two years and a half of suffering borne so patiently and then she passed on to the beyond, making this world less bright, because she must go. Memories will remain and her good works, her loving ways her constant deeds of kindness will live on because such perfect characters make a lasting impression." Katherine Bell Lewis.

"Many of the readers of your paper



The American Medical Association is a non-profit corporation organized for the purpose of promoting the science and art of medicine and the health of the people. It is composed of medical practitioners of all branches of medicine, and its objects are to advance the interests of the medical profession and the public health, to disseminate medical knowledge, to promote the education of medical students, and to protect the public against quackery and fraud. The Association is organized into a national body and into state and local branches, and it maintains a journal, the Journal of the American Medical Association, which is published weekly. The Association also maintains a library and a museum, and it holds annual meetings for the purpose of discussing medical questions and promoting the interests of the profession.

The Journal of the American Medical Association is a weekly publication of the American Medical Association, and it is one of the most important and influential medical journals in the world. It contains a large amount of original research, and it is a valuable source of information for medical practitioners and students. The Journal is published in English, and it is distributed to all members of the American Medical Association. The Journal is also available to the public, and it is a valuable source of information for anyone interested in medicine and the health of the people. The Journal is published by the American Medical Association, and it is one of the most important and influential medical journals in the world.

will recall with pleasure her visit to Nunda during "Home Week" some years since, where she was a prominent, if not the central figure in the exercises and festivities of that event, and where with genuine grace and warm affection, she greeted and entertained everyone she knew or their posterity. She never lost her royal affection for the village of her birth, and her interest in its prosperity or its people never weakened." Mary Metcalf Peck.

The following extracts from letters received by her family will furnish a brief word picture of her life and character.

While it was never my privilege to know her, I remember, when Walter was taken from me, what a dear, beautiful letter I received from Aunt Hattie and I have loved her since and felt that I knew her.

Through her I selected what has turned out to be my life work and I always felt it was due her that I should make good. Some part of her spirit lives in me as it does in so many, some part of her power for good lives in all who came under her influence.

We have lost out of sight one of the dearest, sweetest friends we ever owned and the world is changed to us without her here.

My dear, beautiful, faithful friend has gone and I mourn that I shall never see her on this earth again.

She was a wonderful wife and a wonderful mother and no one could be more loyal to a friend than she always was.

Hattie, to me, was a very remarkable woman in her home life and in the outside world. She was such a dear, loving friend and such an example for us all.

She lived a noble, worthy life, always doing for and thinking of others.

She was always so kind, so considerate and so helpful.

I shall always think of her as being so imbued with love and unselfishness that she unconsciously made others happy to be with her.



I have always had for her the warmest feeling of both affection and admiration. But that is the way everyone felt.

Your wife was one of the most beautiful characters that ever lived.

Simple, sincere, generous in thought and deed, unselfish, considerate of and always thinking of others, kind loving and tender.

I always think of Mrs. Fox as being so bright and happy and entering into the joy of everything.

It was a joy to come into her cheerful bright presence.

I shall never forget the kind and loving way she had with everyone.

I think her wonderful spirit of fun, of entering into all our jokes as if she were our own age was one of the sweetest things about her.

One of my pleasantest recollections of those Sunday evenings at 18 East 31st street is your mother's always cordial welcome.

Now she is her own bright self once more, no longer in bondage to her body, but the gay, capable, gifted, generous spirit that we knew in the old days when your home was the center of hospitality and your mother the center of the home.



Vol IV.

JULY 1, 1915

No. 4

Alanson Jehiel Fox

*(A biographical sketch written by his brother
Norman Fox)*

ALANSON JEHIEL FOX the second child and oldest son of Norman and Jane Freeman Fox, was born at Glens Falls, Nov. 7th. 1833. His boyhood was spent in Ballston Spa to which place his father removed in 1838. He attended the district schools of the town, being also for a time in the boarding school kept by the Rev. H. W. Bulkley, two miles south of the village. He also spent a year or so at the Stillwater Academy, but his more complete preparation for college was made at the boarding school in Ballston, kept by the Rev. Deodatus Babcock, D.D. He was proficient in his studies and at the age of sixteen was fully prepared to enter the Junior year in Union College at Schenectady, which he intended to do, but a few days before the opening of the term his father felt compelled to urge upon him that his assistance was needed in business and he reluctantly abandoned his plans for further scholastic training.

After a short clerkship in the store of Henry Chapman in Ballston, he went to Brewer's Mills, a lumbering establishment on the Rideau Canal near Kingston, Canada, owned by Fox & Anglin. In 1853 he went to the Gang Mills of Fox, Weston & Bronson on the Tioga River near Painted Post, Steuben Co., N. Y., the largest lumbering concern in that region. In time he was made a member of the firm and remained there for thirty five years. Becoming engaged with other men in extensive lumbering operations at Manistique in the upper Peninsula of Michigan, the administration of which devolved

largely upon him, he removed in 1888 to Detroit where he spent the remainder of his life.

Though one's career be marked by nothing dramatic, though its record be made up only of the short and simple annals of the discharge of every day duties and affairs, it may be a power for good and one which contains lessons for our meditation. Such was the life whose outlines are given in the foregoing brief paragraphs.

He was a business man of the highest type. He possessed not merely that commercial sagacity which secures an increase of property, but he had that instinctive sense of justice in trade which regards the rights and the interests of both parties to the transaction. He was a successful business man in a higher sense than that of making money for his own firm. He had the ability to devise transactions which would be for the benefit of his customer as well as himself. It may safely be asserted that no one with whom he had dealings ever suspected him of unfairness and one result was that when business was slack elsewhere, his mail was filled with orders, for buyers felt that he would look out for their interests as truly as for his own.

From earliest boyhood he had been thoughtful and conscientious and at Ballston in 1850 he made a profession of religion and was baptized. In the village church at Painted Post he was a leader, the main dependence of its pastor and brethren, and he served also as superintendent of the Sunday School in the school house near the mills. On removing to Detroit he united with the Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, serving as a mem-

ber of its Board of Trustees and as a bible class teacher. In the affairs of the Michigan Baptist State Convention he took an active part and also in the operations of the Baptist brotherhood. He was one of the foremost laymen of the denomination.

He was active also in civic affairs. In any gathering of citizens or any public enterprise he was always a leader. He was interested in the business of the county being a member for several years of the Board of Supervisors and he was at different times urged to accept a nomination for Congress. Though the district was strongly Republican and he was a Democrat it was recognized that he could be elected, for large numbers of Republicans would have voted for him. His business activities however, forbade his acceptance of this office which others were willing to take.

His leadership among the citizens was especially noticeable during the war for the Union. No man in the country did more than he in support of the government in the raising of troops and in looking after the interests of the soldiers in the field. His father had served in the war of 1812, his grandfather in the Revolution and his great grandfather in the Old French War, while of his four brothers one was Lieutenant Colonel and one Major in the 107th N. Y., and of the other two, one was a chaplain and one a private in the 77th N. Y. Though he could not himself take the field he rendered as effective service to the government as if he had himself been enrolled in the army ranks.

Though his formal educational course closed at the age of sixteen he continued habits of thought and study. He was a broad and thoughtful reader, his private library being large and especially well chosen. He wrote often for the press and his articles were always in effective style. He was an interesting and forcible speaker and on the political platform or at a war meeting or before a religious convention his addresses had great weight. He

was a fine specimen of the educated business man. The oft discussed question whether a young man intending to enter commercial life should go through college is not simply the question whether a knowledge of Greek and Latin will help a man manufacture lumber or sell stocks; it recognizes that a man has relations to life outside his business affairs and that in his family circle, in his church and ecclesiastical assemblies, in civic life and in gatherings of his fellow citizens, a trained mind will make him a greater power in life. It was as such that he was called on to take a leading part in the administration of scholastic trusts.

He was a trustee of Vassar College, of the University of Rochester and of Kalamazoo College and was president of the Board of Trustees of the Rochester Theological Seminary.

In 1903 he came to New York to submit to a surgical operation for relief from a trouble from which he had suffered more or less for some time. His physicians considered that no great danger was involved in it but complications set in and after a fortnight of hopes and anxieties he passed away on the evening of October 29th.

At the home of his brother-in-law in New York was held a quiet gathering of his kindred and a very few intimate friends, the service being conducted by Dr. Edward Judson who had been a guest at his home. The more formal services were held in Detroit on Monday Nov. 2nd and were conducted by the Rev. Spencer B. Meeser D. D., pastor of the Woodward Avenue Baptist Church. Addresses were made by Prof. C. R. Henderson, D. D. of the University of Chicago, the pastor for many years of the Woodward Avenue Church, and by President A. H. Strong D. D. of the Rochester Theological Seminary. Borne by four brothers and two nephews he was buried in Woodmere Cemetery where were already laid three of his children; Little Joe who passed away in the beauty of his childhood,

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Julia who was called away just as she attained womanhood and Stuart who in early manhood was suddenly stricken down. There he rests, but though dust returns to dust, the true life never ends.

A word from the author of **The Chesebrough Family**

To the editor of the Fox Family News:-

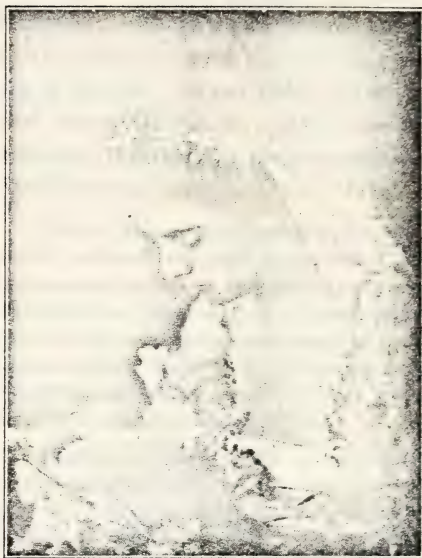
As I am very much interested in your little journal The FOX FAMILY NEWS. I would like to call your attention to the letter from the author of The "Stanton Family" in the May number. The writer states that the connecting link between Thomas Stanton and Katherine (Washington) and the two sons of Jehiel Fox (Alanson and the Rev. Norman) is shown in no published matter that "he has ever seen", so I take this privilege to explain, that the full record from Thomas Stanton down through the children and grandchildren of Alanson and the Rev. Norman Fox, appears not only in the Chesebrough Genealogy published in 1903 but in a preceding publication in 1890, "Daniel Fox and his Descendants" written by your uncle the late Col. William Freeman Fox, of Albany, from which, together with personal letters, the record in the Chesebrough Genealogy was taken.

Anna Chesebrough Wildey.

June 1915.

"The March to Antietam"

In the interesting narrative written by Uncle William of the "March to Antietam" there are one or two points which may have escaped the attention of the reader and are worthy of comment. The reason why the battle did not impress his mind as much as the long march which preceded it was because he was seriously wounded early in the conflict and therefore saw but a portion of it. He commanded the



Dell Carrère Fox

color company of the 107th N.Y.V. and speaks of a shell bursting in the center of the flag but does not mention the fact that this shell burst near his head and placed him hors de combat. He also speaks of sleeping in a barn used as a hospital the night after the battle amid groaning and dying men, but again fails to mention the fact that his being wounded was the reason he slept there.

Many years after the war, while Supt. of State Forests at Albany he took a trip abroad to inspect the renowned forests of Italy and Germany. On the steamer coming home he sat at the table next to a southern gentleman who, hearing him addressed as "Colonel" naturally began a conversation relating to the war. He had commanded a Confederate Battery and dilating upon the achievements said "The finest shooting we ever did was at Antietam. A Yankee Regiment, a thousand strong, marched up on the ridge just opposite us. I ordered my men to aim at the flag and the very first shot struck it." "Yes," quietly remarked Uncle William, "and it nearly killed me."

Gertrude's Trip to California

"My convention duties kept me one week in Los Angeles. (My, the wonder of the jitneys and the cafeteria service.) So there was time for trips to Pasadena where we were entertained at tea and garden parties, and to San Diego, where we found the Exposition all one could wish in quietness and freedom from crowds.

At Berkeley I visited a cousin on the MacArthur side, Edith McKericher Tibbetts, whose husband is a hydraulic engineer, formerly an instructor at the University of California. It was a great rest to get back to Berkeley after busy days in San Francisco or Oakland and to enjoy that view from the hill of the Golden Gate by day, and the lights of the exposition by night, from far across the bay. You must see the Exposition at San Francisco to get an idea of the exquisite beauty of the color and the architecture, of the trees and flowers and lighting.

Go to California if you are getting too sensible or too selfish, too apathetic or too bored. Go to dream and be thrilled, to escape the too conventional, to gain courage and the spirit of adventure. Then come East so glad to see the elms and maples of New England and to find the buttercup even more attractive than the daring yellow poppy of the California fields".

Family News.

Cousin Marie Wait is making a visit at Glen Cove.

Alan and Dell have taken an apartment at 9 East 10th Street.

Carrie and Louise visited Ada and Walter at Lake Bomoseen and Alice at Manchester.

Uncle Robert has resigned his position as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Baltimore, Md.

Alanson attended his Quindecennial Reunion in New Haven, where he saw his roommate, Mr. Lyman Hedge, who is now managing editor of the *Burlington Hawkeye*. Mr. Hedge made a short visit at Glen Cove before the reunion,

Mason has been appointed Assistant Professor in the Yale Law School, where he will teach corporation law, torts, and the law of persons. He and Helen will go to New Haven in October. They are at present at Big Moose in the Adirondacks. The children are visiting at Glen Cove.

Uncle George, Noel and Alanson recently attended the 50th Anniversary of the mustering out of the 77th New York Volunteers at Saratoga. At Albany they met Adaline and Harry and motored with them through Ballston to Saratoga and Pittsfield, returning to New York with George Clapp on the night boat.

Howard is now ready to prove by numerous photographs that his recent trip to California with his friend, Dr. George M. MacKee, was a great success. The excuse for his vacation was the meeting in San Francisco of the American Medical Association, where he had the honor of acting as Chairman of the Dermatological Section. On the way to California four days were spent in the Canadian Rockies and on the way home, five days in Glacier National Park, Montana, a good part of the time being spent in the saddle. The fair was delightful but best of all was a days visit with Stuart and Howard Freeman, who by the way had not seen each other for two months. Stuart is now in San Francisco and couldn't be hired to live again in the East. Howard Freeman is at Bay Point, with the "other Swedes". At Portland, Oregon, Howard and his friend were also most hospitably entertained by Mr. George Trowbridge, Mason's older brother, who is the editor-in-chief of the *Oregon Journal* and a prominent citizen of his adopted city. Like Stuart he could not be induced to live anywhere but in the West. If you are too lazy to "see America first," which ought to be done from the back of a pony, at least go to California and see the fair and best of all "Buck" and "Dukes" Freeman.



Vol. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 5

The Foxes of East Haddam, Conn.

By Gen. Simeon M. Fox

Nearly thirty years ago the late Mr. D. Williams Patterson—the genealogist who made the families of East Haddam, Conn., a patient study for more than forty years—wrote to me in relation to the several Fox families of Millington Parish in East Haddam, as follows:

"The fact is, some of the Foxes were poor, and some were careless, and the omission to record a single household makes it impossible to trace them, when no property was left to distribute."

I discovered later that poverty was not especially the condition of any of these Fox families, but that the most of the sons of the first settlers in East Haddam, and some of these first settlers themselves, removed to other places—the sons before they had acquired land—and so left no record. The parents were certainly careless in not having the births of their children recorded—or perhaps the records were lost—and their children were not baptized, unless in a few sporadic cases in the right of the mother, for the fathers were not likely to have been of the established church; as their fathers before them had adopted the Rogerene, or the Baptist faith.

It was some years later that Colonel William F. Fox of Albany wrote to me for possible information that I might have that would help him to identify the parentage of his ancestor, Daniel Fox of East Haddam. I had just been highly successful in working out my own line of Ebenezer Fox of East Haddam, and became highly interested with Colonel Fox

in his search. It took many years to accomplish a satisfactory result, but at last it was proved beyond doubt that the line of Daniel Fox of East Haddam was as follows:

Thomas (1) Fox, dwelt in Concord, Mass., died April 14, 1658. Hannah (2) Brooks (second wife), dau. of Henry Brooks of Woburn, Mass. Mar. Dec. 13, 1647. Mar. (2) Andrew (1) Lester of New London, Conn.

Samuel (2) Fox. Born, Concord, Mass., 1651. Died at New London, Conn., Sept. 14, 1727. Johanna (Way?) (second wife.) Prob. dau. George Way of Providence, R. I. Mar. in 1685; died Oct. 1689.

Isaac (3) Fox. Born about 1636; died in Rhode Island, 1754. Mary Jones; dau. Thomas and Catherine (Gamble) Jones. Mar. Feb. 28, 1705/6; died in Colchester, Conn. about 1730.

Daniel (4) Fox. Born in Colchester in 1723; died in West Stockbridge Mass., July 28, 1801 "in the 79th year of his age." Hannah (4) Burr (first wife) Mar. Oct. 10, 1747. Elizabeth (4) Gates (second wife.) Mar. Nov. 12, 1761.

It would take many pages to follow out the line of proof that led to the identification of Isaac (3) Fox as the father of Daniel (4) Fox as above. The fact was long ago deemed probable, but the proof was lacking until, beginning at Concord, every descendant of Thomas (1) Fox was followed down and eliminated as a possibility.

The printed herd books, yclept "Genealogies" that occupy the final pages of various town histories, were early found—at least as far as any of the Fox families were concerned—to be a mass of un-

fortunate guesses; so full of blunders that they were worthless as authorities; therefore these books were ignored, and only the original records were considered. The search extended to many towns and it all took time and patience, and the satisfaction at the results obtained can be measured accordingly.

As to the East Haddam Foxes, the facts obtained prove this conclusion; Ebenezer (3) Fox, who settled in East Haddam soon after 1730, was the son of Isaac (2) Fox, the youngest son of Thomas (1) Fox of Concord, Mass.; all other Foxes of East Haddam, other than the descendants of said Ebenezer, were descendants of Isaac (3) Fox of New London and Colchester, the son of Samuel (2) Fox of New London.

This search among the records gradually developed the history of this family of Foxes and explained their coming to New London, and resulted in a history quite different from the meagre suggestions of Miss Caulkins in her "History of New London," or Mr. Henry Baker in his "History of Montville" (formerly the "North Parish of New London.") Hannah (or Anna) the second wife of Thomas (1) Fox of Concord, Mass., was the daughter of Henry (1) Brooks of Concord and Woburn, Mass. After the death of Thomas Fox, April 14, 1658, his widow in 1661 married, as his third wife, Andrew (1) Lester of New London, and presumably brought her children with her to New London—the eldest 13, and the youngest, 4 years old. Hannah, the eldest child, in 1668 married her step-brother, Daniel (2) Lester. Samuel, the second son, married March 30, 1675/6, his step-sister, Mary Lester. John, the next younger son, married at New London, June 28, 1678, Sarah Larrabee. Thomas (2) Fox, the eldest son (I am considering only the children of the second wife, Hannah Brooks) was mentioned in the New London records in 1663; thereafter he disappears—whether he died young, or went

elsewhere, is still a problem—but he affects no further the history of the Foxes in New London. David and Isaac, the two youngest sons, when they became of suitable age to be apprenticed, were probably sent back to Brooks' relatives in Massachusetts. David married, and probably died in Massachusetts—his history is meagre. Isaac lived with his uncle Timothy (2) Brooks in Billerica, Mass.; he married there on July 18, 1678, Abigail Osborn, and settled at Medford, Mass., where his children were born and recorded. In 1698 he came down to New London with his family, and bought land near his two brothers, and his sister's husband, Daniel (2) Lester, who all dwelt in the same neighborhood, a few miles south of New London village, in what was known as the "General Neck"—in the vicinity of Fort Hill. Isaac's family consisted of his wife and six children; sons, Isaac, John, Samuel, Ebenezer and Thomas, and a daughter Abigail. Mr. Henry Baker, who attempted a Fox genealogy in his Montville history, was ignorant of the coming of this Isaac (2) Fox, and in attempting to account for the above children of Isaac, as the children of Samuel and John (2) Fox, one can understand how serious the mix-up he started out with, and how worthless as a consequence his Fox family history became. Unfortunately these were not nearly all the errors he made; his history cannot at all be relied upon, and had better be entirely ignored.

The sons of Isaac (2) Fox all left records and their children have been traced, and Daniel Fox of East Haddam—born about 1723—could by no possibility be one of them. John (2) Fox left but one son, Benjamin, who left male posterity. He says in a deed to said son Benjamin dated 1718, that he was "my only child which it hath pleased God to continue in the land of the living." Benjamin had a son Daniel; but this Daniel was not born before 1734—and besides he

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is accounted for otherwise.

Samuel (2) Fox alone remains as the possible grandfather of Daniel Fox of East Haddam. That Daniel Fox was of the New London Fox family is made evident from the statement made by his youngest son, Gabriel Ely Fox in 1844, and recorded by the Rev. Norman Fox, which has been fortunately preserved; Norman Fox also left a memorandum of similar data acquired from one Henry Williams—evidently of one of the East Haddam William's families—confirming, and according exactly with the statement of Gabriel Ely Fox. In brief, these statements say that the "Foxes located in New London, Ct.;" that "Daniel Fox had two brothers, Isaac and John;" that "Oliver, Ezekiel and Ebenezer Fox were nephews of Daniel Fox." This memorandum of relationship to the other East Haddam Foxes is the vital piece of evidence that proves Daniel Fox to be the son of Isaac (3) Fox, and not of Isaac's younger brother Benjamin.

Samuel (2) Fox, of New London, served with the Connecticut troops in the Great Swamp Fight in 1675. March 30, 1676, he married his step-sister, Mary (2) Lester. Samuel, his eldest son, was born of her, April 24, 1681. The wife Mary died, and about 1685 he had married a second wife, Johanna. Circumstantial evidence is strong that she was Joanna Way, the daughter of George Way of Providence, R. I., yet the absolute proof is lacking. By wife Joanna he had two sons, Isaac, born about 1686, and Benjamin, born in fall of 1688. Wife Joanna died in the epidemic, Oct. 1689. He married, third, in 1690, Bathshua, the daugh-

ter of James (1) Rogers, and—at time of marriage—the widow of Richard Smith. They had one son born about 1691, which they named Samuel, although his half-brother Samuel—ten years older—was living. The two sons Samuel, brought up in the same household grew to man's estate, and were distinguished as "Samuel Fox the elder" and Samuel Fox the younger—the latter sometimes called "Samuel Fox, 2nd." Both of these sons, Samuel, left records of their children. Samuel the younger, did have a son Daniel, born about 1720, but he died March 8, 1725. Samuel, the elder, had but two sons, Samuel and Ezekiel. The parentage of Daniel Fox of East Haddam is therefore narrowed down to the two sons of the wife Joanna, Isaac and Benjamin. Both of these sons dwelt for a considerable period in Colchester, down in the southern part then known as Paugwonk, now called Salem. Their farms lay not far from the east line of East Haddam, and the homes of the subsequent Fox families of Millington Parish, East Haddam, were located south and east of Millington Green, in a region to this day called "Foxtown." It was but the natural reaching out of the subsequent generation for available land. The family history of Benjamin (3) Fox, the son of Samuel, is somewhat obscure, neither his wife, nor any of his children have received mention in any of the existing records in Colchester or New London. However, it is found that he married in New Haven, April 13, 1710, Azubah Tuttle, that until after 1730 he dwelt in Colchester; that after that date he removed to New Haven, and a few years after drops into obscurity. Three or four of his children are practically identified in New Haven county; and probably he left two or three sons behind in Lyme when he removed to New Haven. Much uncertainty exists, and as far as his history is known, he might have been the father of Daniel Fox of East Haddam, born about 1723. However, we

have been able to trace the history of the elder brother Isaac to a more definite issue. By various records we know that Samuel, Isaac, Thomas, John and Gershom Fox of East Haddam were the sons of Isaac, and that Gideon Fox of Colchester, and Jedediah Fox of Bozrah were also his sons. The fortunate genealogical memoranda left by Norman Fox, after careful analysis, proves Daniel Fox of East Haddam to have been another, and probably the youngest son, of Isaac (3) Fox, the son of Samuel.

A more precise history of Isaac (3) Fox had better be given in more extended form in a separate article.

Family News.

Ethel is making a two weeks visit at Iris Pond.

Mrs. Eugene Satterlee, Miss Mildred Satterlee and Hope Ivins recently visited the Glen Cove Foxes.

Mrs. Dr. Samuel McCullagh (a subscriber) says that next to Puck and Judge she enjoys reading the "Family News" column of our paper.

Uncle George, Howard and Alanson recently motored to Hightstown spending the week-end at "Orchardeaves" with their hospitable cousins Marie and Louise Wait.

Howard has been appointed Clinical Professor of Dermatology at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. He has been elected Vice-President of the American Dermatological Association and President of the New York Dermatological Society.

In "The Hoosac Valley" by Grace Greylock Niles (Putnam's 1912) we find stated that the manufacture of linseed oil from flax seed was begun at Falls Quequick, N. Y. by Jehiel Fox, who ran a mill there in 1784. Falls Quequick hamlet was incorporated in 1827 as the village of Hoosic Falls.



OLD FAMILY PORTRAITS

Maria Chesebrough Fox

1788-1874

*(Reproduction of a portrait in the possession of
Mrs. DeWitt C. Ivins)*

Military Notes.

Alan has resigned from Squadron A.

Clinton has joined the Plainfield Platoon of Troop D. of the 1st Squadron of New Jersey Cavalry.

Howard spent a week at Tobyhanna attending the camp of instruction for medical officers.

Uncle George has been re-elected Surgeon of the George Washington Post, No. 103, G. A. R. His rank is that of Major.

At the recent maneuvers at Fishkill Plains, Noel and Alanson were present as members of Squadron A. and Kenneth as a member of the 7th Regiment.

Not satisfied with his outing at Fishkill, Noel is also taking part in the Business Men's Encampment at Plattsburg, where he is serving as quartermaster sergeant in the machine gun motor company.



Vol. IV

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 6

Speech at Military Banquet.

By Lieut. George Henry Fox,
M. R. C., U. S. A.

(At a recent dinner given to Surgeon General Gorgas, by the Association of the Medical Reserve Corps, New York State Division. Reprinted in part from the MILITARY SURGEON Aug 1915)

I am sorry that I cannot regale you with any thrilling experiences or blood curdling adventures in my military career without drawing too largely on my imagination.

As a matter of fact I saw more real war before I enlisted than after. As a boy of sixteen I went down to Washington to see a wounded brother. I found him in the Armory Square Hospital with an elderly gray-bearded man seated by his cot and reading to him. I learned afterward that this man was the famous American, "the good gray poet," Walt Whitman. While in Washington I secured a pass to the front, where I had two other brothers, and lost no time in utilizing it. I remember finding with some difficulty late one evening the camp of the 107th N. Y. Regt., in which was another brother, on the Rappahannock, just above Kelly's Ford, and on going out on the picket line early the next morning, where I got my first view of Confederate soldiers. They were quietly cooking their coffee along a patch of woods on the opposite side of the river, just beyond musket range. I remember the next day seeing a squad of hungry North Carolina cavalymen wade across the river and surrender in the hope

of a good square meal. In a few days the Confederate artillery took position on the other side of the river, and my brother, thinking that my presence might be more embarrassing than helpful to the Union cause, detailed an officer to ride with me to the nearest railway station eight or ten miles away and start me back to the farther side of the Potomac. On our way we must have seen thousands of troops either in camp or on the march, but, strange to say, most of the incidents of this boyish experience have faded from my memory, and now I cannot recall seeing a single soldier. All I do remember is that the roads were dusty, there was a noticeable absence of fences, and on our way we stopped at a photographer's tent and had a tintype taken.

At the beginning of my sophomore year I ran away from college and enlisted as a private in the 77th N. Y. Vol. I will not even enumerate the heroic deeds I performed for \$13 a month, but merely mention the historic fact, in as modest a manner as possible, that very shortly after I enlisted the war closed. You can draw your own inference as to cause and effect.

I am glad now to think that I did enlist and was a soldier in the Civil War, even though my service was short and uneventful and that I never applied for a service pension. I am proud of my privilege to wear the star of the G. A. R. and to march with the old veterans on Decoration Day, which, however, I have never yet done. But I am most proud tonight to think that I have offered to the

government the best service I can render in case of need, and that this proffered service has been duly recognized by a commission in the Army of the United States.

We are reading and hearing at the present time a great deal about war, about its horrors and its alleged advantages and as to whether it is avoidable or inevitable. In spite of the widely differing views so freely expressed, I like to think that the vast majority in this country, whether in the army or the navy, or in civil life, are firm believers in the blessings of peace. The wearing of a uniform is no indication whatever of a desire for war, and the prevalent idea that army and navy officers are anxious for war, in the hope that their superior officers will be killed and their chance of promotion thereby increased, seems like an unjust reflection upon a body of men whom we all know to be as generous as they are brave. Our willingness as members of the Medical Reserve Corps to serve our country in case of need is no indication that we are anxious to witness suffering and agony merely for the opportunity of relieving it. Nor is military service to be considered as an approval of that false notion that long continued peace necessarily makes a nation effeminate and spineless. During our Civil War there was a vast deal of ranting oratory and buncombe talk on either side of the Mason and Dixon line, but it was in great part the quiet and hitherto peaceful boys from the farms and factories of the North and from the plantations of the South who showed that fine spirit of militant patriotism on the battlefields of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Tennessee.

The American nation has repeatedly proved both on land and on sea that it is not a nation of weaklings, and however diligently we may cultivate the arts of peace, I cannot help but believe that the old time spirit of '76 and the military prowess that was certainly shown on both

sides in the many fierce battles of the Civil War will never be found wanting in this country, no matter what may happen.

I am an advocate of peace, in spite of the fact that I come from what might be justly termed a militant family. My father was in the war of 1812. With no fine olive drab uniform, but with his own rifle and a knapsack which his mother made, he marched with other boys from Chestertown to Plattsburg over a hundred years ago. My grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution, and my great-grandfather fought at Louisburg with Amherst, and I think was with Gen. Wolfe at Quebec. I might add that of five brothers in my family four were in the Civil War, and that my two sons and eight nephews have been enrolled either in the United States service or in the National Guard.

Now, I mention these facts, I must confess, with a certain degree of pride, especially in addressing an audience of military men; but nevertheless I wish to repeat that I am a firm believer in the possibility as well as the desirability of universal and eternal peace. I believe that war can be and ought to be avoided, and I believe it will be avoided when it is no longer possible for one man, be he President or Kaiser, to decide the question, but when every man and every woman in every nation has a voice in choosing whether they shall have peace or war.

When the world has grown a little wiser and better, when our notions of national honor have been elevated and refined, when that truculent spirit which so often assumes the garb of patriotism has been subdued, when the nations of the East and of the West are ready to exchange their jealousy and fear of one another for fair dealing and good feeling, then, perhaps and surely not until then, will come that long hoped for era of Peace on Earth and Good Will between men and nations.

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From the Archives.

(Extract from a letter written in 1872 by Uncle Alanson to Uncle George)

Thursday was the great day of the County Fair which was being held in Ballston and was a great gala day for that respectable old town. I had no idea that so many thousand people could have been gathered together for such an occasion. From early morn there was a constant stream of vehicles pouring into town loaded with rural beauty and chivalry of Saratoga County, dressed in their best "Sunday go to meeting fixins" and well supplied with the inevitable watermelons and gingerbread. In the afternoon Della and her mother and I walked up to the Fair Ground on the old "pinnacle" hill and spent the afternoon there in solid enjoyment of the fat hogs and the fancy fowls and the mammoth squashes and the patch work quilts made by the venerable old lady of 76 years who furnished the different fairs in the state with needle work, the washing machines, the sewing machines, the beets (both dead and alive) and the innumerable other standard articles which do duty on such an occasion. Of course it was the fancy work we came to see, having no interest in the "agricultural trials of speed" between the farm horses which were for that occasion fastened to skeleton wagons instead of ploughs. We recognized three ministers in the crowd, but by some mistake they had got into the "Grand Stand" instead of into Floral Hall where they wanted to go and were so wedged in the crowd that they could not get out until after the "trials of speed" was over. I felt sorry for them. Della insisted that



Marion Elizabeth MacArthur

Marion Elizabeth MacArthur was born in New York on February 14, 1884, and died at the age of 23, on June 15, 1907. The sweet faced picture which is reproduced above was taken several years before her death. Marion attended the Peebles and Thompson School for ten years where she always stood high in her classes. She had the distinction of being one of the few musicians of the family, showing decided talent as a pianist.

in some way her Uncle William lost the price of a new hat by an error of judgment in regard to the relative speed of two farm horses which were passing in front of them on exhibition. Della and her mother and I occupied a position for awhile on the borders of the track leaning against the fence among the crowd of assembled "agriculturists".

The papers had advertised for that afternoon "one of the most exciting races of modern times" between the new patented "steam wagon" and "several fleet race horses." Of course, there was great ex-

citement in anticipation of this race which was to come off at three o'clock and which of course did not come off till half past four or later. One minister explained to us how much he was interested in machinery of all kinds and especially in the application of steam to road wagons &c. Della whispered to me "That's too thin". At last the road steamer came on the track looking and acting very much like a self propelled steam fire engine and making about the same noise. It made one circuit of the track to get up motion and the horse was to fall in when the steamer came past the stand. Every eye was strained and every neck was stretched to see the "most exciting race of modern times" and they finally started off even. As the horse could go his mile in three minutes or thereabouts and the steamer could by no possibility go in less than ten there was not so much excitement as fun about it. As the horse passed on out of the race a big fat nigger rushed out on the course and by his success in beating the steamer elicited the loudest kind of cheers from the crowd

Family News.

The address of Helen and Mason is 277 Willow St., New Haven, Ct.

Kenneth recently delivered a lecture at Holden, Mass. on the National Guard.

Mrs. Eugene Satterlee Miss Mildred Satterlee, and Hope Ivins spent a week in August at Iris Pond.

Edgar has enlisted in Troop A. Squadron A, Cavalry, N.G.N.Y., being the fourth member of the family to join this organization.

George has been promoted to the rank of Captain in the First Ambulance Company, N. G. N. Y. He and Rob are the only ones who have attained the rank of Captain since the Civil War.

Four of our Vassar Alumnae cousins, Marie Wait, Ada, Gertrude and Rachel attended the recent celebration

of the 50th Anniversary of Vassar College. Rachel's decennial reunion happened to occur at that time.

Our Corning relatives, Caroline and Louise, after a short stay at Nantucket, visited Ada at Lake Bomoseen, Alice at Manchester, Uncle George at Glen Cove, where Ethel, Marie Wait, and Charles Ivins were also guests.

Uncle Robert expects to preach at the Calvary Baptist Church, New Haven until December, after which he will preach in Boston for several months. With all his many activities he has found time to publish another book entitled the "Famous Johns of the Church", which is the twenty first volume that he has written.

Gertrude is teaching English and History at Miss Spence's school and also serving as secretary for the National Jubilee Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association. She is living at the Women's University Club, 106 East 52nd Street.

The Hudson car of the Glen Cove Foxes holds the record for touring about and visiting relatives, having gone to the home of eight families living outside of New York. It recently carried Uncle George, Howard and Alanson, not to mention "Tony", to Bethlehem, Pa. for a visit with Aunt Annie, Charles and Bertha and later took the same party to Suffield for a visit with Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Robert, on which occasion Kenneth came from Worcester and Helen and Mason from New Haven.

MARRIED

Fox — Mitchell

On Saturday, August 28th at her home in Battle Creek, Michigan, Miss May Jean Mitchell to Norman Wright Fox.

At home after October the first, 611 Oak Street, Manistique, Michigan.



VOL. V

JANUARY, 1916

No. 1

Advice from Norman Fox.

Painted Post, July 3rd 1862

George H. Fox,

My son. In your letter sometime ago, you mentioned that you wanted a classical Dictionary and Anthon's Virgil. I have looked over the School books and find a copy of Anthon's Virgil but so far worn out that it is useless and have sent you Cooper's Virgil and Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, done up in a paper package and directed to the care of R. P. Clapp. Troy. One of our Boatmen took the package and will deliver it to Charles in Albany to send up to Troy and have forwarded to you. You ought to have taken them with you when you left home for School. You mention about a vacation in your School but dont say how long and talk about coming home. If the vacation is five or six weeks, I think you had better come home. If it is only two weeks you better not. You say it will be dull spending the vacation at Ballston. Suppose it is? What has that to do with the great object of your present preparation for future life? You are now forming character for life, for Weal or Wo in this world and the world to come. You are now in the most responsible and eventful period of your life. If the foundation of your future is badly laid, the Structure will be weak and useless. If you start wrong you will come out wrong.

As the Twig is bent the Tree is inclined. You cannot expect to reach any desirable and useful attainments in life short of persevering effort, steadiness of purpose and decision of character. There must be no fickleness of mind. The Apostle James says, "A double minded man (Fickle minded) is unstable in all his ways" No useful or important attainments are ever reached short of toil, perseverance, personal labor and experience. That which costs nothing is good for nothing. An Eminent writer says any one can have the Pearl if he will pay the price for it. All useful and noble attainments in human character are valued in proportion to the sacrifice, toil, perseverance, perplexity and disappointments necessarily met often times in reaching and attaining them. Keep these things, my son, constantly in your mind. You will soon have to take care of yourself. You will soon be without the counsel of your father, who has watched over you with anxious care from your cradle to the present time. I shall not return. I am rapidly on my way to the grave, the House for all the living. You will have the sympathy of a faithful mother after I have gone the way of all the earth. She will care deeply for your temporal and spiritual welfare. You will have kind brothers and sisters to sympathize with you in sickness or afflictions, but they and each of them will have cares and



The first of the two parts of the book is a collection of essays on the history of the press in the United States. The second part is a collection of essays on the history of the press in the United Kingdom. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is well illustrated with numerous photographs and diagrams. The author is a leading expert on the history of the press, and his knowledge is reflected in the depth and breadth of the book. The book is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the history of the press, and is highly recommended.

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duties of their own and you in a measure will be thrown upon your own resources, to grapple and contend with the Selfishness and deceitful friendships of an unfeeling world. Now my son, I want you to look these truths full in the face and prepare to meet them. I feel great anxiety that all my children should be useful and honorable in their day and generation and above all, recipients of That Grace which is unto life. My oldest son is fulfilling my expectations. My son, make your peace with God. Choose Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Counsellor and he will be nearer than a brother. Then all will be well with you in this world and the world to come.

Yours affectionately

Norman Fox.

From the Archives.

Copy of a letter written by Alanson J. Fox from Canada to Norman Fox, Jr., while the latter was Pastor of the Baptist Church at Whitehall, New York.

Kingston C. W. Dec. 15th 1860

Irons Hotel.

Dr Brother.

I am waiting patiently here for the world to move a little faster, am getting tired and uneasy at the dull slow movement of the clock & the duller, slower movements of every man who does business in this city of stone. At home when I have a great deal to do I can get up early & work hard & crowd off business but here I have to wait the motion of the elements, get up at 8 o'clock to breakfast, wait until 10 o'clock before I can see anybody, then talk a few minutes & wait another 24 hours.

I am ready to make a solemn vow that if I ever can unravel this twisted mess of business to which Father is so unfortunately fastened I will never show my face this side of the line again. To one of these long vacant

spells you are indebted for this letter. I never get time to write to you at home, I have so many little matters to attend to but now it helps use up the time. It seems strange for one whose only trouble generally is to find time enough to do what is necessary, to be looking around for some way to use up the time.

I have a great deal of trouble in closing up Father's old business here. Mr. A. tries as hard as he can to make matters worse, obstinately refuses to pay any part of his honest debt to Father & throws every possible stumbling block in the way of any feasible plan for the payment of the debts. There are about \$6000.00 of debts to pay which we could nearly wipe out with the mill property if Mr. A. would only cooperate with us in the matter. Instead of that he is aiming to make us pay off the debt & leave the whole mill property to him.

But then I am not discouraged. Even if everything here proves a total loss we have enough left at home to pay off everything & have considerable left but it is hard to work like a nigger for several years to pay up old scores. I can make money enough at the Post to pay off Father's debts if they were twice as large.

I have done a good deal of hard work & had a good deal of bitter experience in this Canada scrape for one of my age but I find it has sharpened my wits & opened my eyes enough to help me a good deal in doing business at P Post without making mistakes.

But I suppose you dont care to hear this lingo. I would write in a different strain if I felt like it. I am glad to hear occasionally from you that you are getting along so well at Whitehall, shall be glad to hear before a great while of "Mr & Mrs N

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Fox Jr" & see the happy couple at our house. It is a pity if a young man of your ability and accomplishments with the whole of Eastern New York for a field to pick in, cant make a raise of a better half before a great while.

Libbie writes to us in great glee in anticipation of spending her Christmas holidays with you.

I suppose Charlie also will be with you. It will seem almost like a family party to have 3 of you together. Charlie will be out of college next summer & will have to look out for some way of getting a living. Perhaps you can find a place for him in some lumber or forwarding business at Whitehall. If he could make enough to pay his board the first year in some business where he could be learning something profitable all the while we could keep him in spending money & clothes till he could command good wages. I see no good opening for him in our business at present as Billie & I hold the only two good places in the concern. I shall try to get him a place in an Albany lumber yard if I can, but if not we must do the next best thing. It wont do for him to lie around loose after he gets out of college.

Billie has a good place & satisfies all concerned. His wages are to be raised next year. He has taken a share in a purchase of timber land which interests him a good deal & will be a good stepping stone for him into the business. He has bought a building lot on the main road & is laying out his spare money on that so as to

have a cage ready for his bird when caught. George goes to District School. Father's health is very good for him. Living at Painted Post agrees with him. His face however pains him a great deal. Aunt Selina is at our house and very feeble, I fear she will not live many months. Abbie has regained her health entirely & looks fair & plump as ever & enjoys herself well.

Our family matters never went off any more happily or smoothly than now, we have a large house with plenty of room for company & plenty to eat & live comfortably. Our business matters there are in good shape. We have just closed an uncommonly good season for business & have made a good deal of money.

Church matters are moving prosperously. The new Meeting House is all finished outside & the Basement will be all ready for occupation in a week or two. The upper part is just ready for plastering. It will be the finest village Church in Western New York without exception.

W. C. Bronson has just built a block of brick stores 3 stories high which beat anything in Steuben Co. In the third story is a Concert Hall 50 X 60 & 17 feet high. The Foundry has also been rebuilt so that Painted Post is really looking fine. A Plank sidewalk Co. was organized this fall of which C. F. Platt was President & Wm F Fox General Superintendent & have built a sidewalk from the village to the mills which makes the walk nothing but sport.

We shall expect a good long visit from you next summer either with or without Mrs F. & in the meantime hope to hear from you often

Yours

A. J. Fox

Family News.

Noel has been appointed secretary of the Board of Stewards of the Sons of the Revolution.

Marion Clapp announces her engagement to Mr. James Boise White of Ballston Spa.

Howard Freeman has returned from California and will probably accept a business position in New York.

Aunt Cornelia recently took a trip to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, visiting her friend Mrs. Potts.

Nellie has been in the East for a month and is now staying with Aunt Elizabeth at the Hotel Bonta, Broadway and 94th St.

On Thanksgiving there were eighteen members of the Society to dine at Helen's home in New Haven. Another good sized family gathering took place at Ethel's home in Detroit.

Howard lately visited George and Gertrude at Binghamton where he gave a lecture before the Binghamton Academy of Medicine. Howard has been appointed a member of the attending staff of the recently organized Radium Sanitarium.

Another letter to the Editor:

"Dear Sir:—We hear a great deal through your columns of the various members of the family who are connected with the militia etc. I should be very glad to see a list of the relatives who are members of Peace Societies or whose interests are strongly anti-military.

Yours,

Helen Fox Trowbridge.

Uncle George recently visited the Theta Chapter of Psi Upsilon at Union College as an official representative of the Council. The boys seemed pleased



Norman Fox 1792-1863

A somewhat unnatural expression of the face in this portrait is due to the scar on the right cheek caused by a surgical operation for the removal of a malignant growth.

to learn that his brother ('61) and nephew ('95) were members of the chapter and somewhat surprised when he told them that his father entered Union College over one hundred years ago.

Here is where little Montague scores another hit. At a recent bathing seance, presided over by his grandmother, little Montague remarked that he didn't like his bath. When asked why his bath was not satisfactory he replied "It is Laodicean." To understand the significance of this adjective we quote a passage from Revelation which Laddie had recently heard his grandfather read. It relates to the command given John to write to the Laodiceans "I know thy works for thou art neither cold nor hot."



VOL. V

MARCH, 1916

No. 2

Jehiel Fox in the Revolution.

by Noel Bleecker Fox.

Our great grandfather, Jehiel Fox, served in the militia of two states during the Revolutionary War. His first service was in Connecticut as stated after his death by his brother, Gabriel Ely Fox, who said "Jehiel Fox went out as a substitute to New London in the militia - about 3 mo. - while living at Connect." Neither the regiment nor the date of this service is known and any further particulars which anyone can furnish will be most acceptable. It was probably about 1778, for Jehiel Fox had been born at East Haddam, Conn., in 1762 and in the spring of 1779 he moved with his father to New York State, settling at Canaan, which was then in that part of Albany County called "Kings District" but is now in Columbia County. There he enlisted in the Seventeenth Regiment of Albany County Militia, which was raised in the Kings District under the command of Colonel William Bradford Whiting.

In the State Library at Albany we find in "Audited Accounts, Volume A", at page 62, a reference to "Col. W. B. Whiting's Regt. of Militia order'd on alarm to Schenectady under the immediate command of Lieut. Col. Asa Waterman for the defence of the United States from 11th to 23d October 1781 both days included". That Jehiel Fox performed this duty as a private in Captain Elijah Bostwick's company is shown by the pay roll of the company in "Certificates of Treasurer, Volume II", at page 63. In that list his

name is spelled "Hiel Fox" and we cannot tell whether it is a clerical error or whether he was known by that abbreviation to his friends and neighbors. The figures opposite his name showing the amount of his pay for that service were partly burned when the State Library was destroyed a few years ago but the other privates whose entries appear in full received each £1, 1s, 4d.

This regiment was ordered out on other occasions also but its muster rolls for those were partially or wholly burned with the State Library and as Jehiel Fox's name does not appear in any of the fragments preserved we cannot tell what active service he performed except that already mentioned. The identity of our great grandfather with that "Hiel Fox" has been deemed by the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York as sufficiently proved to entitle his descendants to membership in that society.

In one of his writings Uncle William said that Jehiel Fox served with the Seventeenth Albany Regiment on a march to New London in 1781. I can find no other authority to show that this regiment made such an expedition and it seems improbable that it was sent so far away while border warfare in Northern New York was so acute. I am inclined to regard that statement as a mistake caused by confusing the two regiments in which Jehiel Fox served.

Jehiel Fox's four older brothers, Reuben, Hubbard, Allen and Ansel all served in the Revolution having enlisted in Connecticut before their father moved to New

York. Of these Ansel was killed in the battle of Monmouth, Hubbard was at Monmouth and Valley Forge and Allen, after a long service received a certificate of honorable discharge signed by Washington and Adjutant General Trumbull and stating that he had received the "Badge of Merit".

The Annual Reunion.

The twelfth annual gathering of the clan began this year with the business meeting in the office of the President. It was attended by eleven members of the Society, nothing but routine business being transacted. The annual banquet was held at Bretton Hall, the attendance being somewhat smaller though no less enthusiastic than usual. Twenty six members and two guests were present. Toward the close of the dinner, presents were taken from a miniature Xmas tree and given to each one present, together with an appropriate verse of poetry (so called) written by our versatile cousin Gertrude.

In place of the usual after dinner speech making Uncle George gave a lantern slide demonstration, showing in rapid succession over a hundred pictures on the screen. He began with portraits of Norman Fox, the old home at Ballston where he lived and the church in which he preached. These were followed by portraits of various members of the family, many of them as children, pictures taken during summer vacations in the Adirondacks, Lake George and Ellenville, and finally views of Painted Post, Norway, Venezuela and various other portions of the globe. Uncle Robert in Scotch costume, Clinton Ivins in his first pair of trousers and the Freeman kids in bathing evoked the loudest applause.

The evening ended with dancing and the usual singing of the family songs. The most efficient dinner committee consisted of Gertrude, Dell and Alanson. The following were present :-

Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Cornelia, Cousin Marie Wait, Cousin Louise Ivins, Ada,

Nellie, Gertrude, Alice, Ethel, Adaline, Edith, Rachel, Dell, Hope, Uncle George, Walter, Montague, Howard, Noel, Harry, Alanson, Kenneth, Howard Freeman, Edgar, Charles Ivins, Miss Cornelia Fulton and Miss Anna Carrère. H. F.

A Trip to Binghamton.

It was a great pleasure to be entertained recently by George and Gertrude in their delightful home in Binghamton. George has certainly made himself felt in the community in which he has elected to practise his profession. In the course of my visit I learned that he was Vice-president of the Broome County Medical Association and Treasurer of the Binghamton Academy of Medicine. He is very active in the National Guard, having been commissioned captain on March 15, 1915 in the crack Ambulance Company No. 1. He has also lately been elected president of a newly formed local association of Alpha Delta Phi men.

As I admired the mahogany furniture with which the house was filled, Gertrude told me a tale about how much of it had been acquired. Chaperoned by an older woman and attired in the shabbiest of clothes, she visited a neighboring hamlet, called Apalachian (pronounced "apple-akin"). Armed with some bottles of home made furniture polish, she would call from house to house and address the good housewife something as follows: "Madam, I am selling furniture polish, which not only cleans but polishes. I make it myself and I know. People come into your house, handle your furniture and bring in germs of all kinds to which your children are exposed." She would then add casually, "haven't you any old furniture you want cleaned up, the older the better, something that was your mother's or grandmother's." If the treasures were produced, Gertrude would get down on her hands and knees and demonstrate the value of her wares. Eventually the woman would be persuaded, without much difficulty to part with her old furniture at a

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low figure. If you wish to corroborate my story, go to Binghamton as Kenneth and I have done. You will be royally treated.

Howard Fox.

On Family Names.

Shortly after Adaline's birth, Uncle Alanson wrote Uncle George as follows:-

"There was a time when a birth in the Fox family was an occasion of great importance & caused much discussion & comment. Now however such things are getting too common to awaken any great amount of enthusiasm. except with the happy mother of each new arrival. Of course I have no doubt that this young lady is far ahead of all the preceeding arrivals, but then the next one will be equally superior (excuse the bull) and so Hattie will please excuse any extra illuminations &c in honor of the arrival. I would suggest the name of Cornelia for the young female, except for a recent experience of which you may have heard. At the risk of spoiling a good story by its repetition I will proceed to narrate how on the late arrival of an additional female Milesian of the Fitz Martin family (descendants of the Irish Kings &c.) the happy parents proposed to do honor to the illustrious head of the Fox clan by naming the child Cornelia.

The illustrious head &c was highly delighted with the honor about to be conferred upon her and her face was wreathed in smiles from the birth to the day of christening. But alas! for the vanity of human expectations. When the Fitz Martin family presented the child for baptism the good Father Colgan obstinately refused to give the child the name of Cornelia. "Sure," he explained, "there never was a saint by that name." (You see Father

Colgan was not personally acquainted with the illustrious head &c. before mentioned). "I never would give a child such a name as that. Call her Biddy! Call her Biddy!" And so the descendants of the Irish Kings were obliged to succumb to the inexorable resolution of Father Colgan and by way of compromise, the child was named "Louisa" Charles wonders where the priest ever heard of a saint by that name.

And so for fear of a similar experience and in view of the hard times I would suggest the name of Cornelia. It is a grand old heathen name, however if not a good Christian name. You remember the old woman with the jewels &c.

If ever we have a pair of twin boys I shall name them Marcus and Caius Gracchus Fox. Wont that be classic! It will be just our luck however, having such a grand chance for a hit in the way of names that our twins will be girls."

As Others See Us.

(From the testimony of Hon James W. Wadsworth before the Forest Investigation Committee 1910)

Q. "Was the correspondence placed before you, do you recollect?"

A. "Not that I remember. The general situation was described and the desirability of the purchase discussed. Col. Fox I had the greatest confidence in; I do not know as I have ever met a man in the public service who inspired me with more confidence, not only as to his integrity, but the fact that he seemed to know about every township in the Adirondacks. I had been on the Board about a year, and had noticed the remarkably retentive memory that he had in that connection, and the detailed description that he could give us, and the idea he could give us as to the value of lands. I didn't have it only from my personal observation of Mr. Fox, but also from my cousin, Major W. A. Wadsworth, who had known him very well here when he himself was on the three-headed commission, and my cousin had often at that time and since then has expressed his great confidence in Col. Fox's ability and integrity."



A Manistique Gathering—1900

*UPPER ROW—Norman, Adaline, Alan, Aunt Louise, Walter.
MIDDLE ROW—Uncle Charles, Uncle Alanson, Aunt Cornelia.
LOWER ROW—Helen, George, Alanson.*

Family News.

Noel has been appointed sergeant in Troop A. Squadron A.

Uncle George is taking a month's trip with Cousin DeWitt Ivins, to Florida and to the Isle of Pines, near Cuba.

Alice spent several weeks during the past month at Nassau, Bahama Islands, with her friend Miss Hadley.

Helen writes that "little Mason drew a picture the other day of a star with a gun chasing a rabbit. He explained that it was a shooting star".

Here's another puff for the paper and the family to boot, from one of our subscribers, Miss Harriet Littlefield. She writes "I enjoy the "FAMILY NEWS" very much and think the Fox family quite remarkable."

We regret to learn of the death of Anna's father, Mr D. Wilson Moore, who died at the age of 86. He had lived in

Colorado Springs for the past fifteen years and was widely known for his many charities.

Many of our readers will regret to learn of the death of Dr. George T. Jackson who, for so many years had been associated with Uncle George at the College of Physicians and Surgeons and was a neighbor on thirty-first street.

Howard recently went to Washington at the request of Senator Ransdell, to attend the hearing of the National leprosy bill, before the senate committee on public health and national quarantine.

Kenneth has been elected acting pastor of the Congregational Church of Paxton, Mass. where he will devote some of his time to pastoral work, in addition to acting as School Minister at Worcester Academy. He is teaching both Bible and ancient history this year at the school. He and Rachel are now living at 126 Providence St., Worcester, Mass.



VOL. V

MAY, 1916

No. 3

A Tribute to Col. William F. Fox by Hon. James S. Whipple.

(Extract from an article by former Commissioner Whipple in the 1007-9 reports of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the State of New York.)

When the first Forest Commission was established and organized the first appointment was that of Col. Wm. F. Fox on November 1, 1885, to the position of Assistant Secretary. One could hardly appreciate his position at that time, confronted with so much that was new and no resource upon which to draw for reliable information. Yet the report for 1885 shows that he had a clear insight into the requirements. The organization of a fire protection force, ejecting squatters upon the lands and enforcing the law, all with a small untrained force, were initial problems.

From 1888 to 1891 we find him as Assistant Forest Warden, actively engaged in executive, administrative field and routine work.

In 1893 the Commissioner became the subject of legislative investigation and as a result, a new forest law was passed and a new Commissioner appointed. However, it is pleasing to note that this same act particularly specified that the present Superintendent should be continued in office.

Supt. Fox prepared a very exhaustive article entitled, "Land Grants and Land Patents of Northern New York." His researches in preparing this monograph were most skillfully made, and have been

of great value in locating our lands and mapping the extensive area.

In 1895 he became Engineer, with duties similar to those he had under the old Commissioner as Superintendent. After a few years his title was changed to Superintendent of Forests. Col. Fox was expert advisor of the board and in the performance of these duties \$2,000,000 worth of land was acquired.

This general summary of the development of a forest preserve and a forest policy in this State, has been given because a careful examination shows it largely to be the work of Col. Fox.

It is most interesting to read the former reports, which are largely from his pen and note what improvements and policies he advanced for the benefit of the State. In these matters he was always first.

He began years ago to collect statistics showing the lumber cut and saw clearly what was happening, also the result. He established a system of fire protection and forest protection which was generally copied by other states. He continuously advocated the purchase of land as a forest preserve on the grounds of benefit to the State and at the same time a business investment. He desired to see our state lands put under scientific forest management. Nearly fifteen years ago he advocated the reforestation method which is now in operation. He was quick to appreciate the value of a skilled force and employed the first graduate of the first forestry school in the country.

He often had to act as mediator in

order to reconcile conflicting ideas and theories of such radically opposite interests as the forestry enthusiast and the Adirondack lumberman. Of Col. Fox it must be said he did much and well at the opportune time. He left as his monument two great forest preserves in the two mountain regions of this state, aggregating 1,635,000 acres, and established a stable forestry policy on a great, broad basis.

In addition to his forestry work, he was a recognized authority on civil war history and the author of many notable works. His first literary production, entitled "The chances of being hit in battle" was published in the Century Magazine in 1888 and is a most interesting computation. After ten years of study and investigation "Regimental Losses" was ready for publication and it is the most authoritative work of its kind. His other historical writings are, "New York at Gettysburg" (3 vols). "Slocum and his men". "Life of Gen. Greene".

His forestry writings include a large portion of the official reports 1885-1907 inclusive, "Forest Tree Nurseries and Nursery Methods in Europe," "Tree planting on Streets and Highways" "The Maple Sugar Industry", "The Adirondack Spruce," "History of the Lumber Industry in New York," and many minor articles.

He was a high class gentleman of the old school and was loved and respected by a large number of people in many states. A member of the Chi Psi fraternity, he was at one time its president. He belonged to Dawson Post, No. 63 of the Grand Army of the Republic, was a companion in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, corresponding secretary of the Society of the Potomac, member of the New York Historical Society, American Forestry Association and Society of American Foresters.

Col. Fox died on June 16, 1909. For twenty-five years he had been connected with the Forestry Department. The work

he did and the services he rendered for the State during the full period of his term of employment can not well be overestimated. He was a highly cultured, careful, diplomatic man. He saw far into the future, planned and worked slowly and carefully carrying the Department along through good and ill repute. The work needed all through the formative period just such a man. No other man would have done as well. His heart was in his work.

Our Brooks Ancestry.

by General Simeon M. Fox.

Since I wrote the sketch, "Thomas Fox of Concord, Mass." that appeared as a supplement to the FOX FAMILY NEWS of March 1, 1914, I have followed out a clue and secured evidence that enables me to state positively, that "Hannah" (Brooks) Fox, widow of Thomas (1) Fox of Concord, Mass., did, about the year 1661, marry second as the third wife of Andrew (1) Lester, of New London, Conn. She is thereafter known as "Ann" or "Anna". The interchangeable use of the three forms of the name is not at all uncommon in the old-time record. The form used seems to have depended upon the vagaries of each particular recorder, for not infrequently he used two of the forms in the same record.

It now seems more than probable that the widow Hannah (Brooks) Fox took most, or all, of her children with her to New London. She certainly took the two oldest, Hanna, aged 13, and Thomas aged 11. The other children were: Samuel aged about 10, John aged about 8, David about 6, and Isaac aged 4. In all probability Samuel and John instead of coming about "1675" as Miss Caulkins says, had spent their boyhood at New London, but only became evident in the records when they arrived at man's estate. There is a clue that seems to indicate that Timothy (2) Brooks, the brother of Hannah (Brooks) Fox—Lester, about 1662 also came down to the vicinity of New London and dwelt there until a little before 1670, when he

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probably returned to Massachusetts and settled at Billerica, where he made his home for about ten years. The two youngest of the Fox children, David and Isaac, also returned to Massachusetts. David was at Woburn, where dwelt his grandfather Brooks, two Brooks uncles, and a childless sister of his mother, Sarah (Brooks) Mousall, and probably he found a home with one of these. Isaac, in all probability had a home with his uncle Timothy Brooks at Billerica.

The genealogy of the family of Henry (1) Brooks, of Woburn, Mass. compiled by those careful students of Massachusetts family histories, William R. Cutter and Arthur G. Loring, of Woburn, appeared in the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register" of January and April, 1904. I do not attempt to follow this carefully compiled history literally, and if any errors are made herein they are to be charged entirely to me. I will say that some additional facts have been gleaned since the above genealogy was compiled, that adds materially to the family history—particularly so, is the identification of the "daughter Lester" mentioned in the will of Henry (1) Brooks, as the Hannah Brooks who on December 13, 1647, married Thomas (1) Fox, of Concord, Mass., and, second, Andrew (1) Lester, of New London; and proof incidentally appears to show that Henry Brooks of Woburn, and Thomas Brooks, of Concord, Mass. were brothers.

The early history of these two Brooks brothers, as indicated in the records, is exceedingly meagre. They probably came to America about 1631, and they doubtless brought their wives and oldest children with them. The name of the first wife of Henry Brooks has not been discovered,

and she was doubtless the mother of his children. She had died, and before March 27, 1651, he had married, second, Susanna, the widow of Ezekiel Richardson, of Woburn. She died September 15, 1681, and he married, third, July 12, 1682, Annes Jaquith. He died April 12, 1683. He was probably born about 1592. In his will dated July 18, 1682, he mentions three sons and two daughters; John, Timothy and Isaac, Sarah Mousall, and "daughter Lestor". His reference to the latter is as follows;

'I give and bequeath to my daughter Lestor five shillings and no more because she hath received her portion already, as will appear by a receipt in her hand.'

To the five children mentioned in the will, we can add; Joseph born at Concord, Mass. "12 2. 1641", who probably had died early. It is also probable that Martha, the first wife of Thomas (1) Bateman, of Concord, who died August 3, 1666, was a daughter of Henry (1) Brooks; and perhaps the Mary Brooks, wife of Richard Norcross, of Watertown, Mass. was another daughter. She died February 24, 1672.

As I stated in a previous article, Hannah, the daughter of Henry (1) Brooks, of Woburn, married, December 13, 1647, as the second wife of Thomas (1) Fox, of Concord, Mass., and by him had six children; he died April 14, 1658. She married in 1661, Andrew (1) Lester, of New London, Conn., and by him had: Timothy, born July 4, 1662; Joseph, born June 15, 1664, and Benjamin, born 1666. These three Lester sons are hereafter to be considered as half-brothers of the Foxes of the second generation who settled at New London.

In a court record, under date of June 25, 1663, Andrew Lester of New London, Conn., refers to "my two daughters, and so in law T. fox." ("son-in-law" here doubtless indicating "step-son"). It is an attachment in a suit for defamation, against Tobiah Colls. In the court records at Hartford, the suit is dismissed on Septem-

ber 3, following. In the record of dismissal the son-in-law is further identified as "Thom: Fox" and the two daughters, as "Mary Lester & Hannah ffox". Andrew (i) Lester died, January 7, 1669/70 (not June 7, 1669, as Miss Caulkins states). The original New London church records, among the admissions, gives the following: "Aug. 28, '72. The widow Leister Joyned to or Chh by a Lr fro ye Chh of Concord."

It appears by a deed under date of March 5, 1688/9, that the widow "Anna" Lestor had married Isaac (i) Willey, of New London. She was then again a widow, as Willey had probably died about 1685. As she was called "daughter Lestor" in her father's will, dated July 18, 1682, it is not probable that she had married Willey much previous to this date. Of course there were no children by this last marriage. She died in 1692. As she was a mother in 1666, she was probably born after 1620.

Tobiah Colls, against whom Andrew Lester brought suit for defamation in 1663, died the year following. He has been identified as Tobiah Cole, formerly of Woburn, Mass.

Family News

Edgar was recently admitted to the bar.

Howard has been appointed Visiting Dermatologist to the German Hospital.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong (Carrie Clapp) on April 14th. He has been named Robert Clapp Armstrong.

Little Mason recently saw a fan upon which was an elaborate picture of a bull fight. After many inquiries as to details he finally asked whether "the mama bull was good to her little ones."

Captain James D. Fox of Aurora, Ill. writes the editor in speaking of the paper, "the pictures are worth the money as there are some things that are common to all of the descendants of Daniel Fox, of



*Alanson Jehiel Fox · Charles James Fox
George Henry Fox
Norman Fox, Jr. William Freeman Fox
(from an old ambrotype taken about 1835)*

East Haddam." In speaking of the article on Gettysburg he writes that one of the earliest commands was "Company B, right into line, fire." "The return shots," he continues, "caused thirty of that company to fall to the ground either dead or wounded, two of whom were my brothers, wounded, but not mortally."

BORN:—To Mr. and Mrs. Alan Fox on February 27, a son. He has been named Joseph Carrère Fox.

BORN:—To Mr. and Mrs. Mason Trowbridge on March 19th, a son. He has been named George Fox Trowbridge.

DIED:—Dell Carrère Fox on March 10th, in New York City, in the 24th year of her age. She was buried in the Moravian Cemetery, Staten Island.



VOL. V

JULY, 1916

No. 4

Isaac (3) Fox of Colchester, Conn.

by General Simeon M. Fox.

Isaac (3) Fox, for a time of Colchester, Conn., was the son of Samuel (2) Fox, of New London, by his second wife, Joanna, said Isaac having been born about 1686 at New London. Samuel (2) Fox left a will, dated April 6, 1727, in which he mentions, two daughters and four sons; Elizabeth and Anna, and Samuel "the elder", Isaac, Benjamin, and Samuel, "the younger". The two daughters and the elder Samuel were children by the first wife Mary Lester. Isaac and Benjamin by the second wife Joanna, and the younger Samuel by the third wife Bath-hua (Rogers) Smith. There is no absolute proof to fix the identity of this second wife Joanna, but inferential testimony is very strong that she was Joanna Way, the daughter of George Way of Providence, R. I. Joanna's mother was Elizabeth, the daughter of Joanna, the wife of Deacon John Smith of New London, by a former marriage. Elizabeth, the daughter, had married George Way who had later settled at Providence. Probably after 1670 she left her husband and with the most of her children came to New London, where her mother was living. Elizabeth Way was a Quaker and it is probable that the daughter Joanna followed in the footsteps of her mother. In 1683, when John Rogers was getting his revolt against the established church well under way, Joanna Way was one of the active militants who defied the established order, and suffered persecu-

tion. It will be understood that the Baptists, Quakers and Rogerenes had much in common in their beliefs and these names were applied at random to those who dissented from the established creed. Samuel (2) Fox became a follower of John Rogers; presumably after the death of his first wife Mary Lester. April 14, 1685, Joanna Way, with divers others, was punished for certain acts of aggression; but after this date her name appears no more in the records. Samuel (2) Fox just about this time took to himself a helpmate whose name was Joanna, and by her had these two sons, Isaac about 1686, and Benjamin 1688. The wife Joanna died in the epidemic in October 1689. Samuel (2) Fox in 1690 married, as his third wife, Bathshua (Rogers) Smith; she was a sister of John Rogers, and a militant whose persistency is evinced by acts of frequent record. It is not a female trait to quit when they move for conscience sake, and what is a better explanation of Joanna Way's sudden lapse into quietude, than matrimony and the cares of maternity, so soon followed by her pathetic death. Various other little things are confirmatory, and not one scrap of evidence to the contrary has yet appeared.

Isaac (3) Fox, the son, married in New London, February 25, 1705-6, Mary Jones, the daughter of Thomas and Catharine (Gammon) Jones of New London. He was probably about twenty years old at time of marriage, March 21, 1707, (1706-7). Samuel (2) Fox made deed of gift to his son Isaac Fox of land "near the north

bounds of New London." Isaac (3) Fox doubtless dwelt in the North Parish until early in 1715, when on Jan. 10, he bought forty-nine acres of land in Colchester of Joseph Dewey of Hebron, upon which he settled. This land lay in the southern part of the town of Colchester, in the region then known as Paugwonk, now forming the northern part of Salem; and it was also near the farm of his brother Benjamin (3) Fox. The east boundary of Millington Parish, East Haddam,—the home of subsequent descendants of Isaac (3) Fox,—was but a little to the west. Of Isaac (3) Fox's children, Samuel, Isaac, Thomas, Mary, Jedediah and John were doubtless born in the North Parish of New London; Gershom, Gideon, Ann and Daniel were born in Colchester. The wife Mary (Jones) probably died about 1730. We find in the record of marriages by Joshua Hempstead, preserved at New London, the following:

"Isaac Fox & Mary Reynolds in Colchester. Fox went from N. L. July 4, 1732."

This must be understood that the marriage was on July 4, 1732, and that Isaac Fox left at a subsequent date. The results of this marriage were not happy; what the trouble was is not known.

April 16, 1734, Isaac Fox, husbandman, sold his homestead in Colchester to Samuel Tubbs of Lyme, and bought land in the North Parish, near Chestnut Hill of Nathaniel Comstock. Oct. 16, 1734, Isaac Fox, "formerly of Colchester in County of Hartford * * and now of New London", "for and in consideration of his performing the conditions of one certain Bond by him given me" made deed of gift "to my loving son John Fox of New London." of this New London land. June 8, 1735 said John Fox sold this land to Isaac Avery of New London, and on July 19, following Isaac Fox confirmed the sale by a quitclaim deed. Under date of July 18, 1735, Joshua Hempstead records in his diary (p. 290) "Isaac Foxes Wife of ye North Parish got the authority together to

Consider if they Could do anything to help her who was Left by her husband & Sold out of everything & like to Come to want."

Isaac Fox had apparently given each of his children their respective portion as they became of age; the bond mentioned in the deed to his son John is not preserved; it was probable however that it devolved upon John to settle with the minor heirs. Isaac (3) Fox went to Rhode Island and settled near Providence. On April 17, 1738, he bought land, probably in Gloucester, "on the Killingly road", of John McDonald. His wife Mary Reynolds had probably died, as he married at Providence, July 30, 1739, Susanna, the widow of William Steere. She had been the second wife of Steere and was evidently much younger than Isaac Fox. By her there were two daughters Anne and Ruth.

Isaac (3) Fox died in 1754; his will of that year, gives the use of his house to his wife, and his farm in Gloucester to his two daughters Anne Fox and Ruth Fox. "none of my children except these to have any part of my estate they having already received their portion". When Isaac (3) Fox left New London there were four minor heirs, Gershom, Gideon, Ann and Daniel; Daniel, at the age of nine, had been bound out to James Cone of East Haddam to learn to tan and shoemaker. The Colchester records record as follows; "Anne daughter to Isaac Fox Dyed November 14, 1736". The church records say that she "was maid to Philip Caverly." It will be noted that Isaac Fox repeated the name in his subsequent family.

He evidently made his preparations to leave deliberately, and made due provision for the care of his minor children left behind. There is nothing to indicate that any of his earlier children ever joined him; but on the contrary they seem to have made their homes in the vicinity of their birth place.

This is the brief story of Isaac (3)

FOX FAMILY NEWS

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Fox, the father of Daniel Fox of East Haddam, and therefore the direct ancestor of the "Descendants of Norman Fox".

A Royal Ancestry.

by Anna Cheesebrough Wildey

In the FOX FAMILY NEWS of Sept. 1, 1913, to the Article on "our Ancestress, Anne Hutchinson" by the Rev. Kenneth C. MacArthur, I am adding her remarkable Ancestry recorded from 742 A. D.

She was a daughter of Rev. Francis Marbury and Bridget Dryden, his 2d wife, a daughter of John Dryden of Canons Ashby, Northamptonshire, England. She was born July 10, 1591 and married August 9, 1612 in London, England. William Hutchinson bap. August 14, 1586 in Alford, Lincolnshire, England, a son of John Hutchinson and wife Margaret Brown of Lincoln, Lincolnshire, England

In the Church Records of Alford, are recorded the Baptisms of their fourteen children born before 1634, one of whom, Bridget, became the wife of John Sanford and were the parents of Governor Peleg Sanford of Rhode Island, who married for his 2d wife, Mary Coddington daughter of William Coddington, Governor of Rhode Island.

William and Anne Hutchinson, with his mother, and their ten living children sailed for New England in the ship "Griffin", landing in Boston Sept. 18, 1634. He became Treasurer of the New Colony succeeding Governor William Coddington and died 1642 in Newport, Rhode Island.

His widow Anne with her whole Household were massacred by Indians, the following summer 1643 at her home in New Netherland (now Pelham Bay Park.) In this Park on "Split-Rock" near the site

of her house, in 1911 a Bronze Tablet was placed to her memory by the Society of Colonial Dames of the State of New York. This Tablet was wrenched from the Rock and stolen and the Society are now making efforts to have it replaced and with the same Inscription.

"ANNE HUTCHINSON

"Banished from the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1638

"Because of her devotion to Religious Liberty.

"This Courageous Woman

"Sought Freedom from Persecution

"In New Netherland

"Near this Rock in 1643 she and her Household.

"Were Massacred by Indians"

Marbury Ancestry

ANNE Marbury daughter of Rev. Francis Marbury and wife Bridget Dryden daughter of John Dryden.

REV. FRANCIS Marbury (son of William of Girsby and wife Agnes Lenton) married 1st Elizabeth Moore.

WILLIAM Marbury son of Robert and wife Katherine.

ROBERT Marbury son of William Marbury of Girsby, Lincolnshire and wife Anne Blount, daughter of Thomas Blount son of Walter, Lord Mountjoy, a lineal descendant of Rudolphus count of Guines in Normandy, and of Charlemagne, through Judith daughter of his grand-son Charles 2d Le Chauve (the Bald) King of France and Emperor of the Romans, 803.

Charlemagne, King of the Franks and Emperor of the Romans (742) married Hildegard, daughter of Childebrand, Duke of Lobia.

Their son

Louis 1st Le Debonaire, Emperor of the West, (778) married Judith of Bavaria, daughter of Count Welf (Guelph) of Althorp.

Their son

Charles (the Bald) Le Chauve, King of France and Emperor of the Romans (803) married Rechilda daughter of Baso King of Burgundy. Their daughter

Judith married Baldwin 1st, the first Count of Flanders. (died 879) Their son Baldwin 2nd, Count of Flanders (d. 919) married Elstrude (or Alfrida) daughter of Alfred the Great, King of England.

For the fuller descendants in the different lines, see Vol. 45 "Genealogical and Biographical Record".

War News.

At the time of writing six members of the family have put on their uniforms and are ready to be ordered to Mexico. Four of the Boys are members of Troop A. Squadron A. including Sergeants Alanson and Noel Fox and privates Edgar and Howard Freeman, the last of whom has just enlisted. George is with his Ambulance Company, having been summoned from his class reunion at Amherst and Clinton was called from Toledo to join his organization, which is Troop D. First Squadron New Jersey Cavalry. The editor expects to go to Plattsburgh on July 5th to attend a camp of instruction for medical officers.

Family News

Ada writes that she attended the 30th reunion of her class at Vassar.

Kenneth will preach at the Baptist Church in Suffield this summer,

During the recent Preparedness parade in New York, Alanson and Noel acted as mounted aides and Howard served as a member of the Executive Committee.

In the past month both Alanson and Howard have made trips to Detroit where needless to say they visited with Ethel and enjoyed her hospitality.

Rob was recently in the East on a business trip. He modestly informed us that he had been made First Vice-President and General Manager of the Barnsdall Oil Company.

Mr. Charles Summer Miller was married on June 14th, to Mrs. Emilie Barnes



Austin Russell

Austin Russell was legally adopted by Harry and Adaline in July 1915. He was named after Harry's maternal grandfather, Col. Austin Rice, one of the founders of Mt. Holyoke College.

Turner. The wedding, which was a very quiet one, was attended by Aunt Cornelia, Uncle George, Alanson and Alan.

Nellie attended the recent Music Conference of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, held in New York and made a speech upon municipal music. She also had an exhibit, the first of its kind, representing the history of municipal music in the United States.

Mason has left New Haven to enter the employ of Colgate and Company the manufacturers of soap and toilet articles. He is organizing a new legal department which the company is creating. His address is 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City. Helen and the children will spend a good part of the summer at Glen Cove.



VOL. V

SEPTEMBER, 1916

No. 5

Fourth of July at Glen Cove.

This year the "Glorious Fourth" was celebrated at Iris Pond, Glen Cove, L. I. in a somewhat novel manner, Uncle George acting as host to a number of assembled relatives and a few friends. Among those present was a small detachment of the United States Army. In addition to certain conventional patriotic ceremonies a "Gettysburg Tree" was planted in honor of the three uncles who were in the Civil War service at the time of this battle and the birthday of the editor of the FOX FAMILY NEWS was also celebrated.

Here is the program of the exercises which began at noon in an enclosure surrounded by shrubbery and were finished in time for the luncheon which followed.

1. Bugle Calls On the Victrola
2. Star Spangled Banner " " "
3. Declaration of Independence
 Read by Mason
4. Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration
 Read by Alan
5. John Burns of Gettysburg
 Read by Aunt Elizabeth
6. Tree Planting
 With remarks by Uncle George
7. Address Uncle Robert
8. America Sung by the Congregation

After listening to the spirited bugle calls the military contingent marched into

the enclosure headed by little Mason with drum and paper hat. This consisted of four real soldier boys in khaki bearing "the colors" which were duly saluted as the National Anthem was sung. While the musical ability of the Fox Family may not be rated as above par, its talent for elocution is exceptional and was most creditably displayed in the three following numbers of the program.

In connection with the planting of the tree in the center of a bed containing circles of red, white and blue flowers. Uncle George said:-

"Before planting this little cedar tree dug three years ago on the battlefield of Gettysburg, it may be of interest to you to hear a few words in regard to its history and the reason for this family gathering today. At the Gettysburg reunion held on the spot where fifty years before the battle had been fought, there were assembled between fifty and sixty thousand veterans of the Union and Confederate armies. By virtue of an humble participation in the Civil War, it was my great privilege to be one of this number. Lieut. Howard Fox of the Medical Reserve Corps U. S. A. (whose birthday we are incidentally celebrating) was also there and assigned to duty in the large Field Hospital near the Headquarters of the Commanding General. Noel and Alanson were fortunate in being present among the more or less distinguished visitors on this historic occasion. On July 4th Noel and I went to Culp's Hill and from there walked along the intrenchments of the 1st Division



of the 12th corps. Among great rocks in the woods we found the monument of the 107th Regt. N. Y. V. and across the clearing where the 2nd Mass. and the 27th Indiana regiments made a fierce but disastrous charge, were other monuments of the 3rd Brigade.

Becoming weary of monuments and attracted to the flora of the region, I noted in addition to various wildflowers a number of seedling cedars growing in the woods. One of these, Noel and I dug up with a sharp stick and considerable difficulty and wrapping my wet handkerchief around its roots I brought it home and placed it in a pot in the greenhouse where it has been growing since.

We plant this tree today to honor the memory of my three brothers who promptly answered their country's call in its time of need, who showed their eagerness to do their full duty as citizens of our great republic and their willingness to sacrifice their lives if necessary for the preservation of the Union.

Do not think of the planting of this tree as merely a sentimental performance. It is far more than that. It is a tribute

of tender affection for those near and dear to us who fought at Gettysburg—it is a sincere appreciation of what they and many others accomplished, during the long and harrowing years of the Civil War—and it is a grateful recognition of those incalculable blessings which their glorious achievements have brought to us as a nation. I trust this tree will live and thrive for many years to come. As its roots sink deeper into the soil, may the love for those whom it is intended to commemorate sink even deeper into our hearts. And as its top shoots upward to the blue sky above, may our admiration of their patriotism and those qualities which so endeared them to us grow even greater and higher."

It is intended that a tablet shall be made to mark this tree bearing the following inscription:-

THIS TREE

was dug by Lieut. George Henry Fox
July 4th, 1913.

on the firing line of the
3rd Brigade, 1st Division, 12th Corps.
BATTLE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG

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York. Subscription \$1.00 per year.*

and planted at Glen Cove

July 4th, 1916.

in memory of his brothers

Chaplin Norman Fox

Lt. Col. William F. Fox

Major Charles J. Fox

Uncle Robert being formally introduced said:-

"On behalf of the entire Fox clan and the friends and neighbors who have honored this occasion with their presence, I express to Uncle George our appreciation of his considerate and abundant hospitality. We appreciate the time, thought and work which he has given in preparation for this historic occasion.

It was most thoughtful in him to secure this tree at Gettysburg and bring it to Glen Cove and now place it in a bank of flowers as a memorial in all coming years to Uncles Norman, William and Charles. Uncle George might have been in that battle also, but he was too young to enlist until a year later. Great as was the service performed by the three uncles named, we ought not to forget the service rendered by Uncle Alanson. Although physically incapacitated for service in the field, he earnestly labored in securing recruits, in managing the finances of the men who went to the front and in many ways nobly serving his country. Father Fox a veteran of the War of 1812, ought not to be forgotten in this enumeration of loyal Foxes in the time of the country's peril. Using the words of the Scripture, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" as a text he made stirring speeches urging men to enlist for the preservation of the Union.

It is interesting that, while I speak, I can look around on four descendants of the elder Norman Fox dressed in their khaki uniforms and ready to respond to to their country's call for service in Mexico. They represent the fourth and fifth generations bearing the Fox name, who have given themselves to service of their country. We rejoice in all that this Fourth of July means, in all our family life as well as in the life of the American nation. Certainly the Fox family has never been lacking in patriotic enthusiasm. Different members of the family participated in all the wars which have occurred on these American shores. It is glorious when duty calls to die for our country; but it is still more glorious to live for our country. We can today say with the great Daniel Webster, "Let our object be our country, our whole country and nothing but our country."

We have just reverently saluted the American flag. I was born, as you know under a corner of the far flung British flag. I loved it in my early days but I fore-swore my allegiance to it when I saw that I was to live in the United States and then I became an American citizen.

But in a real sense I love the British flag still; I love it not less, but I love the American flag more. Its stripes are symbols of humanity and its stars are prophecies of liberty, may it ever float over the "land of the free and the home of the brave". May it and the British flag beautifully entwine in all coming years the way they have entwined for the last one hundred years. These flags are symbols of much that is noblest in history, sublimest in literature and divinest in religion.

All honor to Uncle George today for his love for the memory of the brothers who gave themselves to their country! All glory, on this national holiday to our country and its victorious flag! All praise to God, the God of our fathers, our God, and the God of our children!"



The following members of the family were present—Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Cornelia, Uncle Robert, Uncle George, Ada, Gertrude, Nellie, Adaline, Edith, Helen, Walter, Montague, Howard, Harry, Alanson, Mason, Alan, Edgar and Howard Freeman, Montague Jr. and Mason Jr.

G. H. F.

Family News

Cousin Marie Wait has resigned her position as librarian at Peddie Institute after fourteen years of service.

Howard has been fortunate in securing as an office assistant, Dr. S. J. Nilson who also assists him in his college and hospital work.

We regret to announce the death of Dr. John F. W. Whitbeck of Rochester who was known to many of the family and had been a college classmate and lifelong friend of Uncle George.

Mrs. Alice McDuffie of Le Mars, Iowa, one of our subscribers, writes the editor as follows:—"I am renewing my subscription to the dear little paper, which I really cannot do without. As one of your subscribers said "The pictures are worth the price" especially when they contain pictures of my dear friend Hattie Gibbs' children. Your father's picture when a little boy, the group in the March number and the sayings of cute little Mason Trowbridge all make so much of interest to me".

In a later issue we expect to publish some letters from the boys on the border. Up to the present all have been well. Clinton, whose troop is at Douglas, Arizona, has been made a corporal. Not to be outdone by his brother, Charles Ivins, has also been made a corporal in the training camp for boys at Fort Terry, Plum Island. We also hear that he won a medal for shooting last year at Andover. Howard spent several weeks at Platts-

From the Archives.

The following acrostic was written just one hundred years ago by Alanson Fox to his fiancée, Maria Chesebrough. (Noel and Alanson, please take notice!)

To Miss——

Mild as the breath of early opening
morn
And beautiful as the rose which pearly
dews adorn
Raised in the garden of Innocence and
Love
In Wisdom's path she freely
moves.
Attend her steps and view her peaceful
way
Calm as the evenings mild of summers
day,
Her manners graceful and her soul
sublime
E'n blest with love and goodness all
divine.
Sweet are the words that from her lips
do flow
Each is a balm to heal the ills of grief
and woe
Born for a blessing to virtue and man-
kind
Resplendant orb that's cherished by a
hand divine.
O may thy life in Virtue's ease be
spent
Until thy race be run with sweet
content
God then shall call thee to a happier
Rest
Heave thy last sigh and sink upon an
angel's breast.

burg as a medical officer, acting for part of the time as a regimental surgeon.



VOL. V

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 6

More about the East Haddam Foxes.

By General Simeon M. Fox

Among the papers left by Elder Norman Fox is certain memoranda to which is given the title:

"Daniel Fox & his family connections — In Haddam, Connecticut — etc., —
Furnished by Henry Williams of Orange County, N. Y."

This Henry Williams was doubtless a descendant of the East Haddam Williams family. Reuben Fox, the eldest son of Daniel Fox, of East Haddam, and later of New Canaan, N. Y., married, about 1672, Hannah Williams, and settled in Cornwall, Litchfield County, Conn. In his interview with Elder Norman Fox, Mr. Williams said, that his father and Reuben Fox's wife were cousins; he also said that Hannah Burr, the first wife of Daniel Fox, and the mother of Reuben, was a sister of his (Williams) grandfather Burr. The mother of Henry Williams was therefore a Burr, and a niece, by marriage, of Daniel Fox.

From these notes, briefed down by Elder Norman Fox, I will quote the following extracts:

"Jeremiah Fox, Lives Glass Factory 10 m Troy, his Grand F was Cous to my Fath — Sand Lake."

"Oliver Fox was nephew to Dan Ezekiel Do Ebenezer — all nephews to Grd. Fox — This one is Grandson of O. Fox — Dan Fox moved up to N. Canaan during the War."

"Grd. Fath had many connections in Haddam by name of Fox."

This memoranda may seem somewhat cryptical at the first glance, but a

knowledge of the surrounding conditions make the explanation easy, and the interpretation is as follows:

The grandfather of Jeremiah Fox who lives at the Glass Factory at Sand Lake, ten miles from Troy, was a cousin to Jehiel Fox, the father of Elder Norman Fox.

Oliver Fox, Ezekiel Fox and Ebenezer Fox were all nephews to Daniel Fox, the grandfather of Elder Norman Fox. Jeremiah Fox of Sand Lake was a grandson of Oliver Fox.

Additional information is gathered from letters from Albert R. Fox, a grandson of the above Jeremiah Fox, preserved in the archives of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox. I quote as follows:

Letter dated February 1, 1881.

"Fox, Jeremiah, born 1766 at East Haddam, Conn.; his father's name we cannot ascertain — His mother died in 1768. He had brothers, Zemuel (should be Samuel, S. M. F.) and Oliver — His father remarried and purchased a farm near Kinderhook Lake, Columbia County, N. Y., — and afterwards removed west and died. Jeremiah Fox, my grandfather, went with a friend of his father's to Saratoga, by the name of Smith, and remained until of age and then learned the weaver's trade; afterwards into merchandising, and died in 1825."

A previous letter of Dec. 2, 1680, states as follows:

"Jeremiah Fox, born July 22nd, 1766; was an orphan, resided near Kinderhook Lake — Married Eunice Bristol, Dec. 16, 1789. They were baptized into the Skodack Bapt. Chh., 1811; and were early or constituent members of the 1st

Baptist Church in Albany. He was my grandfather—died on a journey to Canada, in Turin, Lewis County, N. Y."

Taking up the Connecticut records of the French and Indian wars, we find the following among the soldiers who went out from East Haddam:

Samuel Fox, Gershom Fox, Isaac Fox, Samuel Fox, Jr., Oliver Fox, William Fox, Ezekiel Fox, Israel Fox, Amasa Fox, Lemuel Fox, Silas Fox, Joseph Fox and Joshua Fox. Of these the first three, viz: Samuel, Gershom and Isaac, were the elder brothers of Daniel Fox; Lemuel and Silas were the sons of Isaac; Joseph was the son of Thomas (4) Fox, the brother of Samuel, Gershom, etc.,—he died in the army; Joshua was the son of Ebenezer (3) Fox, a cousin; Samuel Fox, Jr., William Fox, Oliver Fox, Ezekiel Fox, Israel Fox—and perhaps Amasa Fox—were doubtless sons of Samuel (4) Fox—the brother of Daniel.

The statement made by Henry Williams, that Daniel Fox had nephews, Oliver and Ezekiel Fox, is verified, and undoubted proof given that Daniel Fox was a brother of Samuel (4) Fox, and therefore, Daniel was a son of Isaac (3) Fox of Colchester. The statement that Ebenezer Fox was also a nephew of Daniel Fox was an error, as said Ebenezer was a cousin. Presumably Ebenezer Fox, Jr., was referred to, and he was second cousin to Daniel. Ebenezer (3) Fox of New London, son of Isaac (2), and therefore a cousin of Isaac (3) Fox of Colchester, bought land in East Haddam in 1730 and settled in Millington Parish in the immediate vicinity of the sons of Isaac (3) of Colchester. It is not strange that his relationship should be slightly confused; but this error does not disturb the other conditions.

In April, 1760, Samuel Fox, aged 24, and Oliver Fox, aged 19, "of Connecticut" went over in Dutchess County, N. Y. and enlisted in Captain Bogardus' company. It must be understood that Dutchess County extended north to Albany County and included what was later set off as Columbia County: Rensselaer County was later set off from Albany County. Oliver Fox, and probably his brother Samuel, returned

to East Haddam. Oliver soon married and had sons; Oliver, Samuel and Jeremiah born to him in East Haddam—the latter born July 22, 1766. Oliver's first wife died in 1768, he married again and removed to New York, settling near Kinderhook Lake, close to the boundary line between Dutchess and Albany Counties. His brother Samuel Fox, (Jr.), probably settled near him, as the revolutionary rolls show that Oliver Fox and Samuel Fox served together in Colonel Pawley's command; also Oliver Fox, Jr., enlisted from Dutchess County.

In the census of 1790, Oliver Fox, Samuel Fox and Jeremiah Fox appear as heads of, apparently, young families in Rensselaerwick, N. Y. Daniel Fox, Levitt Fox, Consider Fox and Jacob M. Fox were the heads of families in New Canaan; and a John C. Fox was living in Hudson. Oliver, Samuel and Jeremiah are confirmed as sons of Oliver (5) Fox formerly of East Haddam; Daniel and Levitt Fox will at once be recognized as the father and son from East Haddam. Jacob M. Fox was the son of Jedediah (4) Fox, the brother of Daniel. His full name was Jacob McCoy Fox, and he was the Lieut. Jacob Fox who served in the Revolution from Norwich, Conn. Consider Fox was the son of Benjamin (4) Fox (Benjamin 3, John 2) of New London, Conn. Consider Fox had brothers William, Samuel and Benjamin who settled at Hoosick, N. Y. before the Revolution—Samuel returned to New London. Lieut. Jacob M. Fox had brothers Jeremiah, Jr. and John who served in the Revolution from Connecticut, who later settled in New York State. Whether the John C. Fox of Hudson was that brother John, I have not yet determined.

The foregoing will give something of an idea how the exodus of the Foxes from East Haddam and New London began—the consuming desire for more and cheaper land, and a longing for something better beyond. Isaac (4) Fox, the brother of Daniel, in 1662, went up to Campton, N. H., taking a nephew, Winthrop Fox, with him. He prepared a home, and his son, Isaac Fox, Jr., brought up his mother and the rest of the family, the following spring. Isaac (4) Fox sold his homestead in East Haddam on February 20, 1739;

FOX FAMILY NEWS

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on April 16, of the same year, his brother John Fox sold his homestead in East Haddam to the same party, and thereafter disappears from the East Haddam records. He did not go to Campton with his brother Isaac.

Gabriel Ely Fox—the youngest son of Daniel Fox, told Elder Norman Fox, in 1844, that his father, Daniel Fox, had two brothers, Isaac and John—"one brother settled in the southern states." All the brothers of Daniel Fox, except John, are otherwise accounted for. If a brother did settle in the south it must have been John; and nothing has been found that disturbs this theory. Daniel Fox's son Daniel, Jr., went down and dwelt for a number of years at Chester, Virginia; possibly his uncle John Fox was of that vicinity.

A Sunday School Picnic

(As described in a letter written in 1872, from Uncle Alanson to Uncle George and Aunt Harriet while in Europe)

Last Wednesday our Sunday School had a picnic at Eldridge Park, near Elmira. Last Sunday there was an astonishing event in Sunday School and we were very much gratified at the large attendance and increasing interest. For some unaccountable reason the school was not so full today. We mustered about 250 strong at the Depot Wednesday morning and crowded into three cars. The train stopped at the Park and let us off and "all went merry as a marriage bell" till noon when it commenced to rain and all the afternoon it continued to rain. We had engaged La Frances Band from Elmira which met us on the ground and made it as pleasant as the weather would admit. A little building on the ground afforded shelter for as many as could stand upright in it and the rest did the best they could. It was a fine opportunity for Mark Tapley. It was a fine opportunity also to indulge in original

remarks about "Baptist Picnic"—"Baptists not afraid of water" &c &c. Ed Smith noted down in his book how many jokes he heard during the afternoon of that kind. I forgot now how many hundred he counted. What a conscious air of originality lighted up each one's face as he made the remark to you, thinking of course, it must be entirely new to you. The Conductor in the morning had told me the exact minute at which we must be at the Park gates to take the train and we had compared watches. Of course our shelter was quite a distance from the gates and of course it rained just a little harder than usual at the time the train was due, and of course the train was half an hour behind time and no way for us to learn it except by waiting. Here was Mark Tapley's best chance and among his imitators you can easily imagine your humble servant, Ed Smith, Ada and others. Mother came well up to the Tapley standard. but among those who did not, you can easily guess were Louise, Daniel Orcutt, Ella Weston & Mr. Burland & Alva &c &c. The Elmira Advertiser next day mentioned that the Painted Post Baptist folks "indulged in an umbrella picnic at Eldridge Park yesterday." Every day last week except Wednesday was warm and pleasant.

A Letter from Stuart Freeman

"I did not join the National Guard in this last awakening. There did not seem to be any enthusiasm over it here and I don't know of anybody outside the already enlisted militia who joined the movement to the border. In the East, on the contrary, everyone I ever heard of seems to be either in Texas or Arizona or New Mexico.

My preparedness movement was limited to joining a drill Co., of young men instead of going to the Citizens Camp at Monterey. I was unable to get a months vacation, however and contrary to plans, could not attend. Have joined a rifle club and at the last shoot qualified as a marksman.

The militia is certainly getting some wonderful experience at the border and they will all be better men for having gone through it."

A Prize Contest.

(A program suggested by Helen and Mason some years ago.)

COMING!!!

EXHIBITION OF MOTHERS
AT
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

MATERNAL WONDERS.
WORLD'S GREATEST PARENTS.

TEN — PRIZE CONTESTS — TEN

Any child may enter its parent.

EVENTS

1. Great weight lifting contest.— Mothers to carry sons' heavy suit cases, 100 yards.
2. Mothers to push morris chairs — 50 yards. Speed and form to count.
3. Mothers to balance on high step ladders and lift boxes from shelf. Hands not to be used for support in backing down.
4. Human alarm clocks. Test for memory and accuracy in waking children at odd hours.
5. The delivery by chosen mothers of encomiums upon their respective children, illustrated with anecdotes.
6. Speed test — Overcoat drill. Mothers with only one child to add rubbers.
7. Test of powers of persuasion. Perfectly wideawake children to be induced to go to bed. Resignation if unsuccessful, to count.
8. Signal corps. Greatest number of hints to be conveyed in a given time without detection from outsiders.
9. Children to parade before mothers. Prize to be awarded to mother best concealing pride. Any mother who nudges another to be counted out.
10. Tableau.



George Henry Fox William Freeman Fox
Alanson Jehiel Fox
Norman Fox Charles James Fox
(From a photograph taken in 1834)

Family News

Edith and Montague have changed their address to 2 West 95th Street.

Uncle Robert is preaching this fall in Yonkers at the Warburton Avenue Baptist Church.

Helen and Mason are now living in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, where they have taken a house.

Uncle George recently celebrated his 70th birthday at "Riverbend." Among the congratulatory telegrams received during a dinner in his honor was one from Helen and Mason signed "New Jersey Rob and Nellie."

Kenneth has accepted a call to the Second Baptist Church at Suffield, where he began his pastorate early in September. He has twelve acres of land which ought to satisfy his duck raising proclivities.

Aunt Cornelia has given up her apartment and will make her home with Alan at 9 East 10th Street, where Little Joseph will also spend the winter. Alan spent four weeks in Glacier National Park recently on a camping trip.

George has been elected treasurer of the Broome County Medical Society. He went to Camp Whitman with the First Ambulance Company but was unable to go to the border on account of foot trouble. After his return from camp he was placed in charge of the Depot Unit.

FOX FAMILY NEWS—SUPPLEMENT

NOVEMBER 1916.

Letters from the Mexican Border.

Sergeant Alanson Gibbs Fox
Troop A. Squadron A., N. G. U. S.
(Extracts from letters to his family)

July 7th. We finally got off yesterday morning and rode up to Yonkers where we entrained at the freight yards of the New York Central Railroad. Our train which was the first section, contained A. and B. troops of Squadron A. and had fifteen horse and flat cars and five day coaches for the men. The Yonkers Red Cross Society served us sandwiches, eggs, cake and fruit and all kinds of refreshments. We unscrewed the backs of the seats and were able to lie flat and had a good night's sleep, but after sleeping on the ground for several weeks, I am accustomed to hard beds.

July 8th. With all the windows and doors of the cars open and with engines burning soft coal, you might take us for the 10th Cavalry, but a little thing like dirt, does not bother me at all. This morning most of the men stripped to the waist, when our engine stopped for water and a hose was played on us, which was as refreshing as a shower bath. I think I never saw a better crowd of men than there is in our troop and it is a pleasure to be among them.

July 9th. Everybody along the line cheers us as we go by and I am beginning to feel like a regular, which I now am under the new law. This train, as one of the men wrote home, runs as fast as a dry brook. At St. Louis, Dave Francis entertained me at the Racquet Club and told me to bring as many men as I wished. I brought eight Troop A men and we had a swim in the pool and a wonderful luncheon. This afternoon I washed

out my underwear with Fels Naptha soap, and you can tell Kate I am fast becoming an expert.

July 10th. Last night I amused the train by going through it after the men had gone to bed and imitating a colored porter, asking each man whether he was getting off at Fulton Chain, Saranac, Lake Placid, etc. The two newly acquired Pullman porters seemed to enjoy it as well as any. Apparently I am one of the jokers in this outfit. At St. Louis we took on a black tonsorial artist, who is now busy getting the men's heads to look like Thomas M. Osborne's pets.

July 11th. I called up Rob on the long distance telephone. He seemed very pleased to hear my voice and Noel's. Yesterday Ray Biglow and I rode on the caboose, my first experience, and sitting up on the top affords a real view of cotton and corn, about all there is down this way. In the evening we formed the Caboose Quartette and at several short five minute stops, proceeded to give the natives samples of our close harmony. Last night I went through the train doing my usual impersonations of the conductor, porter, newsboy and baggage expressman. The men seem to look for me every night.

July 12th. I had charge of the A. Troop detail of 14 men in loading and unloading the 237 horses in our section. The officer in charge arranged to wake me on reaching Houston and did so at 2.15 this morning. Unfortunately the Pullman conductor woke me at 1.30 A. M. and as I had gotten to bed at 10.30 my amount of sleep was limited. It is Edgar Freeman's birthday today and he did not remember it until I spoke to him about it.

July 14th. We reached McAllen Thursday morning. Our camp is

about 60 miles from Brownsville and only about 7 miles from the Rio Grande. It is sure hot here and the country is pretty desolate and God forsaken. I am acting as stable sergeant for 24 hours, so I expect to be with the horses tonight and sleep on a bale of hay.

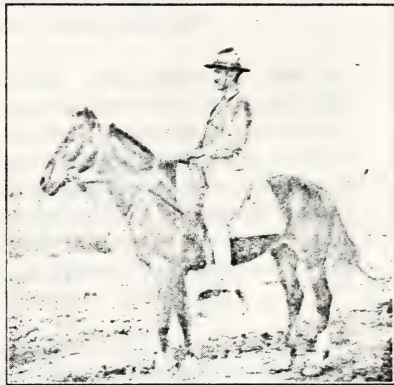
July 16th. I am feeling well and very gradually getting used to the sun and heat. Between 10 and 4 it is terrible and you have to keep under cover as much as possible.

July 17th. I have started getting up a vaudeville entertainment and have been appointed chairman of the committee. You see practically nothing but corn and cotton, but there's lots of that. The cactus is thick and I never saw such a country for bugs and insects. One man found a tarantula in his shoe. When you go to bed you have to shake out everything. "Billy" is fine and everyone takes a personal interest in him. I tell you, I am glad that I have him with me.

July 17th. By the way, it is 104 in the shade and 122 in the sun today (2.45 P.M.). A dead horse is waiting to be buried and the wind is wafting this way.

July 22nd. Quite a number of the horses are dead, but "Billy" is as fine and chipper as can be. Everyone in the Troop knows him and he is a great favorite. At a vaudeville entertainment given by our Troop I acted as manager and finally had to do a little stunt myself. I managed to get hold of a piano in McAllen and brought it up on our motor truck. It made a great hit.

July 25th. I did not write on Sunday as expected as the heat was ter-



*Sergeant Alanson Gibbs Fox
mounted on "Billy"*

rible. 106 yesterday in my tent and from 125 to 130 in the sun. On Sunday, 7 of us went to Mission in a Ford jitney to visit some friends who had asked me to bring some musical men and so I brought over Jim Thornton, on the piano, Nat Holmes, Fritz Achelis and I helping out on the singing, Dave Stuart and Livingston Whitney on the ice cream and cake.

July 26th. I am feeling perfectly well and losing lots of weight and look as dark as the Mexicans. The FOX FAMILY NEWS came today and I showed the copy to a lot of the men in the troop.

July 29th. I take a sponge bath in a galvanized tub which I bought. Bleecker laughed at it, but I notice that he uses it.

Aug. 8th. I returned yesterday from a five days hike of 96 miles.

Aug. 12th. Dr. McCullagh seems well, and I think he is pretty busy.

Aug. 20th. Our 6 day hike ended on the 3rd day on account of the typhoon we had Friday night. It was one of the worst storms I have ever seen.

We were all soaked to the skin and some of the tents blew down.

Aug. 22nd. Our troop has started religious meetings every Sunday and next Sunday I am to be the leader. First call has been changed from 5.15 to 5.30 in the morning, so you see we can sleep late in the morning. If any one mentions the word McAllen when I get home, I shall shoot him dead. However, when I return I shall miss the life and forget all the discomforts.

Aug. 30th. Today I am sergeant of the guard and am in camp. Our troop started on a five day hike and I hope to join them tomorrow. Noel gave the non coms. of our troop a most interesting talk on the rifle. It was one of the best talks I ever heard.

Sept. 2nd. The troop left on the day of my birthday for rifle and pistol practice on the range, and then up to Monte Christo, 22 miles from McAllen where we are now camping. We expect to be here for five to ten days. It is an interesting detail and an easy one, except for mosquitos at night which are terrible. We call them eagles. With our tent screened in at McAllen and shower baths we live like human beings.

Sept. 11th. I am perfectly well, but have lost lots of weight. My waist line has materially decreased. We just had a call to arms, which we have every once in a while, when we do not expect it. The other day we had a call to arms for our troop and I was the very first man saddled and up on his horse. "Billy" stands perfectly still and seems to understand what I am doing.

Sept. 13th. Bleecker's likeness to Villa has been remarked already by some of the men. Edgar and Howard Freeman have made excellent troop-

ers. Of the 24 Yale men in our troop, one is on leave with a broken ankle, the other 23 are right here.

Sept. 15th. Dave Stuart is laid up in the hospital for a few days, so I am acting as first sergeant of the troop, which is splendid training and a lot of fun. As acting senior line sergeant I have almost without exception been in charge of a platoon in drills and maneuvers, so I have had a chance to bawl out commands a whole lot.

Oct. 29th. Yesterday the troop A. baseball team defeated the 7th Regt. by 5—3. Edgar played second base and Howard third base. They both did well especially Edgar, who played a star game. When you consider the 7th Regt. has about 1300 men whereas our troop has a hundred men, I should say that was pretty good going.

Sergeant Noel Bleecker Fox

Troop A. Squadron A., N. G. U. S.

McAllen, Texas
October 30th 1916.

Dear Howard

As Alanson has doubtless kept you well informed of how we are situated and what we are doing there is little that I can tell you about our experiences in Texas. This region is a flat plain of adobe clay. At least it looks flat until it rains when we discover that some places are lower than the others from the fact that the water settles there in stagnant pools where it remains until dried up in the next dry spell. It cannot run off into streams for there are absolutely none except the Rio Grande itself. The only kind of tree is the mesquite which is not very large and bears a few small leaves and many large thorns. Consequently it gives little shade from the hot sun. Of the

plants the most noticeable is the cactus which grows everywhere to a height of three or four feet and occasionally as tall as twelve feet or so. There are a number of other kinds of bushes all of which have large and piercing thorns. In order to prepare for the kind of fighting to be expected in such a country our drill frequently includes work at extended order both mounted and dismounted through the cactus and at the end of such a drill we pull the cactus spines from our own and our horses legs.

The commonest animals are snakes, lizards, turtles, horned toads, gophers, jack-rabbits and coyotes; the last of which I have never seen although we hear them howling every night. No account of this country would be complete without mention of the insects of which there are more varieties and more of each variety than I ever supposed existed. These include the scorpions and tarantulas which are frequent visitors to our tents. Every living thing seems to have a thorn, poison, sting or bite but from this I must except the birds of numerous kinds many of which have pleasing songs. The only other beauties of nature here are the sunsets and sunrises which are the finest I have ever seen.

Speaking of sunrises we have had full opportunity to observe almost every one for four months. When we first came here our first call every morning was at five o'clock but now it is six. On several occasions when we have had maneuvers or have been away on hikes the first call has been earlier, the earliest being at 3:45. On that and a couple of other times we were in the saddle and on the road before daylight.

I have been on three hikes with the

Squadron. One of these was for five days and covered the country for fifty miles to the North while the other two were along the Rio Grande. On our hikes along the river we passed through numerous quaint little Mexican villages in which the houses were roofed with thatch and built of woven branches covered over with clay. These villages and their inhabitants seemed to belong in the Balkans or the Philippines rather than in the United States. The troop was also away at another time for about ten days. I did not go with them then but stayed behind in command of the part of the troop which remained in camp. There were about twenty who stayed here either because they were too crippled to ride or because they were detailed for special duties around camp. It was the first time I had commanded a separate unit for any length of time and I enjoyed it very much.



*Left to right
Alanson, Edgar, Howard, Noel*

In addition to the ordinary work of a line sergeant my particular job is the guidon. This includes carrying it at drill and on the march, uncasing it at reveille and casing it at retreat or when it rains. Our guidon has become so torn by the thorns on the mesquite trees that it looks as battle-scarred as any flag that ever passed

through real war. My other special work is looking after the small arms and ammunition of the troop. This includes instructing the men in shooting, keeping records of target practice and issuing ball cartridges for guard duty, etc., and blanks for maneuvers. This is the first camp I have ever been at where both ball and blank ammunition are used and it requires great care to see that no one carries one kind when he should have the other.

During the three months and more that we have lived in this camp we have gradually changed it from a few pieces of canvass over a mud hole to a very comfortable habitation. Instead of sleeping on the ground we have cots over board floors and our tents have grown into canvass covered houses. The wall is of boards for twelve inches from the floor and wire screen for thirty inches above that while the old conical tent supported by wooden rafters instead of a pole forms the roof. A full sized screen door with spring hinges completes the edifice and keeps it comparatively fly and mosquito-proof while the walls of the tent may be lowered outside the screen walls to keep out the rain. We have plenty of room in our tent for while some of the tents hold eight or ten men ours has only five; namely Sergeants Smidt, Biglow and Farrelly in addition to Alanson and myself. Our dining accommodations have improved as much as our sleeping ones. At first we ate from our tin plates while seated on the ground amongst the insects. Now we eat from enamelled ware at tables in a mess shack with wooden roof and wire screen walls. Another great change is the troughs to water horses instead of having to lead them half a mile to water. And among other improvements are our showerbaths and our clubhouse which

is a branch of the Squadron A Club in New York.

The one question which you would be likely to ask us is one which we could not answer, that is, when are we going home. Every day or two there is a reliable rumor that a private in the next troop said that a sergeant in the Seventh Regiment told him that an orderly at division headquarters had heard General O'Ryan say that we would entrain for New York next Tuesday but each time the information has proved misleading. We might go home next week or we might be here all winter. In the meantime we are continuing to make permanent improvements in our camp and if we have to stay we are ready to make the best of it.

Your cousin

Noel Bleecker Fox

Sergeant Clinton Fox Ivins

Troop D. 1st N. J. Cavalry. N. G. U. S.

Plainfield, N. J.

Oct. 23rd, 1916.

My dear Howard:—

I was certainly glad to hear that the NEWS is right on the job with a "Border Supplement" and now that I am safely at home again I will endeavor to give an account of myself and of our outfit on the Border.

When the call came I had about given up all military aspirations for I had been living in Toledo for six months and had been obliged to be on furlough from my troop. But the obligation was there all the same and the call sounded just as loud and compelling as if I were back in Plainfield and mobilizing with my friends. So I could see but one course and that

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Sergeant Clinton Fox Ivins

was to catch the first and fastest train and head for home. It was a big day for our little town when Troop D left and with all my hustling from the west, I missed it all by a few hours, but caught my breath and the outfit at Sea Girt where we spent two hectic weeks wondering whether the next hour would see us headed for home or Mexico. Finally we got our orders and at full strength, 100 men and 3 officers and a herd of the rawest, roughest broncos that ever came off the range, started for "somewhere on the Border." We were more fortunate than most of the organizations that came from a distance and had tourist sleepers, and with two men in a bunk we considered ourselves travelling in luxury. Seven long days brought us to El Paso which we thought our destination, but here we were told to keep going and sojourned along the border through New Mexico and Arizona for 225 miles due west until we struck Douglas. That glimpse of Mexico, all mountains and desert and past the ill fated Columbus, gave us a thrill, for there was to be the scene of our campaign and the battles we were about to fight. We

soon forgot all about battles, however for the business of breaking green horses and mules, digging ditches, fighting flies, answering sick call and wondering where the thermometer was ever going to stop climbing was entirely too engrossing for such details. This was the state of affairs for a month or six weeks, when we began to get a grip on ourselves and our horses. We learned how to take the climate and the altitude of 4500 feet, the cooks how not to spoil the ration and the stout men grew thinner and the thin men stouter, and we took to soldiering with a zest. We lost a good many of our best men through the disability and dependancy orders and I filled a vacancy as corporal and then as sergeant. Our two lieutenants and first sergeant were all ex members of Squadron A. and our present "top" Roy Cox is one of Alanson's associates in the "Guaranty."

If our impressions of Arizona had been gained from the situation at Douglas they would have been anything but flattering to that state. Located right in the midst of a desert, and hard by the Copper Queen smelter, the combination of heat, dust and sulphur was something to make even the cactus shrink up. The ground was hard as rock, and the most resistant to the pick and shovel I ever saw, and our intricate system of drainage ditches was a heart and back breaking undertaking. We always hailed the orders to hike or maneuver from camp with delight for no situation could be worse, and those hikes through the mountains and up the canyons were our best and most interesting experiences in Arizona. We were in the country of the Geronimo campaign and our visits to some of the old army posts and Indian camps,

regular oases and garden spots in the desert, were delightful and full of historic associations. The border camps near us, Douglas, Noco and Nogales were busy humming centers and here we met guardsmen of a dozen different states and regulars from all arms of the service. There were plenty of Mex. always in sight and garrisons in all the border towns across the line, but the state of Sonora at that particular time was under good control, and except for occasional sniping and cattle stealing our district was free from international trouble. Toward the end, our squadron, both men and horses, rounded into first class shape and our troop and squadron drill went off with a snap and vigor that we didn't think was in us. Our recall came none too soon, though for any of us and the best day of all was when we saw the home town again, and became plain citizens once more after four months in the army.

Clinton Fox Ivins

Private Howard Brooks Freeman

Troop A. Squadron A., N. G. U. S.

McAllen, Texas, Aug. 29, 1916

Dear Howard:—

There is an article in the Outlook of Aug. 23 that contains about as graphic and interesting account of life on the border as one could wish and as it was written by a member of the Squadron, can be considered an authentic version of life as lived by the Foxes enlisted in Squadron A.

However, the article mentioned, relates tales concerning rattlers, scorpions, tarantulas, etc. in such a way as to make the reader believe they were the main nuisances here. They

haven't lived up to their reputation as prophesied by the "know-it-alls" encountered en route from N. Y. Any article concerning fauna of the border should be composed 99 per cent of the life and activities of the fly. Before coming here I thought I had met the fly and become acquainted with him, even as most of you do, but I find out down here that I was mistaken. May you never know him as we know him, for here is his home and he owns it. This may sound exaggerated but if you wish to know the truth, you must live here.

Just now camp is beginning to take on a permanent appearance. Most of the tents have acquired floors, some have added screens and rafters as protection against any more hurricanes that may come this way and also some have planted palms in front to vary the monotonous appearance of camp.

And so goes life on the border as noticed by the senses. For the eye, the most glorious risings and settings of the sun on a most weary, desolate land, for the ear, Dame Rumor and the bugle, for the nose, the ever present, all prevailing stable, for the tongue, the luscious bran and last but not least, for herein is our comfort, destroyed to the sense of touch, the fly. He appeals to all the other senses, save smell and as his home includes the stable, maybe he also comes into prominence here. The history to date of war with Mexico will be a repetition of tanglefoot and arsenic paper. Other weapons are necessary and the lesson in preparedness should note this point, for lo, he is with you always, even unto the end of the campaign.

Here's luck to you in preparing the war special of the F. F. N. and may the powers that be let us get back for New Years night.

Faithfully yours,

Howard Freeman

Private Edgar Wells Freeman

Troop A. Squadron A., N. G. U. S.

McAllen, Texas. Aug. 20, 1916.

Editor F. F. N.

Sir:

I am hot, sweaty, and harassed by flies, whose name is legion; nor may I achieve that state of cleanliness which has been claimed to be next to godliness, but which we have determined empirically to hang close on the heels of impossible. My mind, moreover, is so atrophied by lack of exercise, and so languid from the Texan atmosphere, as to be almost incapable of the task you seek to impose upon it; the mental effort you demand will surely leave me flaccid, and ready to be poured back into the bottle. Yet I will furnish forth what scant unintelligible verbiage my brain can accomplish in the worthy endeavor to make half a column copy for the family sheet.

Sergeant Alanson passed on the order from you, Lieutenant, and I shall be prone to leave the bulk of descriptive work to him; his jurisdiction over camp writing and details being so much more extensive than mine that he can far better give a word picture of conditions as they are. And as I doubt if he has yet commenced his part of the magnum opus, this will be notice to him of what he must furnish.

Sergeant Bleecker, no doubt will write (if at all) on ordnance, gun-oil, and trajections, both of bullets and horse's hind hoofs, and Private How-

ard will—well, I don't know what he'll do, my imagination is waning.

All thoughts are chiefly directed to the absorbing problem of when we leave; frankly, Texas, or at least McAllen, Texas, is not God's country. And as for the need of us down here, as far as we have so far discovered, we might as advisably be up North protecting the Canadian border from Eskimos. It is a fine experience, however, and though the novelty may wear off, and the toil become irksome, our spirit can't be killed, and therefore all will be well. And I think you may save places for us at the New Year's dinner; the livery-stable war, as one accurate trooper has dubbed the expedition, will surely be over by then. Out of the stench by New Year's, then, is our war cry.

Faithfully,

Private Freeman, E. W



A Squadron A. Trooper

(Drawn by our special artist)



VOL. VI

JANUARY, 1917

No. 1

Memorial Sketch of Captain Charles J. Fox.

*Issued by Military Order of Loyal Legion of
the United States. Commandery of the State of
Michigan*

Detroit, Mich. Jan. 20, 1904.

Companions:

On the 29th day of November last Companion Charles J. Fox, of this Commandery, was suddenly called from his earthly labors to a far better inheritance in the world to come. He entered the service of his country July 29th, 1862 as First Lieutenant in the 107th N. Y. Infy, was made Captain May 10th, 1863, and commissioned as Major of the same regiment Sept. 27th, 1864, but could not muster as Major on account of the depletion of the regiment. Was honorably discharged with his regiment at the close of the war, June 5th 1865.

His regiment served in the famous "Red Star Division" of the 12th and 20th corps and fought in every engagement in which that peerless division flashed its red star, and it is glory enough to say that Companion Fox was with and fought with his command in every one of those engagements. He was elected into the Order through the Commandery of the State of Michigan, April 2nd, 1891.

His insignia was No. 8,712

Major Charles James Fox died November 29th, 1903, at the Phelps Sanatorium, Battle Creek, Mich. His death

was sudden, but quiet and peaceful. He was found dead on Monday morning by a friend who had spent the previous evening with him and had left him in excellent spirits and apparently good health. He found him just as he had left him—sitting in a rocking chair, his legs crossed and his head lying back over the chair as if asleep, and with his open watch in his hand. Death was evidently the result of heart failure. He had been spending much of his time at the Sanatorium during the past year, not as a patient but as a guest of the hotel.

He was born April 9, 1842, in Ballston Spa, the fifth child of Rev. Norman and Jane Freeman Fox. He was graduated at Union College in the class of 1861, and in the following year entered the army, having received a commission as first lieutenant in the 107th Regiment New York Volunteers. The young lieutenant, then twenty years old, was assigned to Company C. of which his brother William was captain, and in the course of his service was promoted successively to captain and major in the same regiment. He was present with his command in every battle and skirmish of the Red Star Division of the corps known as the 12th corps in the Army of the Potomac and subsequently as the 20th in Sherman's Army, at Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Resaca, New Hope Church, Peach Tree Creek, Siege of Atlanta, the

March to the Sea, Siege of Savannah, the Carolinas, Averysboro and Bentonville, and he rode in the Grand Review at Washington at the close of the war.

Having been mustered out of service in June, 1865, he engaged in the lumber business at Painted Post, N. Y., becoming a partner in the old established firm of Fox, Weston & Co. He was married in 1865 to Miss Louise O. Wright, of Schenectady, N. Y. a daughter of Hon. John C. Wright, Judge of the Supreme Court, and formerly Comptroller of the State.

In 1886 Major Fox was appointed by Governor Hill a trustee of the State Soldier's Home at Bath, N. Y. an honorary but responsible position.

He resided at Painted Post until the firm of Fox, Weston & Co. closed out its interests there, and transferred its business to the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, whereupon he moved his residence, in 1891, to Detroit. In 1898 he was elected Secretary of the Chicago Lumbering Company, whose mills, offices, stores and other properties are located at Manistique. His oldest brother, Mr. Alanson J. Fox, who died recently in Detroit, was president of the company.

Major Fox was one of five brothers, four of whom served in the civil war,—Rev. Norman Fox, D. D. Chaplain 77th N. Y.; Colonel William F. Fox, 107th N. Y. author of "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," and "New York at Gettysburg"; Major Charles J. Fox, 107th N. Y. and Dr. George H. Fox, 77th N. Y. He is survived by these three brothers, and a sister, Mrs. R. S. MacArthur, of New York City. In his immediate family he leaves a wife, four sons and one daughter.

The Corning Democrat, a newspaper published in the country where his regiment was raised, in speaking of Major

Fox's brilliant record in the war, says:

"During the three years of that regiment's arduous service he was always with them, never missing a battle or skirmish in which they were engaged. Their heavy losses made promotion rapid, and before he was twenty two years old the young lieutenant became major of the regiment."

During Sherman's march from Atlanta to the Sea, the illness of his superior officers placed the command of the regiment in his hands, and when, by order of General Slocum the 107th took possession of Milledgeville, the capitol of Georgia, Major Fox was in command with headquarters in the State House. For the skillful manner in which the regiment was handled during the brilliant campaign he received high commendation from his brigade and division commanders. There were few men of his age in the volunteer service who made such a record for coolness and steadiness in the time of action, or for constant unremitting care of the interests and comforts of those who served under him. A classmate of his at Union and again his comrade in William's "Red Star Division" pays high tribute to his career as student, soldier and citizen. He was an ideal soldier and officer, combining with manly courage all the kindly traits of a gentleman.

Sam'l E. Pitman,
Bvt. Lieut. Col. U. S. Vols.
George Robinson, U. S. A.
Chaplain 1st. U. S. Infy.
F. W. Swift,
Bvt. Brig. Gen'l U. S. Vols.
Committee.

By order of

Lieut. John S. Conant,
Commander.
Bvt. Brig.-Gen. F. W. Swift,
Recorder.

FOX FAMILY NEWS

The recognized organ of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox. Published every two months. Editor, Howard Fox, 616 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription \$1.00 per year.

Editorial

In commencing the sixth volume of our little paper, the editor again thanks his family and friends for their interest and support. The idea of publishing something like the FOX FAMILY NEWS was in the editor's mind for many years, but was not carried out until after a talk with a cousin in Colorado who was extremely enthusiastic. For a few months Rev. Kenneth C. MacArthur acted as editor while the present incumbent took charge of the publication and business management. Since that time the latter has had the pleasurable task of editing and publishing the paper. Our policy has been to speak of the various relatives by their first names and always from the standpoint of the generation to which the editor belonged. While we have been flattered by numerous requests from libraries and historical societies for files of our paper, we do not take ourselves too seriously. On the other hand we do not consider our paper a substitute for humorous literature such as Puck or Judge. We have disseminated family news as far as possible, but we consider it fully as important to print facts of genealogical and biographical interest forming a family record, which we hope may be of lasting value.

Captain Charles J. Fox

*By 1st Lt. Irving Bronson,
Co. C. 107th N. Y. V*

Charles J. Fox was mustered in as 1st. Lt. Co. C. 107th N. Y. V. at Elmira, Aug. 13, 1862. There was nothing of importance that took place on our trip to Washington. The first morning in Camp at Arlington Heights, an army wagon dumped a load of soft bread in a good shady spot. It was for the reg-

iment, but Charley took a look and turned up his nose, saying to me "There is a house over there that looks inviting, let's go and get breakfast." Well, neither of us got there. The Captain had his eye on us and ordered us back saying that if we were hungry, there was a lot of bread and what was good enough for the men was good enough for us. Charley argued and talked and finally addressed the Captain as "Billy". William read the Articles of War right then and made us understand that no familiarity would be allowed. Charley nearly exploded, but when we could not see anything of the Captain, we sneaked over to the house and found him there gorging himself. Charley gave him a line of talk about soft bread and how good it was for the men and officers as well and it ended in William paying the checks.

Charley took the business end of the Company affairs and our rolls and reports were always in first class shape. He was in every battle the regiment was in, except Chancellorsville, when he was home for a ten days leave. I was glad that he was not there as it was a tough battle and one in which Capt. William was wounded. I think the most exciting time he ever had was near Marietta, Georgia. It was one of those clear calm, moon-light nights that I never saw anywhere but in the South. We had not had our clothes off for more than a month, marching and fighting every other day. He proposed that we remove our outer garments and sleep like Christians once more. Some time near midnight a six mule team got loose and ran away. They knocked down some stacks of muskets and some of the guns were discharged. A general alarm was sounded and "fall in" was the order. I found myself on hands and knees looking out of the tent and shouting to Co. C. to fall in. I

struggled with my clothes and finally turned out fully dressed. Not so with Charley. There was some sort of an acrobatic performance going on in that tent and language came out in the night air such as I had never heard before. It was not of a profane nature unless it was of some European brand. It was always his custom to pull on his boots before his pants and on this occasion he got each of his boots turned so his toes were in the heels and pulled off all his boot straps.

While in Atlanta, the troops were hard up for food, as the enemy had torn up the railroad back of us. Charles took all the cash that the two of us could scrape together, about \$1.50 I think, and started out to buy something nice. When he returned his face had a large smile on it and his hands were full of squash, of which Charles was particularly fond. Now squash was a fruit that I had never had any use for. Perhaps it is best not to repeat just what was said and besides I don't remember exactly.

Charley was the best known and liked of all the officers in our Brigade. I never saw him angry. Whenever the troopers were in camp a Court Martial was always sitting at or near Head Quarters and he was always one of the court.

I think that it was in North Carolina that he had as close a call as one would care for. He and our adjutant went out one day with our regimental forage party. They were attacked by a lot of Wheeler's men who were in blue uniforms. He had dismounted and our men had ridden by leaving him in the rear. When the firing started he jumped on his horse. He saw the adjutant coming and also saw three of the enemy trying to head him off. The adjutant was a large, strong man and

carried a regulation cavalry sabre. Those three men went down before that sabre and the adjutant, unhurt dashed past. Charley's horse got excited and jumped in a large brush pile. He got out of that and then ran into a tree, losing his saddle bags and breaking his sword off just below the hilt. He had my navy revolver, but had somehow got it buckled on so it was between his body and his belt. He also had on a heavy regulation overcoat. It was raining at the time and he could not get that revolver out. They were chased for a time by three men, but both had good horses and soon distanced the pursuers. The officers in command of that squad of Rebs said that if he had caught either or both he would have hanged them as they were not regularly detailed. Charley was a fine man and one that made and kept friends wherever he went and the "regiment that did not know enough to run" is proud to own him as one of them and to honor his memory.

Family News.

After an absence of six months the soldier boys, Noel, Alanson and Howard Freeman, not forgetting "Billy", have returned from the border. Edgar came home a month ago on furlough on account of an injury to his knee, and Clinton returned with his troop in October.

At a recent banquet of members of the Psi Upsilon Club, the following telegram was sent to Alanson.

"Your Psi U. brothers in New York celebrating the virtues of the Founders, send heartiest greetings to their Brothers on the Border, who bear honors of the past along the hurrying years. May you all soon return to God's country in happiness and health."



Vol. VI

MARCH 1, 1917

No. 2

The Annual Dinner.

The thirteenth Annual Dinner of the Society was held at the Hotel Bonta on the afternoon of January 1, being preceded by the usual business meeting. The President, Uncle George, acted as Toastmaster, saying:

"To-day I feel more than ever that it was a marvelous exhibition of foresight, a veritable stroke of inspiration on the part of Uncle Norman to conceive the idea of this Society and to establish it on such a firm and permanent basis. Is it not true that during the past year Norman in Michigan, Rob in Oklahoma, Bert in Colorado, Stuart in California and the boys down on the Mexican border have all seemed just a little nearer and dearer to us because of our annual family gatherings during the past thirteen years? I want to exhort you of a younger generation to keep up your present enthusiasm over this Society and to allow no other interests to interfere with its welfare. I want you to teach your children as they grow up that membership in this Society is a heritage of which they may be justly proud; that its continued success will depend, not upon the character of its founder or its early members, but upon their devotion and their efforts to maintain its high aims.

"During the past year we have lost but one member. Although Del's, Alan's lovely wife, had been with us but a very short time, she had endeared herself to all, and now, among other sweet memories, we can recall with pleasure the active interest which she took in the reunion of this Society, just one short year ago. Numerically her place is filled by the little boy she left to us, Joseph Carrère Fox. The birth of another boy, George Fox

Trowbridge, has increased our membership by one. When he has passed his three-score years and ten I trust that he may be like his grandfather, an honored patriarch of this Society.

"The recent death of the Rev. Dr. James M. Taylor, formerly President of Vassar, demands a passing mention. Although not a member of our Society, he had been a most genial guest on one or two occasions and seemed especially near to those of us who knew him during college years at Rochester and at Poughkeepsie."

Montague then read telegrams of greeting from Cousins Marie and Louise Wait, Rob and Nellie, the Ivins family, George and Gertrude and Ethel. In addition a charming letter from Ethel was read by Aunt Elizabeth.

The Toastmaster next introduced to the Society a newly found cousin, to whom all were glad to extend a hearty welcome. This was Mrs. Anna Chesebrough Wildey, author of "The Chesebrough Family," who responded in a few pleasant words.

In introducing the heroes who had just returned from the Mexican border, the Toastmaster said he would follow the custom of the medical consultation and the military court martial and call upon the youngest first.

Edgar responded as follows:

"I trust I may say without offense to you, Uncle George, that I heartily disapprove of the course pursued at meetings of medical men. I had counted on a breathing space of several hours while Bleecker held the fort. It seems to have been taken for granted that I am to be congratulated on having arrived home a month ahead of my fellow troopers by reason of a fur-

lough. The official records state that my ankle and knee were severely twisted by a fall from a hay pile, sustained fortuitously while engaged in unloading hay bales. This is not strictly accurate, but perhaps will have a more military appearance in the records than a recital of the true facts. These may be briefly stated as follows: It was election night and several of us, exuberant over the early returns, had formed an Alpine club in order to properly scale the high peaks of hay piles located at the end of each troop street. It was also full moon and the lunar glory could be better appreciated from these towering summits than elsewhere in camp. And eventually we had a friendly contest to determine which of us could longest remain on top and thus keep his place in the moon. Tightly packed hay forms a slippery surface and this led to a fall on my part and consequent injury. After an examination, the camp medical authorities were in doubt as to whether my ankle was sprained or broken, and so I was sent to two other hospitals in McAllen and Brownsville to have an X-ray photograph taken. Unfortunately, I had to suffer much, for at each hospital there is an inflexible rule denying all incoming patients any sustenance save a meagre liquid diet during the first twenty-four hours of their stay. So you can see that a furlough in such a case as mine, at least, is not entirely velvet. But at any rate, here I am, and very happy to be here."

The Toastmaster then called upon Howard Freeman, who said:

"In arising to this occasion I ought to remark first of all that I consider myself a much better soldier than an after dinner speaker. Yet I feel it my duty, as a potential member of 'Uncle Sam's' army to endeavor to prove to you just how good a soldier I am. In lieu of the fact that Bleecker is to follow me on the program of speakers, and will probably have something of a more serious nature to say, my discourse may be likened to 'Serious and frivolous facts about the great and near great,' omitting the serious and the near-great. So I'll start in with the sergeants, of which there are two present.

While on the border these ser-

geants have had the privilege of ordering me around. When either of them said 'Trot, Ho!' I had to trot, and when I received the order 'Groom, hind and fore legs,' I had to suit action to word, and this is the first chance I have had of getting back at them.

Alanson happened to be a very good friend of Jim Thornton, my corporal, and consequently was a very frequent visitor at my tent. As some of you may have noticed, Alanson is rather fond of cigars, and on the border was a very good sleeper. It often happened that when Alanson came to our tent, Jim was not in, in which case he went to sleep on Jim's cot, and when Jim was in, he usually took a cigar. A practical joker in the tent, who became a little bit annoyed at the constant disappearance of his cigars, decided to cure Alanson of this habit. So on this particular occasion when he came in and started to talk to Jim, he reached behind him for the accustoming cigar (he knew the place without looking) and much to his chagrin found that the cigars had been removed and that the box had been lined with fly paper.

In regard to Bleecker, I might advise you that he has been responsible for the instruction of the 'rookies' in the use of firearms; how to hold them, load, fire and clean them, and particularly what precautions to take to prevent accidents. One day, after a series of manoeuvres in which blank cartridges were used, Bleecker was going down the troop street, gun on shoulder, to the gun rack, with the ostensible purpose of cleaning it, when suddenly a loud report was heard, and troopers came running from all over camp to discover what the fight was about and who had been shot. Nothing was amiss, however; Bleecker had just neglected to unload and had carelessly pulled the trigger. I might add that our other sergeant, Alanson, was guilty of the same negligence on a similar occasion, but did not create the same disturbance, as his piece was fired while still in the rifle boot and so the report was muffled."

Alanson was the next victim and said:

"It is a source of great joy to me to

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be back after an absence of six months and to be here at the annual dinner. While I was in Texas I had the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with my three cousins in Troop A. Howard and Edgar distinguished themselves as members of our troop baseball team, which had a most successful season, Howard pitching two of the games and winning both of them. Noel gave an hour's talk on the army rifle to our troops, as he was our ordnance sergeant, and I can say truthfully that it was the most interesting lecture which I heard on the border. As Howard Freeman has been telling things about his sergeant cousins, I might say something about him, but on second thought I think I will not. There is no doubt that the experience on the border has been of great benefit to all, and my regret is that more young men could not have had it."

Noel spoke in part as follows:

"Since our return from the border we have been trying to pose as war veterans, but it has been rather difficult to get people to accept us as such when we were never under fire and there really wasn't any war anyway. And yet we were in a region where bullet holes in houses showed that there had been fighting and where we had to stand guard with loaded rifles to meet the attack of a possible enemy who never came.

Of the four of us, Howard Freeman was the one who suffered the most injuries during his service. The reason probably was that Howard did not enlist until a week or so after we had been called out and he was one of the last men in the troop to be assigned a horse, and those bought by the government were neither well chosen nor more than half trained. Theoretically, a new man should be given a quiet and well broken horse. But in practice the horses were usually assigned to the

first man who applied, with the result that when Howard was ready for a horse the only ones left were those rejected by the other men. I can well remember one day of maneuvers when we saddled before daylight and made a long ride in the early dawn. We happened to turn a sharp corner at a fast gait and one of the horses near the rear of the troop slipped on the turn and went down. A troop column of twos stretches so far down the road that from one end it is difficult to see through the dust what happens at the other end. But cavalrymen on the march have a way of passing a word from one man to another, so that a conversation may be carried on throughout the entire troop. I was carrying the guidon in my usual position just behind the captain at the head of the troop. A man near me asked what had happened, and the question passed back from man to man until the answer returned that 'Dukesy' Freeman's horse had fallen with him again. The next question to be passed back was whether 'Dukesy' had been hurt, and the answer came back that he had broken his leg. At that the captain inquired whether a surgeon was with him, and the reply was that 'Doc Ferry is looking after him.' That was all I was able to find out about him until we had returned to camp, when we were pleased to learn that his leg had not been broken after all.

I regret that I am unable to relate any really thrilling experiences. But that is partly due to the fact that our military service is too recent to have accumulated appropriate traditions. When I was a small boy I enjoyed it immensely whenever my father and any of his brothers got together and began to exchange stories of the Civil War. I could listen by the hour and soon knew by heart the tales they repeated oftenest. But I observed that every time an old story was repeated it became more exciting and included new and thrilling incidents which apparently had been previously forgotten. So, perhaps, when we gather at our annual dinner about twenty-five years hence, Alanson and Howard and Edgar, and I shall be able to thrill you with veracious accounts of the startling adventures and hairbreadth

escapes which we experienced in the Great War on the Rio Grande in 1916."

In conclusion Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur ("Uncle Robert") spoke in part as follows: "This dinner is distinguished from others because we are now giving special honors to the soldier boys who have just returned from the border. This is their day. These brave boys as patriots were in line with their ancestors of several generations. It was not their fault that they did not fight and bleed and die on the field. They were there for any service which their country might require. We are, however, profoundly grateful that they are home again safe, well and strong, and that they acquitted themselves with honor to their country and equally to the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox."

Before the speaking had ended Mason obtained the floor and volunteered the following information. He said:

"Mr. President, in fairness to Noel it ought to be explained before we break up that the memento of the border which he has brought back on his upper lip is not intended as an adornment, but as a protection in case the Mexicans should resort to modern methods of warfare and attack with poison gas."

The very efficient dinner committee consisted of Montague, the Chairman, ably assisted by Aunt Elizabeth and Alice. The following members and guests were present:

Aunt Cornelia, Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Annie, Ada, Gertrude, Adaline, Alice, Edith, Bertha, Helen, Uncle Robert, Uncle George, Walter, Charles, Montague, Howard, Noel, Alanson, Alan, Mason, Kenneth, Howard Freeman, Edgar, Mrs. Anna Chesebrough Wildey, Miss Harriet Littlefield, Miss Cornelia Fulton and Miss Cornelia Trowbridge

H F.

Family News.

Cousin Marie has accepted a position on the staff of the Princeton University Library. Her address is No. 33 Van Deventer Avenue, Princeton, N. J.

Four of the eastern relatives have recently taken trips to California. Alice is at present in Honolulu, Adaline and Harry are taking a pleasure trip with Miss Jane Russell, and Miss Elizabeth Hinsdale, and Mason is on a business trip.



Emma Fox
1870—1895

Emma Fox, daughter of William Freeman Fox and Mary Shattuck, was born June 24, 1870, at Oil City, Pa. She was baptized by the Rev. W. T. Henry and became a member of the First Baptist Church. She attended the public schools of that city and later studied at the Delaware Literary Institute in Franklin, N. Y. She completed her education in Albany, N. Y., in which city her death occurred July 3, 1895.

Here is a breezy communication from Mr. Lyman Hedge: "I enclose postal order for one plunk to pay for the F. F. N. I understand that Alanson's shape is the wonder of New York. Hoping that you and the rest of the Fox Family are in good health and spirits."

About ten of the family had the pleasure of attending Clinton and Marguerite's wedding. Hope was the maid of honor and Charles was one of the ushers. The bride and groom have gone to Rochester, N. Y., where they expect to live for the present.

MARRIED: Ivins—Carpenter

Clinton Fox Ivins to Marguerite Carpenter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn Halstead, in Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 18, 1917.



Vol. VI

MAY 1, 1917

No. 3

William Chesebrough—A Fox Ancestor.

By Anna Chesebrough Wildey
(Author of "The Chesebrough Family.")

William Chesebrough was born in England 1594 A. D., married by license December 15, 1620 by "the blessed John Cotton" in St. Botolph's church, Boston, Lincolnshire, England, to Anna Stevenson, daughter of Peter (Parish Register, of St. Botolphs church) of which both were communicants.

He with his family emigrated to America in 1630 joining the Company of John Winthrop, of whom he was a personal friend and together with others of the Company formed a settlement called The Massachusetts Bay Colony under a charter granted by Charles I, King of England, dated March 4, 1629 "To the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England." In their Settlement which they called Charlestown, they organized a church, which in three months was transferred to Boston. John Winthrop was chosen Governor of the Colony and William Chesebrough was chosen as one of the two deputies to appear at the Court to carry out a plan for a public Treasury and for levying taxes for the support of the Government. Wm. Chesebrough was made a Freeman in 1631, also High Sheriff, assessor of Rates and one of a committee to allot grounds for planting.

In 1638 to obtain more land and pasture, Wm. Chesebrough with others of the Colony removed southward organizing a Settlement which they named Braintree. At the General Court, Wm. Chesebrough was chosen to represent the new municipality and was appointed Commissioner and local Judge.

In two years he joined a Company which settled near the Plymouth Colony. After a few years, the question of Jurisdiction was settled by the majority of the Company to submit itself to the Plymouth Colony rather than the Mass. Bay Colony. This decision was contrary to Wm. Chesebrough's wishes and judgment and soon he and one of his sons started westward along the Coast to find a new place of settlement and coming to Pequot (New London) where John Winthrop Jr., had charge of a new settlement was urged to locate there, but the place didn't suit him and he continued his explorations, making a choice of land on the Wequetequock Cove (Pawtucket) where in 1649 he built his dwelling house and removed with his wife and family.

Here trouble was made for him by unfriendly persons of the Plymouth Colony, of which the General Court of Connecticut issued a warrant for him to account for himself and he refuted all the charges and no evidence was presented against him in consequence of which, the Town voted him

a house-lot within the Pequot Settlement itself and also confirmed his title to 300 acres of land at Wequetequock, which was increased to 2,360 acres. Many acres of that land are still in possession of some of his descendants.

The first man to join him in this new Plantation was Thomas Stanton, the famous Indian interpreter, the next was Walter Palmer, then followed Thomas Miner..

In 1658 the original Settlers and others organized a local government entitled "The Association of Pequatick People;" the compact of which was drawn up by, and in the hand writing of Wm. Chesebrough, and signed by all the principal planters, pledging them to maintain and defend the peace of the place and Wm. Chesebrough and Captain George Denison were to be 'comytioners' to carry out the contract, and the General Court of the Mass. Colony named the place Southertown. In 1665 that name was changed to Mystic and in 1666 to Stonington.

William Chesebrough's life was closed June 9th, 1667, aged 73 years, and his wife Anna died on the 24th of August, 1673, aged 75 years. They rest in the old cemetery at Wequetequock, a short distance from their dwelling house.

In honor of William Chesebrough, Thomas Stanton, Walter Palmer and Thomas Miner, a new monument was subscribed for and erected in 1899 in the 250th year from the settlement of Stonington, Conn., by William Chesebrough, who was its first settler of English Lineage.

A Trip to Honolulu.

Alice Bleeker Fox.

We left New York, February 1st, the same day that Harry and Ada-

line started on their trip but as we went on the Pennsylvania railroad bound for New Orleans we did not meet them. Our party consisted of my friend Miss Hadley, her father, and myself. After two days in New Orleans we went directly by the Southern Pacific to Los Angeles. Most of the way the weather was wintry. It was 12° at Atlanta and freezing at New Orleans, but Yuma, said to be the hottest place in the United States lived up to its reputation so far as our trip was concerned. The whole trip out was most interesting and naturally the many military camps attracted much attention. At one place we talked with some of General Pershing's men just back from Mexico and anxious to hear the latest news.

As our trip was primarily to go to Honolulu we only stayed in Southern California long enough to spend three days in Santa Barbara and two in Los Angeles. On account of the war rumors, most of the Eastern people gave up their reservations on our steamer, the Great Northern, but their places were quickly filled by Westerners and we decided to go on as we had planned. At that time, Feb. 12th, there seemed in the Western states little interest in, or expectation of war with Germany.

We sailed from San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, on Tuesday afternoon and early Sunday morning reached Hilo, the largest port of the Island of Hawaii. It was a beautiful morning and the blue sea and sky, green palm fringed island and snow capped Mauna Kea (13,825 ft. high) was a sight never to be forgotten. We landed in the ships small boats and were soon motoring to see the active volcano of Kilanca (4,800 ft. high). It was a beautiful ride for 20 miles over a fine road splendidly

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graded and we found much to see on the way. It was our first glimpse of Japanese life and the small Japanese villages with the women and children in their oriental dress was most exciting. I was also interested in seeing the big tree ferns and in finding several of our common flowers growing wild. Hawaii is said to be the only island of the Hawaiian group where tree ferns are found.

It is impossible to describe the volcano. By the time we reached the crater the rain was falling in torrents and the immense pit of molten lava, some several miles around was indescribably sinister and horrible. We returned to our steamer in the evening and leaving the island of Hawaii sailed all night reaching the island of Oahu and the city of Honolulu the next morning. Fortunately we had a perfect day to enter Honolulu's beautiful harbor.

For nearly a month we were in Honolulu and even so did not have time to see half the interesting sights. As Honolulu is a very thriving up-to-date American city of 70,000 people we decided to stay out at Waikiki beach three miles from the heart of the city and of course more quiet and suburban. Everything is very American despite the fact that the large majority of the people are Asiatic. The Japanese are far the most numerous and then come about equal numbers of Chinese, Hawaiians, Americans, Portuguese, Filipinos, while there are somewhat smaller colonies of Koreans, Porto Ricans

and Spaniards. All the races seem to live happily together and the many races make the street life most colorful.

The schools, which are many and excellent were most interesting to me of course, and I visited some fascinating kindergartens and public playgrounds. The mountains are many and beautiful and there were any number of splendid roads for motor-ing. Of course, we went in bathing at Waikiki beach but did not find that as exciting as some of the other amusements, although it was fun to watch the young men come in on their surf boards or in the outrigger canoes.

Thanks to some friends in the city we were able to meet a number of charming residents and to see a lot of social life. Altogether we had such a good time that we regretted when the time came to sail away, wearing as every one does the beautiful flower wreaths or leis, which are given by friends when one leaves the Island for the "Mainland."

Four and a half days of rough going found us in San Francisco and a day later we started home, making only one two days stop at the Grand Canyon. Unfortunately I did not see any of the Fox clan. The only one I was near was Stuart Freeman and he was out of town the day I was in San Francisco. I shall hope for better luck next time I am West.

BORN—On Maruh 25, 1917, to the Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth C. MacArthur, a son. He has been named Robert Stuart MacArthur, 2nd.

BORN—On April 26, 1917, to Mr. and Mrs. Mason Trowbridge, a daughter. She has been named Adaline Trowbridge.

A Trip to California.

Adaline Fox Russell.

On February 1st, Jane Russell, Elizabeth Hinsdale, Harry and I left for a six weeks trip to California. We went out on the Santa Fe stopping at Colorado Springs a few days. We had a fine visit with Bert and Anna and I lost my heart to the "Colonel." He is surely one of the prize children of the Fox Family.

Our next destination was the Grand Canyon. Miss Hinsdale was the only true sport of the party, going down the Bright Angel Trail, but the Canyon is well worth seeing without that frightful ride! In California we first stayed a week in Pasadena, then motored to San Diego for a few days. On our return we met Mason Trowbridge in Los Angeles. He travelled to Santa Barbara with us and later we met him in San Francisco. We also had a pleasant visit with Stuart Freeman in San Francisco.

In Hollywood, near San Francisco, I called on Uncle Robert's sister, a most delightful lady, ten years older than Uncle Robert.

We returned by the Southern Pacific, stopping a couple of days in New Orleans. It was a splendid trip and I wish I could work off all my newly acquired knowledge on the relatives before it is forgotten.

Family News.

Charles' new address in Bethlehem is 119 South High Street.

Noel went to the Inauguration in Washington with Squadron A. and carried the guidon of Troop A. in the parade. He reminds us that Alanson carried the same guidon in the inaugural parade in 1913.

Howard recently attended a meeting in Washington of one of the sub-committees of the Council of National Defence. He has received a commission of Captain in the Medical Section of the Officers Reserve Corps.

The Trowbridge children are now the proud possessors of the famous little burro "Mabel" who was



Marguerite Carpenter Ivins.

brought from the Mexican border by Squadron A., when it returned from duty. Mabel rode in the parade on one of the trucks and her picture appeared in several of the New York papers. Until lately she has been a bottle fed baby.

In the last issue we inadvertently omitted to speak of the death of Col. John J. Carter of Titusville, Pa., on January 3rd. As the brother-in-law of Aunt Harriet he was intimately acquainted with several generations of the family and was a close friend and great admirer of Uncle William.

Kenneth writes that he recently made a speech on "Better Rural Living" at the annual dinner of the Connecticut Dairymen's Association, and delivered a lecture on "The Baptist Heritage in History" at the Church Workers' Conference in New Britain, Conn. He says that he has joined Suffield Grange No. 27, Order of Patrons of Husbandry and also calls our attention to the frequent articles by Mr. Datus Smith (one of our esteemed friends and subscribers) in *The Rural New Yorker*.



A Few Historical Corrections.

By General Simeon M. Fox.

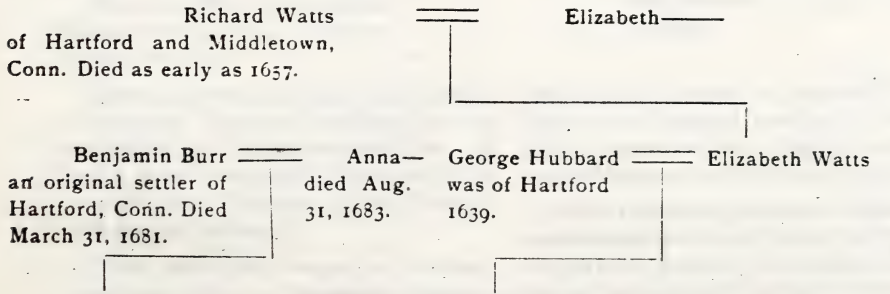
When in 1890 Colonel William F. Fox published his pamphlet, "Daniel Fox of East Haddam, Ct and His Descendants", he had little more than the memoranda left by his father, Elder Norman Fox, and a few family traditions to go upon. The notes left by Elder Norman Fox are unusually correct, and vary from the later discovered facts in but few minor points. For instance, (page 3) "Daniel Fox had two younger brothers Isaac and John." He certainly had brothers Isaac and John but they are older; he also had brothers, Samuel, Thomas, and Jedediah, Gershom and Gideon; Daniel being the youngest of them all. The statement above was taken almost literally from his father's notes. The words are arranged slightly different in the original, and read:

"Daniel Fox, had two brothers younger Isaac and John"—
The lack of punctuation leaves it possible to construe this sentence as, Daniel Fox

had two brothers, younger Isaac, and John; - "younger Isaac" meaning Isaac, Jr., and supplying additional, but unnecessary proof that Daniel Fox was the son of Isaac (3) and Mary (Jones) Fox, of Colchester, Conn.

Elder Norman Fox gathered this data from his uncle Gabriel Ely Fox while the latter was apparently paying him a visit about 1844. It must be borne in mind that Gabriel E. Fox, was the youngest child of Daniel Fox, and was but three years old when in 1779 his father crossed the Connecticut river and moved up to New Canaan, N. Y.; he was separated from his uncles, and all he knew of them was from family tradition.

The statement that Hannah Burr, the first wife of Daniel Fox, was "an aunt of Aaron Burr"—derived possibly from family tradition—has no foundation in fact. The following is the line of Hannah Burr as furnished me nearly thirty years ago by the late Dr. D. Williams Patterson, the genealogist that for many years made East Haddam and Lyme, Conn. a study.



Samuel Burr	Wife un-	Nathaniel Hubbard	Wife un-
Born in England,	known.	born at Middletown,	known.
date unknown. Died		Bapt. Dec. 1, 1652.	
Sept. 29, 1682.			

Jonathan Burr
Born about 1679 at Hartford.
Died at Middletown, Conn.
Jan. 1, 1735.

Abigail Hubbard
born about 1686; mar. probably
about 1707.

Daniel Fox
Born in Colchester, Conn. Died
in West Stockbridge, Mass. July
28, 1801

Hannah Burr
Born at Middletown, Conn. Apr.
23, 1723; Died in East Haddam,
Aug. 17, 1761.

It can be seen that Hubbard Fox, the son of Daniel, acquired his name from his mother's family. Probably later investigation has brought facts to light that will add much to the above.

As the descendants of Norman Fox are more directly interested in Elizabeth Gates, the second wife of Daniel Fox, I will give her line, procured from the same source.

George Gates

Sarah Olmstead
Daughter of Nicholas and Sarah
(Loomis) Olmstead. She died
Nov. 7, 1709.

Daniel Gates

Rebecca Dutton

David Gates

Born June 27, 1709. Died Jan.
16, 1795.

Hannah Ackly
alias Hungerford

Daniel Fox

Born in Colchester about 1723.
Died in West Stockbridge,
Mass., July 28, 1801, "in the 79th
year of his age."

Elizabeth Gates
Born Jan. 15, 1733-4.
Bapt. March 31, 1734, at East
Haddam.

There is another point that I am inclined to question. I refer to the military service of Reuben Fox during the revolution. If he did serve, the record is lost—which is very possible. The notes of Elder Norman Fox state as follows:

"The elder Boys were in the war. Ansel was killed at Monmouth—Reuben

married and settled in Cornwall, Ct.—Allen and Hubbard continued through Rev. War—Allen and Hubbard were in and at Monmouth when Ansel was killed."

This statement might seem to infer that Reuben had been in the army, but it does not say so directly. The Reuben Fox whose revolutionary record Colonel Fox

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gives on page six, is certainly another Reuben Fox. He was the son of Jesse (4) Fox (Benjamin 3, John 2) of New London, born Nov. 18, 1762. I have followed his record through the United States Pension Office at Washington. After the war he removed to New Jersey, thence to Northumberland Co., Pa.; then taught school in Kentucky and was living in "Wabash Co.; Ill." in 1835 when he applied for a pension. Reuben Fox, the son of Daniel, probably married Hanna Williams about 1722 and soon settled in Cornwall, Litchfield County, Conn.

Allen Fox probably went to Cornwall with his brother Reuben, as he enlisted from Cornwall in 1776. Nov. 6, 1783 he married Chloe Crittenden. He died Sept. 17, 1831, at Kortright, Delaware Co., N. Y. His children were: Ansel, died Nov. 10, 1786, Amasa, Allen Jr., Lucas, Heman, Elias and a daughter Chloe, born July 25, 1803. As Sally Crittenden kept house for Daniel Fox for a number of years, Allen's wife was probably of her family.

Recollections.

by Mrs. Matthew D. Field.

When the name of Fox comes before my eyes, such remembrances of hospitality come too, but alas! they can only be feebly expressed.

I am sure that those who were privileged to be part of the family life at 18 East 31st Street will always remember the bright spirit who presided over that household—It was sometimes a very complicated one, with much coming and going, and many extra and unexpected guests, but there was always the loving, ardent welcome, the brightest smile and one always felt "at home" immediately. Can that be said

of hostesses in these days? We think not, for times have changed and though hearts are loving there is less time for personal guidance.

What a fine place was that library on the second floor! There the family life was centered as patients took possession of the reception room during many hours—there all gathered for work, for play, for music, for teasing. What merry games, what clever charades in which even Dr. George Henry helped out, and Alanson "dressed up." It certainly was "informal" as one guest said. The dear lady of the house would be flitting about to adjust plans, to give suggestions, to soothe and sympathize if arguments grew too hot; And what plans did she herself arrange—always to help, and ever to serve. Over her door might well have been placed the motto "Remember the forgotten" for that seemed her specialty,—to gather in the lonely, the friendless in the great city - to make them feel at their ease in the best of family life - in fact my latest remembrance of calling at the 31st Street house was that the rooms were being arranged for a funeral service - a friend had died in an adjoining apartment house but no place was there for a funeral - so the friendship of many years took the form of opening doors for this last service.

The table in the dining room was always long - and usually extra places were set. Every one felt welcome, from the child who was coaxed to stay and was made to have the best time possible, to friend and friend's family who soon began to feel that they had been watched and waited for, so cordial the greeting! On Monday afternoons when Mrs. Fox and Adaline were at home, what a pleasant hour was given to those who gathered for tea! It is a fadeless memory - when the friends who met for the first time under that roof had an instinctive knowledge that they were always to be friends, not merely ships hailing each other in the night - and the joy of the radiant hostess who moved among her

guests with shining face because she had brought them together was good to see.

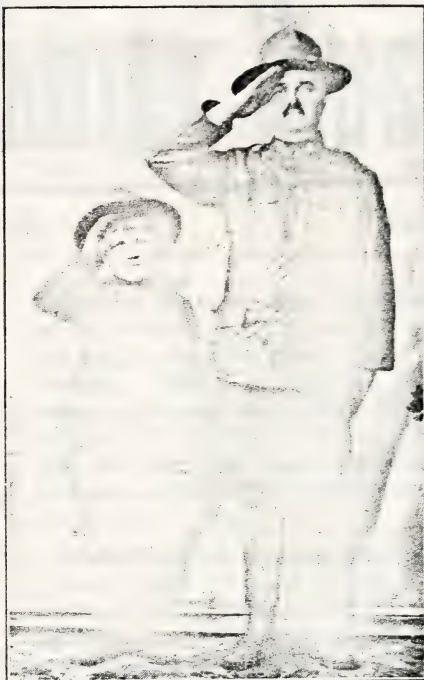
I do not speak of the Sunday School where the faithful teacher gave her best strength for so many years - seeing those little ones grow up and taking their turns, remembering her dear ways - I do not speak of the merry children's parties where all assembled, never conscious that they were entertained by "grown ups" who had "the child heart." One child felt that "angel cake" could never be had except in the Fox family. As I used to look on and hear of the love, the interest, and generosity so freely poured out upon all those fortunate enough to enter into that fine and simple and kindly family life, I could only say "happy are they who serve the happy," and to sigh for more of those loving spirits like the one to whom we all turned, and who must still be giving out from her own beauty and inwardness - Happily for us all the mantle of hospitality has fallen over new homes and new surroundings - although our feet no longer ascend those familiar brown stone steps on 31st street, there are country homes where the loving welcomes wait like a direct inheritance from the past, and happy are those who know them.

Family News.

Uncle Robert and Uncle George recently attended the 50th reunion of their class at Rochester University.

Many readers will grieve to learn of the death of Mrs. Mary Kelly, who for many years had been a most faithful and loyal maid in Uncle George's family.

Several of the family have entered various training camps for officers. Noel is at Plattsburg, N. Y., Alanson at Madison Barracks, N. Y., and Edgar at Fort Myer, Va. Howard recently spent two months at Fort Slocum, N. Y. from which place he took two trips to Texas with troops. He is now at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. where he expects to remain for a period of three



*Montague Howard,
Senior and Junior*

months in a training camp for medical officers.

Norman writes as follows:—"Charles and I have joined the Michigan State Troops organized to take the place of the National Guard which is sworn into the Federal Service. We are liable for service within the state as long as the war lasts. No medical examination is required. All able bodied men are accepted. Young men also with the consent of their parents. Charles and I both take the same size uniform. He outweighs me by several pounds."

Howard Freeman has applied for a commission in the Marine Corps. Edgar says that "Fort Myer is a cinch compared with Van Cortlandt or the border. Good beds, fine grub, no flies and lots of interesting things to learn. Dust seems to be the worst evil."

Last but not least Montague Howard has caught the war fever and is drilling industriously three evenings a week with the Columbia Battalion.



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Vol. VI

SEPTEMBER 1, 1917

No. 4

A Coat-of-Arms.

By General Simeon M. Fox.

It seems to be the prevailing fashion among the ambitious compilers of family histories, yclept, genealogies, to decorate an early page with a variegated specimen of art, so vivid and startling in aspect that it would cause a Mexican bronco to throw a fit if he should ever happen to meet it in the road. This bedaubed emblem is serenely stated to be the arms of the Smith, Jones, or any other old family that the succeeding pages happen to discourse about; and the respective family line is vaguely traced back to Sir Hugo de Smith, or Rodger de Jones; and stories of blood-curdling assault or heroic defense are set out in words as startling in verbal coloring as the emblem itself. To complete the requirements of blue-blooded descent a distorted gargoyle is presented as the family crest, and the Latin dictum of "*Noli me tangere*", or a like high-sounding phrase is appended as the family motto—and an occasional anaemic Smith or Jones has it embossed on the family stationery, and royal descent—left handed—is hinted at with a serene complaisance, that is really refreshing. There is about one chance in a million that any American Smith or Jones, or other family came within forty miles of any right to use this resplendent decoration on the family letter-head, or emblazon it upon the side-boards of the domestic wheelbarrow.

To us at this later day it matters little whether some ancestor paid tribute to Neptune over the rail of the Mayflower, or landed on this side with the taint of the

bilge-water of some other adventurous galleon clinging to his garments, we are just what we are—the most of us, just common. Husky blacksmiths; sedate college professors—with vague theories; lawyers—with or without briefs; doctors—that sometimes take our own medicine; wise men and fools—the average make-up of mankind.

But I started out to say something about a coat-of-arms. If some of you Foxes happen down Boston way, and after paying tribute to the Old South, Bunker Hill, et al, and then have a little time left, cross over to East Cambridge, and at the office of probate in the court-house, ask for the original will of Thomas Fox, bearing date of January 25, 1657-8. He was our first American ancestor. Appended to this document written in a rather neat hand is his name, "Thomas ffoxe". We know that he was a man of some education and did not have to make his mark in lieu of signature. Following his name upon the seal of red wax—well preserved through all the succeeding years—is a coat-of-arms, made doubtless with a seal ring. It is quite small and impossible to decipher with the naked eye, but enlarged by photography, and under a powerful glass it is a shield with chevron, and around the chevron the figures are reasonably identified as three bull's heads, caboched, or full-faced. The fact of this coat-of-arms is impressive, but there is a matter to consider before we can fully adopt it as a heritage. This coat-of-arms meets the description of the arms that the Reverend Peter Bulkeley, of Concord, Mass. was duly entitled to bear; and his son, the

Reverend Edward Bulkeley, signed the will, as a witness—and it is probable that he personally drew the will. Did he when accomplishing the will possibly make the impression with his own seal? When the coat-of-arms is duly in place after the signature of Thomas Fox, following the form, "I, the said Thomas Fox, have hereunto set my hand and seal—" a little thing like this maybe should not be permitted to stand in the way of aristocratic ancestry—but it does all the same. It is argued, that in those days of frugal living and plain dressing, a clergyman would not bear such an ungodly thing as a seal ring about his person; that if he had weakly yielded to the vanity of personal decoration, he would not for a moment think of stamping his own heraldic device on the seal of another man, even of gentle birth, etc. But the vagaries that beset mankind are so numerous and uncertain, that the doubt remains.

A few years ago I was in receipt of a letter from an old gentleman—himself a Fox descendant—pertaining to genealogical matters, he said:

"The Coat-of-Arms of the Foxes of my predecessors, 3 tauri noir on field of Gules, Fess, etc. * * * the College of Heraldry, London, England, has the records."

This gentleman did not know within five generations, of his descent from Thomas Fox of Concord; nor had he ever heard of the coat-of-arms on the seal on Thomas Foxe's will. From the tenor of his letter I judged that he had his information from the Herald's College, but I was never able to get a direct reply to my question after positive information. This convinced me that the three bulls found place on some certain Fox arms; and if so Thomas Fox was probably entitled to the coat-of-arms on the seal. The identification of the families entitled to these arms, would probably identify the family of Thomas Fox, and his actual identification would be a matter of not difficult solution.

A Semi-centennial Reunion.

The class of '67 held its first semi-centennial reunion during Commencement week at Rochester. Present—MacArthur and Fox.

By virtue of an election to the class presidency during their first freshman term, after a conflict between rival fraternities and a close division of the neutrals, a political encounter which was fiercely fought and adjourned from Saturday to Saturday for many successive weeks, and one in which the whole College took a deep interest, and by virtue of the fact that no class election had ever been held or even wished for since that time, Fox took the chair and welcomed those present in a neat and appropriate speech. To this MacArthur replied in a graceful oration containing the choicest extracts from his sermons and lectures. These would certainly instruct and edify the humble reader could they be reproduced here, but unfortunately neither a reporter nor stenographer was present on this occasion.

Owing to the death of the original Secretary and various successors in office it was moved and carried that the roll-call be postponed until after a short recess during which the class adjourned to the office in Anderson Hall where it was informed by the polite and affable young lady in charge that there were but five surviving members viz, Burt. Fox, Harris, MacArthur and Sterrett. Coit, VanAlstyn and Whitbeck had died during the past year. Owing to some doubt as to who was Treasurer and a certainty that there were no available funds in the treasury, it was moved and carried that the Treasurer's report be dispensed with and that inasmuch as the class was being delightfully entertained by the family of a former classmate (Eugene Satterlee) it would be wholly unnecessary to levy any assessment for the customary "spread."

After indulging in reminiscences of those good old days undimmed in memory by

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT
BY
JOHN STOW.
1618.

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the lapse of over fifty years and deploring the absence of those unable to be present, the motion to adjourn to a second semi-centennial was duly moved and carried.

G. H. F.

When Daddy was a Boy.

(A recent contribution from Beatrice Fox, eight year old daughter of Prof. Charles S. Fox.

I.

When Daddy was a little boy,
Long, long ago,
He had a little donkey
And his name was Joe.

II.

And one lovely sunny day
He rode up the mountain
And they were so awfully thirsty
That they went to a fountain.

III.

And when he had his picnic
He found a tin can
He tied it to his donkey
And then he ran.

IV.

And Daddy stood and looked aghast
And said, "just see him run,"
And then he laughed and laughed and
laughed
And had more fun.

V.

And when he had to walk home
He was so awful mad
But his mother thought 'twas his head
that hung
So she was glad.

VI.

But when he got home
Now what do you think he did
He gave poor Joe an awful kick
Wasn't he a bad kid?

Army Notes.

Noel has been commissioned captain in the field artillery and is now at Camp Upton, Long Island, N. Y.

Alanson has received a commission as 1st Lieut. in the Aviation Section of the Signal Officers Reserve Corps and is stationed at Richmond, Va.

Howard is also at Camp Upton, where he has been ordered to take charge of a special service in the Base Hospital.

Stuart Freeman has come from California to enter the training camp at Fort Myer, Va.

Edgar Freeman has been commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in the field artillery.

Howard Freeman is now a 2nd Lieutenant in the Marine Corps. The *Plainfield Courier-News* of July 27th gives him the following puff under the caption in large type letters; "Crack Athlete Joins U. S. Marines" it says, "Howard B. Freeman of 1008 South Avenue, is among nineteen young men in what is called the New York district to pass the examination for second lieutenantcies in the U. S. Marine Corps. The candidates have been ordered to report for duty at Quantico, Va. The test was taken June 10th by 320 civilians, of whom 69 were successful. Freeman is well known here, having been prominent in athletics. During the early part of the summer he was a member of the First Baptist team in the City Baseball League, being the catcher. He is a graduate of Yale University, and while in college distinguished himself as a baseball player."

Family News.

Bertha and little Norman recently visited the Glen Cove Foxes.

Adaline has been elected President of the Pittsfield Visiting Nurse Association.

Mason has traveled in thirty-eight states since the first of January.

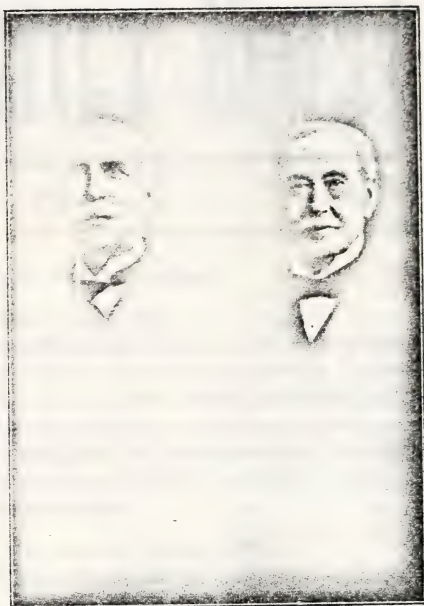
Bert is now in New York and expects to bring his family east and make his permanent residence in Westfield, Conn.

Uncle George, Ethel and Alanson took an automobile trip from Glen Cove to Suffield and spent Sunday August 12th, with Aunt Elizabeth.

Helen and Mason have recently purchased a new home at 126 Cooper Avenue Upper Montclair, N. J. which they expect to occupy about October 1st.

Miss Mildred Satterlee, daughter of Mrs. Eugene Satterlee of Pittsford was married to Captain Dwight Segar Wetmore, U. S. R. on Tuesday August 21st.

We quote from a recent letter written by Charles to his Uncle George as follows:—
 "I have been reading some of father's war time letters. I will quote a sentence from a letter dated "Washington, Nov. 10, 1862." "Tell George to write to me. He wrote Charles a few lines in which he volunteered the pleasant advice to us to "die game." I thought over his advice. A very pleasant theme for meditation. I have no doubt it would be highly gratifying to the family pride to have us make our final exit in the manner so graphically described by George's phrase. Still we don't purpose on anything of the kind as yet. "Dying game" is a big thing for them



*George Henry Fox
Robert Stuart MacArthur*

(From a photograph recently taken at the 50th Reunion of the Class of '69, University of Rochester.)

"as wot likes it" but as for me, I can't see it. After all I like the service and after the war is over if we are alive, either Charlie or I are going into the regular army, perhaps both. I wrote Norman a few days ago informing him of some vacancies for Chaplains. I wish Norman would get a Chaplaincy. He could keep it when the war was over and so have a profession for life; that too with twice the salary that any congregation would pay."



Vol. VI

NOVEMBER 1, 1917

No. 6

Henry Brooks of Woburn, Mass.

by Gen. Simeon M. Fox.

Every descendant of the Foxes of New London, Connecticut, is personally interested in Henry Brooks, of Woburn, Massachusetts, as search has developed the fact that it was his daughter, Hannah Brooks, who on Dec. 13, 1647 became the second wife of Thomas Fox, of Concord, Massachusetts, and was the mother of the descendants of said Thomas Fox, who were first of the name in New London, Connecticut; Samuel Fox, the grandfather of Daniel Fox of East Haddam, being her great grandson. Henry (1) Brooks and Thomas (1) Brooks—shown by conclusive evidence to have been brothers—were first early at Mystic, Mass. and probably came in the fleet with Winthrop. Thomas Brooks soon appears as a proprietor at Watertown, but the whereabouts of Henry is not evinced until about 1639 when he was shown to have been an inhabitant of the new settlement of Concord. He was made freeman March 14 of that year. Not even the Christian name of the early wife of Henry (1) Brooks appears in the New England records. His first marriage was doubtless in England, and several of his oldest children were born before he came to this side of the water. In his will, dated July 18, 1682, he styles himself a "cloatheyer," and he evidently plied his trade as a tailor, or fuller, in the new colony. The following is a matter of mere speculation, but from the frequency of the use of the name "Sarah" by the second and later generations, it is a reasonable conjecture that the early wife of Henry

Brooks bore that name.

Only heirs who were actually living when Henry Brooks made his will in 1682 received mention, but there were others who having died before the father, and who had already received their portions—as daughters at marriage—were not recognized when the will was made, which was as follows:

"In the name of God Amen.

I Henry Brooks of the Towne of woburne in the county of middlesex in the massachusetts Colony in New England, Cloatheyer: being by the Grace of God of sound understanding and perfect memory yet stricken in years and may expect every day my change the which may God fit me for: doe ordaine and make this writting my last will and testament, and first I Commit my soule to God father son and holly spirit; in hopes of a glorious Resurrection and my body to the Earth expecting a decent buriall and by these presents I disanull all former wills by me made and when my just debts and funerall charges are satisfyed the rest of my estate boath reall and personall I give as followeth.

Itm I give and bequeath to Annes my loving wife three pounds a yeare to be payed her by my executors during her naturall life the which three pounds by the yeare I have covenanted under my hand of day of marridge upon her renouncing any other dowery, and also my will is that shee have the use of the bead and furniture to it during her naturall life and then shee shall return

it to my executor.

Itim I give and bequeath to my son John Brooks that tenn pounds which hee oweth me for a yooke of oxen and one third part of my wearing apparill provided he medle not with my executors upon any pretence of debt due from mee I knowing there is none due; but he hath had his portion already.

Itim I give and bequeath to my son Timothy one third part of my warring apparrell and a confirmation of all that Land I gave him hee alsoe reseived his portion already.

Itim I give and bequeath to my Son in Law John Mousall that fivety pounds the which I have a bond for under my Son John Brooks hands which fivety pounds is for land and howsing I Sould unto my said son Brooks and my will is that his wife my daughter Sarah may have the disposing of twenty pounds of the said fivety in case she dye first.

Itim I give and bequeath to my Son Isack Brooks all my land one the East side of the highway leading to Charlestowne except eaight acres of meadow which I give to his two Sons Isack and Henry and to bee mesured out by my overseers where they shall think it the most convenient also I give him halfe my herbidge and halfe my wood lots to be parted by my overseers and also I give him all my plow land lots except my great lot which I give to his daughter merriam all to him and his heirs forever.

Itim I give and bequeath to my daughter Lestor five shillings and noe more because shee hath resaived her portion already as will appear by a resaitte under her hand.

Itime I give and bequeath to my two grand children Isacke and Henry Sons of my Son Isack all my lands one the west side of the highways leading to Charlestowne I mean all

that land which Lyeth betwene my son John Brookes line, horne pond, horne pond river and the highwaye and also that pese of Land one the west side of the river next James Converseses land and Eaight acres of menod in the meadow on the east sid the waye as aforesaid and also halfe my wood lots and halfe my herbidge all to them and their heirs forever and a free passage for their catill to and from Common over the little playne to them and their heirs for ever.

Itim I give to my grand child meriam daughter of my Son Isack all my great lot to her and her heirs for ever.

Itim I give to my Reverant Pastors Mr. Thomas Carter and Mr. Jabez Foxe twenty shillings apece to bee payd by my Executors within a yeare after my deasease.

and for the performance of this my will I doe apwint my Son Isack sole Executor and desire my trusty and beloved ffriend Lieut william Johnson to bee overseer to this my will and in token of my love I give him twenty shillings in Silver: the which I have payed already. moreover my will is that my Executors shall poses all the rest of my lands and esteat not disposed of by this will and farther my will is that my two grand children which I have given my land to shall not Allienat any of the land I have given them during their fathers life. Thus haveing by the helpe of God disposed of my temporall Esteate I desire the God of all grace and pease to rest upon the persons and famelys of all my children and grand children and wish they may live in pease and love one to another and that this my will may stand firme and good I the said Henry Brooks have sett to my hand and seale this eighteenth day of July sixteen hundred eaighty two.

Henry Brooks H his mark (Seal)

Signed and sealed in presents

FOX FAMILY NEWS

The recognized organ of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox. Published every two months. Editor, Howard Fox, 616 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription \$1.00 per year.

of us

Jabez Fox
daniel baldwin
peter fowle.

Cambr. 20. 2. 1683.

Sworn by Daniel Baldwin and Peter fowle

Before Major Genll Gookin
& Tho: Danforth R

Entered lib. 5. p. 373

20. 2. '83 By Thos: Danforth R."

To be continued.

Family News.

Howard Freeman's address is, Co. D., Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Adaline has adopted a charming little girl, nineteen months old. Her name is Jane.

Dr. S. J. Nilson, Howard's assistant recently married Miss Edith June Bonnell

Edgar cables from "somewhere in France," the word "safe." His address is 2nd Lt. Edgar W. Freeman, F. A., U. S. R. (unassigned) American Expeditionary Force.

Alanson's address is, 1st Lt. Alanson G. Fox, 114th. Aero Squadron, Richmond, Va. He is acting as Adjutant of his organization.

The following changes in address have been made. Miss Marie Fox Wait, 158 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.; Miss Gertrude MacArthur, 43 East 58th St., N. Y.; Prof. Charles S. Fox, 119 So. High St., Bethlehem, Pa. The Ivin's family 937 Hillside Ave., Plainfield, N. J.



Joseph Carrère Fox.

Bert's address is Westport, Conn. and not Westfield as was erroneously stated in the September number.

The editor has been promoted to be a Major, being the first of his generation to attain this rank. He is at present Adjutant of the Base Hospital, 77th. Division. His address is Base Hospital, Camp Upton, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fox Clapp announce the marriage of their daughter, Marion Louise to Mr. James Boies White, on Saturday, September 29th at Ballston, Spa.

Little Harriet Trowbridge asked her mother to sing (an impossibility) the song "Tis a bee." When questioned about this piece of music she answered "Why the song we sing in school, "My Country tis aBee."

Kenneth has recently made the following addresses: to the Pomona Grange, "Are we better farmers than our ancestors? If so how?" to the Connecticut Baptist State Convention, "Rural Foreign Work" and to the Springfield Biblical Club, "Luther's Contribution to the Progress of the Kingdom of God."

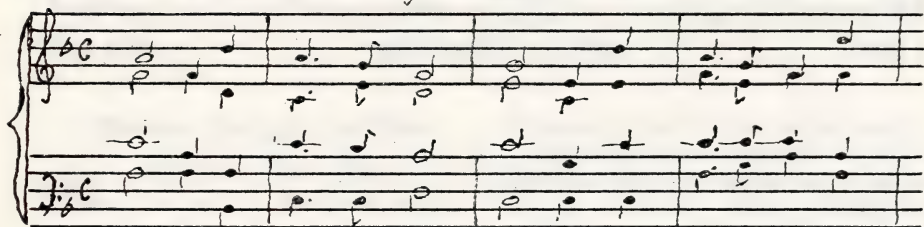
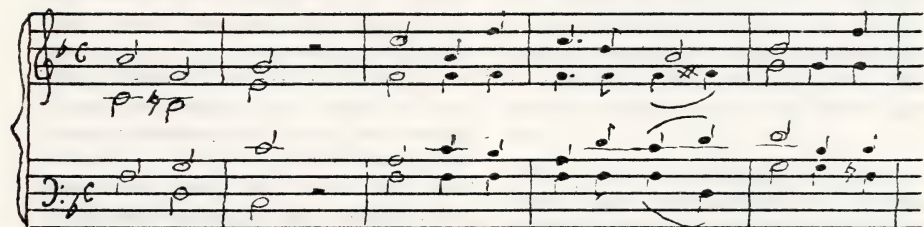
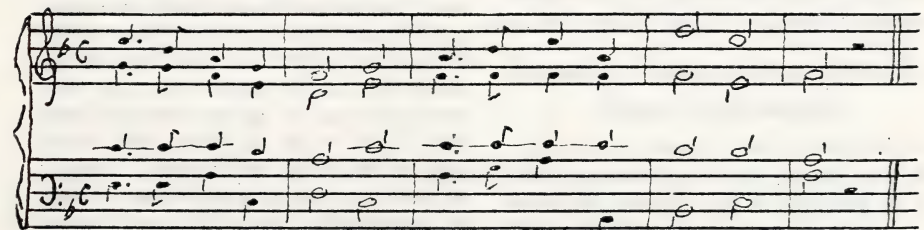


The first of these is the fact that the majority of the cases of this disease are reported from the United States and Canada. This is not surprising, since these countries are the most highly developed in the world, and the most likely to have the resources necessary for the study of such diseases. The second fact is that the majority of the cases are reported from the United States and Canada. This is not surprising, since these countries are the most highly developed in the world, and the most likely to have the resources necessary for the study of such diseases. The third fact is that the majority of the cases are reported from the United States and Canada. This is not surprising, since these countries are the most highly developed in the world, and the most likely to have the resources necessary for the study of such diseases.

THE FIRST FACT
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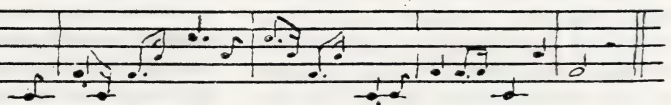
AMERICAN MUSIC FOR THE HYMN

"AMERICA"

Lieut. George ^{by} Henry Fox-*My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of**thee I sing. Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the**Pilgrims' pride, From ev-ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!*

BUGLE CALL

INTERLUDE





Vol. VII

JANUARY 1, 1918

No. 1

Norman Fox and the Bible

By George Henry Fox

One of the most striking characteristics of my father was his wonderful familiarity with the Bible. I cannot say that this impressed me as a child, but I have often thought about it in later years. I vividly recall our morning prayers as the family knelt in the little front room of our home in Ferry Street, Schenectady. As to our evening prayers, I was usually fast asleep before their close. My father was wont to preface most of his prayers with long quotations from the Psalms. I can now recall his clear and sonorous voice and the echo of the words, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations" and "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits" is still ringing in my ears even after the lapse of more than sixty years. I recall how he used to pray for "a world lying in sin and wickedness," for "all those languishing on beds of sickness" and many other favorite expressions. He often referred to death in his prayers and I have seldom attended a funeral since without repeating his quotation from Ecclesiastes, "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

When my aunt Selina died in our home at "the Mills" near Painted Post I was in her room with my father and as she drew her last breath I remember that he said in a low voice, "She

has gone to see the King in his beauty."

When my brother William came up from his camp at Elmira to bid goodbye to the family before starting for the seat of war in Virginia, I was with my father in the garden. Hurriedly and thoughtlessly my brother grasped our hands and my father, without any external evidence of the emotion which he certainly felt, simply said, "The Lord cover thy head in the day of battle."

The present generation is unfortunately much less familiar with the Bible than the last. Were it not so we might oftener hear effective scriptural quotations in public addresses and less of the "latest slang" in private speech.

Extracts of letters written by Edgar to his family.

Have just come from a lecture on mail censorship, which created in my mind the unique idea of dashing off a first installment of a letter home.

I am still in doubt as to how much I can say, but will start off bravely and talk till I'm stopped. Just now some one is ragging a piano and somewhat syncopating my disconnected thoughts. And the sun is shining bright and the wind blowing fierce (but not too strong) and everything is rosy. All passengers this trip are officers, in charge, presumably, of Brig. Gen. Blank, though he never bothers us; and we are treated as first-class passengers, with all, or

nearly all, the luxuries of such. No reveille, no taps, and as yet no formation, though we will have life-boat drill soon. Two sittings for meals, and no army food, but the usual 5-meal-a-day steamer fare. I'm in a sizable room with two others; rooms were assigned alphabetically, so I did very well. Bath at 8:15, etc. And, all in all, it seems a long way to war.

I know quite a few of the other men on board, and naturally every one is very informal now, and we dispense with saluting, which is a relief. All lights go out at sundown, and smoking on deck after dark is *taboo*. Personally I have cut out cigarettes and don't mind any fumatory limitations.

A very lazy life. It's even a hard task to study French, but I hope to get in a little lingual work.

Had some very assuring target practice yesterday; our 4" guns smashed up barrels, at various ranges up to 1 mile, with encouraging precision. Not that I was worrying; am become too confirmed a fatalist to worry about anything so trivial as submarines, *laissez-fair*, say I. That's a fine policy for you, mother, if you could only adopt it; why plan what you will serve dad for dinner? Just go ahead and eat hearty, whatever fate decides to give you! Ah! You smile at that, don't you? At any rate, if you confine your worrying to the diurnal food question, I'll feel so much more at ease. Mess call for lunch; here endeth the first installment.

At breakfast this morning we dropped anchor in a Canadian port and apparently will wait here several days. Two other troop ships are also waiting here and have been for a few days. The question of shore leave hasn't yet been decided, nor the question of whether any mail will be sent from here, so we are loafing round and beginning to feel a

touch—just a touch, of ennui, though none has yet waxed unbearably profane.

Cloudy and considerably colder today, with a feel of snow in the air. One of those many promised sweaters wouldn't feel bad; I unfortunately left mine in the trunk which is in the hold but I have the overcoat and have no difficulty in keeping the corpuscles jumping around.

Had a lifeboat drill yesterday P. M.; 2 long toots on the whistle summon us to crawl into our cork jackets and scurry up to a place near the designated lifeboat.

The only other item of absorbing interest at present is the fact that while shaving this morning, some one cut a deep gash in my chin, and I look like a freshman at Heidelberg. The embryonic mustache adds to the likeness.

Big day, today. Shore leave was granted, and we all went to town on a tug and barge, and found practically nothing to be done. It rained constantly, and all the stores closed at noon, so we were reduced to a bath at the Y. M. C. A. and the movies. The bath was most welcome, as baths on board are not considered healthy while the ship is in port, and the chance to stretch our legs has been taken full advantage of in spite of the rain.

We learned of a rumor current at home that a ship was shelled by a U-boat off Nantucket, recently. The time and place coincided exactly with our target practice, and I'm sure that is the basis for the rumor, and it shows why you must not give any credence to unofficial newspaper talk. Don't worry about us till you know it is too late to worry, and then, of course, there will be nothing to worry about.

The voyage is nearly over. We are now running up an English river to an English port, and we will probably land

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about noon and proceed further on our course. And somewhat to my disappointment we didn't have a sparkle of excitement the entire trip; nary a sub was heard from. I had hoped to at least see a couple, and perhaps have a torpedo miss our stern by 2 feet—they always miss by 2 feet, you know—and then get a few of our guns in action and sink the tin devils. But I won't complain.

Several days ago a flock of destroyers met us and since then we have made our particular part of the ocean look like Fifth Avenue at tea time. A most unusual sight.

Since being in the danger zone each man has had to tote his cork jacket with him on all occasions, and these encumbrances added quite a touch of humor to our meals, as we didn't quite know what to do with the damn things. A good many slept on deck, and very few, though bearing the confinement of their cabins, took many clothes off. I didn't, and I thought taking a bath was taking quite a chance, but the bath invariably won.

And so we are here and about to start on the serious work. And, with every optimistic fatalism, I am enjoying life and the prospect of continuing it for some little time.

We left last night about 6 and arrived in this port at 4 A. M. No sleeping accommodations, of course, but very comfortable going, and I tucked away a good nap. On arrival here, however, we found we hadn't been expected so soon and there was no provision

for the resumption of the sleep. The channel boat has a few cabins, but these were locked, and there was no light or heat on board. Two others and I pushed round with the aid of matches, and finally parked ourselves on soft wood benches, and slept very well till 8:30. Woke up then to find a terrific rainstorm under way, but we had to eat, and to this hotel we came and had the best breakfast in town, porridge, ham and eggs, tea, marmalade, etc. Then we reported back to our ship at 11:00 and were told to report again at 6:00. It is now 4:00, and I've bathed, shaved, and slept, and I feel like a bit of tea. If we cross tonight, which is still uncertain, God help our tummies.

At present I consider myself in Utopia, it being doubly Utopian in contrast to the last several days of almost infernal travelling. The night after I last wrote, we, about—well, I must not state the number—but a tremendous bunch of us were sardined on a channel steamer; actually every square inch of deck space was occupied and we sat out, glorious moonlight but rougher than I had ever imagined a sea could be. And yet, I never had a qualm. This fortunate state of affairs I attribute largely to the fact that I maintained a superlatively prone position almost the entire voyage. Two of us were stretched out on a hatch in the center of the boat, suit cases for pillows and covered by a raincoat, which struggled to defy the intermittent showers, but was powerless against the harrowing cold and wind. God! it was cold, but we dared not move and we couldn't have walked anyhow, so we shivered and stuck it out.

Toward the end of the trip when I was feeling pretty cocky, I ventured below, and the sight of the twisted bodies

in the piles of baggage on the stairs, benches and floors was one I'll never forget. I stumbled over hundreds and they would grunt, or curse, or moan, according to their elevation of spirits, and try again to sleep. A thoroughly uncomfortable night, but one I wouldn't have missed for much. We docked on the other side about 4 A. M. and stayed on board till about 7, dirty, haggard and weary, yet very thankful to have made the grade. There we unloaded trunks for several hours, on empty stomachs, and then went to a so-called rest camp a few miles out of the city. Here we stayed a day and night and part of the next night, but found no rest. No one knew or could foretell when we would be ordered on, and so we were kept constantly on the quiver, being allowed to go to town occasionally to get some food. I acquired another bath—apparently baths are to become landmarks from now on—and felt human again.

Family News.

Mr. Lyman C. Hedge a subscriber, is a member of Company 7, Fort Snelling Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Second Lieutenant Howard Freeman has been ordered to Galveston, Texas. He can be addressed to Co. D, Marine Barracks, Postmaster, New York.

Stuart has been made a Second Lieutenant in the Field Artillery and is stationed at Leon Springs, Texas.

Charles Ivins has received his appointment as first alternate for West Point and is in Washington at the Army and Navy Preparatory School.

Clinton Ivins has been commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Ordnance Reserve Corps, in the production section of the gun division. His address is 1333 F. street, Washington, D. C.

George Henry and Gertrude have

"Helen's Babies."



Mason, Adaline, Harriet and George

adopted an eight months old boy. He has been named Darwin Olcott Fox and is called Olcott.

A U. S. post office inspector said recently that there is no post office in the State of New York which has a higher record than the Ballston office. One of our subscribers, Mr. William S. Waterbury, is Postmaster.

Helen and Mason entertained at dinner on Thanksgiving day and had representatives of the Trowbridge Mason and Fox families with Marie Wait and Montague Howard present. After the turkey and mince pie, etc., the time honored "Johnny Smoker" was sung by the children, young and old. Cousin's Louise and Hope Ivins with Clinton in uniform and Cousin Louise Wait motored over from Plainfield before the party broke up. Ada and Walter also entertained on that day and among their guests were Bert, Anna and the "Colonel".

NOTE: The next installment of "Henry Brooks of Woburn, Mass." will be continued in the March number.



Vol. VII

MARCH 1, 1918

No. 2

The Annual Reunion.

The fourteenth annual reunion of the family was held on January 1st, at the Hotel Bonta, twenty-nine members of the family and two guests being present. The dinner again took place in the middle of the day, which made it possible to start the successful precedent of having a number of the very youthful members with us. An enjoyable feature of the dinner was the presence of Norman and Bert, the former appearing unexpectedly. Three of the members were in uniform, including Capt. Noel Bleecker Fox, First Lieutenant Alanson G. Fox, who had come from Richmond, Va., and Major Howard Fox.

The President of the Society (Uncle George) welcomed the members present and introduced Mason as toastmaster. Mason then proceeded to call a sort of rump convention of the "Associates" and ride roughshod over the "Descendants." Taking the chair, he spoke as follows:

"The first thing on the program is the annual business meeting of the associate members. The descendants need not leave the room, if they will keep quiet and not disturb the meeting. We will omit the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, and proceed at once to new business. In accordance with their custom the associates are to vote today upon the admission of a new member."

Montague then moved that Miss Smith be admitted. The motion was carried and the vote announced by the chair to Miss Smith.

Chairman: "Each of the dinners of the society has been marked by some special

incident. This time we have with us two of the family who are named after Norman Fox, in whose honor the society was founded. I spoke to little Norman about making a few remarks, but he said he knew his cousin wanted to say something and he would let him do it. So I call on Norman, the elder."

Norman then told some entertaining yarns about several of the family who, as children used to visit Painted Post. He made us all wish that nothing might happen to prevent his being with us in the future at our annual reunions.

Chairman: "The chair believes in mixing business with pleasure. Having had the pleasure of hearing from Norman, I now call on Montague. I regret to state that it has come to the knowledge of the chair that there was \$3.50 left over from last year's dinner fund, which has not been accounted for. I am obliged reluctantly to call on Montague to explain what has become of this surplus."

Montague then announced that the surplus had been put in War Saving Stamps, which he thereupon distributed among the members present.

Chairman: "If to eat a dinner and have savings stamps left over at the end is not 'saving and serving with Hoover' the chair does not know what is. The chair will now explain to the members who have not attended recent dinners that the Society is unfortunately torn with faction because the associates have not been given a vote in its affairs. Long before President Wilson emerged from the obscurity of Princeton University, the chair-

man had begun the fight for democracy in this Society; to make the Society safe for Associates. Aunt Cornelia and Aunt Annie are planning, the chair may say, to picket the residence of Uncle George, as President of the Association, in the near future, until the vote is given.

In view of the unsettled condition of the country we do not propose to make any militant efforts for the vote at this time, but shall merely give a demonstration of our fitness. We have arranged for a series of contests between the members and the associates by which we expect to establish the superior mental attainments of the latter. Before we enter into the contests, I will, however, call upon Uncle Robert to speak to us and caution us against allowing the contests to become too acrimonious."

Uncle Robert then spoke in his usual delightful manner, among other things praising the children present and displaying great skill in distributing his praise evenly so as not to arouse any jealousy among the various members present.

The chairman: "When the Apostle Paul undertook to be all things to all men, his task was child's play compared with that which Uncle Robert has just successfully discharged—being all things to all mothers."

The chair next called on Charles, and appointed the military members of the family present a committee of three to escort him to the floor, and, if necessary, to put him under arrest.

When the applause subsided, Prof. Fox proceeded to get off a little joke on his medical uncle and cousin, speaking as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Not long ago I gave the history of a case of dermatitis before our Bethlehem Medical Society. This case may be considered from a dermatological point of view as one of the most interesting that have arisen in the last few years. I have been unable to find anything like it in either Slobheimer or

Kitzelhaut, nor yet have I found anything in the writings of Prof. Grattepeaux. As this was a personal experience of my own, I am in a position to give the history of the case almost from the earliest moment of its inception. It made its appearance after a period of unprecedented hot weather during last August, a time of perspiration and desperation. I first noticed the phenomenon in question when I awoke early one morning just before daybreak. I became aware of what might be called a hypertrophy of the lower posterior region of the occipital protuberance. It was but slightly elevated, was about the size of an old-time silver three-cent piece and seemed to have well defined edges. It did not pain, it did not burn, it did not itch, in fact it was not particularly sensitive to the touch. There were no papules, either indurated or otherwise. It was neither rough nor uneven to the touch, but rather hard and smooth and somewhat glaucous, although there were no exudations of moisture. Knowing the danger of unskillful handling of hypertrophies in persons of 45 or over I went at my investigations carefully. I did not care to superinduce any malignant growth or other cancerous tendency. For you know in the matter of hypertrophy men over 45 are somewhat in the category of certain ladies who of late have been found hanging around the White House. 'The never do well if they picket.' So I carefully inserted my finger nail under the edge of what turned out to be something of the nature of a squamous patch, which without much trouble yielded to slight pressure and was easily removed. The patch was of a dark reddish pigmentation and by closer scrutiny I was able to make out as the light became clearer, exactly in the center of the round patch the figure $6\frac{7}{8}$. This, I think, is the only authenticated case of *Numerosus Strawhaticus*."

Montague, as Chairman of the Dinner Committee, then read telegrams of greeting from Ethel and from the faithful Rob and Nellie. The chairman remarked at

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the conclusion that when he first joined the family he was under the impression that "Rob and Nellie" was a single individual, doubtless some Italian relative.

The following letter kindly sent by General Simeon M. Fox was read: "I appreciate highly the annual invitation sent me for the yearly banquet of the Descendants of Norman Fox, as I have always appreciated the honorary membership accorded to me in your society, yet I would be something of an alien in the close family organization that you have gathered together if I should intrude at one of your feasts. I know that the stranger would be welcomed, and were I in reach I would forget how distant our kinship might be, and warm the cockles of my heart in the glow of your hospitality; but, alas, the weary miles, and the almost seventy-seven years present a bar not easily passed, and so I send regrets.

I send you a hearty greeting, with the cordial wish for good luck and happiness to you all. And to those who have answered the call of our country a special greeting, and a God bless you, to you all."

A letter from Clinton followed: "I desire to express to all the members of the Fox Family assembled, my sincere regrets on my inability to be present and keep up the good old New Year's custom. But as you know my time is not my own these days, and things are going so fast and furiously down here in Washington that I couldn't even arrange to get away for the day. I hope other members of the family in service will be more fortunate than I am, and can join your festive board for just a short time.

Please give to those of my brothers-in-arms who are there my very best regards,

and also to the other members of the family, and, while I regret my absence from your midst, I am certainly proud and glad to be on your list in the family.

My particular function in the general order of events is the production of artillery ammunition, trench warfare material and aircraft bombs, and to those of our members in the various arms of the service who carry on and deliver these tokens of our regard to the Kaiser, God grant them speed, accuracy and determination to make every shot tell.

With best wishes to all, and sincerest regrets from Marguerite and myself, I am, yours very sincerely, Clinton F. Ivins."

The following members of the family were present: Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Cornelia, Aunt Annie. Cousin Louise Ivins, Ada, Gertrude, Alice, Adaline, Edith, Helen, Bertha, Rachel, Uncle George, Uncle Robert, Walter, Norman, Montague, Charles, Bert, Howard, Noel, Alanson, Mason, Kenneth, and as Junior members, Beatrice, Marion, Norman 4th, Montague, Jr., and Harvey. As guests, Miss Cornelia Trowbridge and Miss Lyle Smith were present.

H. F.

Henry Brooks of Woburn Mass.

(Continued)

In addition to the children mentioned in the foregoing will there was certainly a daughter Martha, who about 1644 had married Thomas (2) Bateman (William 1) of Concord. Said Martha died August 3, 1665; several of her children were brought up by members of the Brooks family. It is also very probable that the Mary Brooks who married in Watertown, Mass., June 24, 1650, Richard (2) Norcross (Jeremiah 1) was another daughter of Henry Brooks. She died Feb. 21, 1671-2. It is also barely possible that the Thomas Brooks who settled early in East Haddam, Conn., was another son of Henry Brooks. Said Thomas Brooks died Oct. 18, 1633. The identity of the daughter Martha

Bateman is conclusively proved by the original records, the daughter Mary and son Thomas are both reasonable conjectures, but each lack decisive proof.

The daughter "Lestor" mentioned in the will undoubtedly refers to Hannah, who in 1647 had become the second wife of Thomas (1) Fox of Concord, after the death of Thomas Fox in 1658, she, in 1661, became the third wife of Andrew (1) Lester, of New London, Conn. Three of her sons by Thomas Fox, Samuel, John, and Isaac, and a daughter Hannah, who in 1668 married at New London Daniel (2) Lester (Andrew 1), dwelt in New London and their families are all to be accounted for in Connecticut.

Henry (1) Brooks removed before 1650 from Concord to Woburn, Mass. His first wife doubtless died about date of removal, and before 1651 he had married, second, Susanna, the widow of Ezekiel Richardson of Woburn, her husband having died Oct. 21, 1647. She died Sept. 15, 1681, and he married, third, July 12, 1682, Anna Jaquith—doubtless a widow—who survived him. All the children were by the first unidentified wife, and are as follows:

to be continued

Family News.

Uncle Robert and Aunt Elizabeth have gone to Toronto, Canada, where they expect to remain until May. Uncle Robert is supplying a church whose pastor has left for the front.

Capt. Noel Fox is taking a course of instruction in artillery fire at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Second Lieutenant Stuart Freeman is at present with Battery B, Artillery Training School, Camp Stanley, Leon Springs, Tex.

First Lieutenant Howard Freeman is stationed at Fort Crockett, Galveston, Tex. He is in the 107th Company, 8th Regiment U. S. Marine Corps.

Major Howard Fox, since his return to Camp Upton, has been acting as military



Marvin Olcott Fox

*Adapted son of George Henry and Gertrude
Fox of Binghamton, New York*

instructor at the Base Hospital, giving a course of lectures and drill for the hundred medical officers stationed at the hospital.

The following interesting item of news appeared in the *Courier News* of February 4th under the heading "CHARLES FOX IVINS NAMED FOR ANNAPOLIS." It read: "Charles F. Ivins, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt C. Ivins, of 931 Hillside avenue, has been named as principal for first appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, upon the recommendation of United States Senator J. S. Frelinghuysen, to fill one of three vacancies at the academy. Mr. Ivins took the preliminary examination for Annapolis early in January and the fact that he has been named as principal shows that he passed a highly creditable examination. He has a brother, Clinton Ivins, who is now in the service."



Vol. VII

May 1, 1918

No. 3

"Lieut. Freeman Meets Premier"

The above headline appeared on April 19th in the Plainfield Courier-News, a paper that is publishing some of Lieut. Edgar Freeman's fascinating letters. In these letters he describes a recent meeting with Premier Clemenceau and gives a good idea of the exciting duties of an aerial observer. Here is the story:

"Feb. 28, 1918.

"A rainy, snowy afternoon, and, consequently, nothing stirring at the Escadrille, so I am answering letter No. 30, which arrived today, because it is rumored that we are to be sent off to a school soon and I may not get a chance to write for a few days. If the rumor be true it's most disheartening, for nowhere could we get better training in aerial observation work than here, for though the life is free and easy, I am learning more than any school could teach of how aerial work is actually carried on at the battle front. Still, cest la guerre and I'm still a soldier of fortune and must go whither the will of those higher up sends me.

Have been scheduled to adjust the fire of one of our batteries the past few days and made a motor trip over there to talk over the details, but the weather has been unfavorable and I'm afraid I may leave here without having made the adjustment, and at the school I suppose I'll fly around in antiquated

Farmans and Coudrons and Voisins and run more risk than here at the front in regular machines. Such is the way of war—the nearer you get to the front the more luxurious and pleasant life is. Curious that it should be so, but so it seems. But perhaps it's the fact that near the front we live in with the French officers who have learned how to live comfortably and fight at the same time, while we Americans have the idea that hardships are an integral part of fighting and so undergo them as a matter of course.

Went to town yesterday for machine gun and rifle shooting, and incidentally got measured for my 1918 haircut; also visited the Y. M. C. A. and secured some Sweet Caporals, the only brand obtainable. 'Ask Dad; he knows.' I enjoy a cigarette in bed after eating breakfast, and the rest of the day the old pipe is chosen to clog up my lungs."

"March 7, 1918.

"I am now in solitary glory at the Escadrille, and there is but one other American observer in the sector. The others left yesterday to take an advanced course in an aeronautic school, and the only reason two of us were left with the French Escadrilles is the curious one that we two were the only observers who had not formerly attended a school for observers, and tho inexplicable I won't complain, for as I said in a previous letter, this is the best possible training ground for aerial work, and I am delighted to remain

here, and though alone, I won't be lonely, for the French officers are a most companionable crowd, and I get along with them famously.

It has rained and snowed for the past week, but yesterday the weather was glorious and I made my first actual 'reglage,' or adjustment, of a battery firing. It makes a distinct phase in my aerial training, for now I know what the shots really look like from a height of 5,000 feet, and I must say they look pitifully small—little pinheads of dust and smoke—and it seems almost uncanny to see them and hear absolutely no sound. Also had my first experience of being shot at by enemy anti-aircraft guns; quite a number of shrapnel burst round us; we would see a curious puff of smoke just under us and then a whiz-bang report. I imagined I could hear fragments whistling through the rigging and am not yet convinced whether it was imagination or not.

It's also uncanny to work the wireless key, seemingly so silent and functionless, and then see the signals at the battery far below you respond to your touch almost immediately and have the guns fire at the command of your finger. A wonderful experience, and I'm more enamored of the air than ever.

Lunched today with an English Colonel of aviation. He has just arrived from America, where he had been looking over and advising the vast American air program. He was greatly pleased with the Liberty motor and also full of admiration for the progress that has been made at home in the construction of motors and planes.

It is now hinted about that my regiment and others are to leave this sector in the near future. What we will do I can better tell in later letters and my status will no doubt become even more

delightfully uncertain. I hope they forget about me and leave me here.

No other particular news just now. Lots of love, and don't worry. Your letters, mother, chérie, are always cheerful, and I hope the cheer isn't forced."

----- "March-13, -1918: -

"Have received flocks of mail this past week, dating from Dec. 10 to Feb. 19. Yesterday I essayed my second artillery adjustment and was entirely successful, except for the fact that the ground mist concealed all the shots from view, and so I was unable to accomplish anything to bring the war to a rapid conclusion. Had a fine ride, though sailing about at 6,200 feet, my highest altitude so far, and saw a whole fleet of Boche planes—unhappily or happily—out of range, and had the satisfaction of seeing them chased back home by French planes and anti-aircraft batteries.

Two days before, I took my first aerial photos, 22 of 'em, and the French officers seemed much pleased at the result. I photographed a road near the German lines about 10 kilometers long at an altitude of 4,800 feet, and though it sounds simple, it's quite a trick to manipulate the heavy, awkward camera in the confined quarters of the observer's seat. There is a bunch of little knobs to turn, and buttons to push, and regulators to regulate, and then you must take a picture every 8 or 10 seconds, so as to include all the terrain you pass over, make the pictures overlap and steer the pilot where you want to go and keep an eye open for enemy planes at the same time. My pictures turned out very well, and when we put them together the next day and marked out the areas covered on the map by each exposure it was found that I had included practically all the territory



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I was supposed to cover, which was very encouraging.

The day before Premier Clemenceau, General Petain and several other notables paid us a visit, and I lined up for inspection with the other observers and pilots. But as I was the only American there my distinctive uniform and campaign hat aroused some curiosity, for I heard the Premier asking questions about me, and when he passed down the line on his inspection he had quite a little talk with me in perfect English, and we shook hands and saluted in cordial French fashion. All our planes were lined up in formation, and the occasion was memorable, to say the least. 'Clem' was dressed in a droll drooping mustache, a crumpled circular bonnet and needed only a hoe to make him an essentially rural character. But he was kindly and observant, and his face had power and discretion. General Petain had a wonderfully strong face, and I was sorry I couldn't give him more time.

Tomorrow, if all goes well, I am to make adjustments for two batteries. This will make my twelfth flight—without, as yet, however, having brought down a Boche. May get one tomorrow.

Yesterday I ran out of cigarettes and pipe tobacco and made a resolution to knock off smoking till I could get some more American smoking equipment. I expected this would make up into a sizable period, as home smokables have been as scarce as coal lately. But, unfortunately for my anticipated test of self-control, we motored into

town today to the machine gun, and rifle range for our weekly shoot, and on the way back I dropped, experimentally, into the Y. M. C. A. and discovered there not only plenty of cigarettes and Prince Albert tobacco, but also an eager willingness to dispose of them. So my fingers will retain their yellow stain and my lungs their soot; thus you see how the Y. M. C. A. is bucking down with power.

Expect to leave here in about a week, for where or what, of course, I don't know. But you know my equable temperament."

Henry Brooks of Woburn Mass.

(Continued)

Martha, born —; married about 1644, Thomas Bateman. She died Aug. 3, 1665.

Hannah, born about 1620; married at Concord, Dec. 13, 1647, Thomas Fox, who died April 14, 1658. She married, second, in 1661, Andrew (1) Lester, of New London. He died Jan. 7, 1669-70, and she married, third, after 1682, as second wife of Isaac (1) Willey, of New London. She died in 1692. She had three children by Lester, Timothy in 1662, Joseph, 1664, and Benjamin, 1666.

John, born about 1623. He married, Nov. 1, 1649, Eunice, daughter of Deacon John Mousall, of Woburn. She died Jan. 1, 1684, and he married, second, Mary the widow of Theophilus Richardson, and the daughter of John Champney, of Cambridge, Mass. He died in 1691.

Sarah, born —; married May 12, 1650, John (2) Mousall, Jr. He died at Woburn, April 2, 1698, and she died in 1705.

Mary, born —; married June 24, 1650, at Watertown, Richard (2), son of Jeremiah Norcross. She

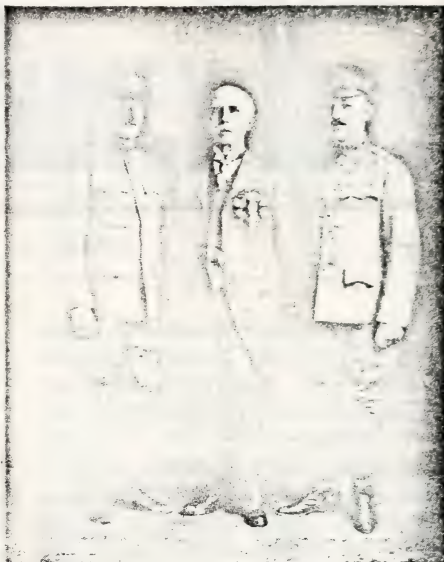
died Feb. 24, 1671-2. (This Mary is placed here tentatively as a daughter of Henry Brooks, absolute proof of identity is lacking.)

Timothy, born ———; married Dec. 21, 1659, Mary, daughter of John Russell, of Woburn. It is thought that about 1663 he settled in East Lyme, Conn., but before 1670 returned to Massachusetts, and located in Billerica. His wife Mary died Sept. 15, 1680, and he removed to Swansey, Mass., where he married, second, Mehitable, daughter of Roger Morey, and widow of Eldad Kingsley. He removed to New Jersey, and died there in 1712.

Joseph, born at Concord, Mass., April 12, 1641. He evidently died young.

Isaac, born about 1643. He married Jan. 10, 1665-6, Miriam Daniels. He died in Woburn, Sept. 8, 1686.

(To be continued)



Major Howard Fox

Lt. Alanson G. Fox

Lt. George Henry Fox

War News

Alan has been appointed a special officer by the Federal Food Board and has charge of the enforcement of the food laws in New York State.

Alanson has been made squadron commander of the 635th Aero Squadron, a position he is well adapted to fill from his long training in the National Guard.

Mr. Arthur Crosby, known to many of the family as a former neighbor of the Glen Cove Foxes and recent Yale graduate, has been serving in France for some time. He has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre for gallantry as an ambulance driver while under fire.

Norman writes from Manistique that his time is pretty well taken up with Red Cross work, Liberty Loan Drive, etc., and adds that "It is tough for a red-blooded man to be cooped up so far from the scene of activities just because he happens to be over fifty years old."

Lieut. Howard Freeman (still at Galveston with the Marine Corps) has been active in forming a baseball team among the marines. They recently made a good showing against the White Sox, Howard acting as one of the pitchers. He has just had a strenuous detail for the past month as bayonet instructor.

"Walter has been working on Exemption Board No. 2 of Union County, N. J., and has just been sworn in as 'chief clerk,'" writes Ada. She adds that "he puts in eight or nine hours a day and is very much interested in the work." Not so bad for a man with three sons in the service. Needless to say his wife is just as busy with Red Cross work, as are several of her cousins, including Caroline, Alice and Adaline.

The sincere sympathy of the family is extended to Ethel for the recent death of her father.



Figure 1. A photograph of a dark, rectangular object, possibly a book cover or a piece of paper, with some lighter, irregular shapes.

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It then goes on to describe the methodology used in the study, including the data collection and analysis techniques. The results of the study are then presented, followed by a discussion of the findings and their implications. Finally, the paper concludes with a summary of the main points and a list of references.

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Vol. VII

July 1, 1918

No. 4

Duties of a Squadron Commander.

By 1st Lieut. Alanson G. Fox

(Extracts from letters relating to his experience with the 635th Aero Squadron, at Richmond, Va.)

"If it will be of interest to you I will outline a few of the plans which I have already put into effect and some which I later expect to do. In the first place, you must understand that the organization of an aero squadron is something entirely new and radically different from a cavalry troop or a company of infantry. We have a certain number of men attached to the Supply Depot in a clerical capacity, a certain number attached to the transportation end of the game who act as truck drivers, chauffeurs, repair men, etc. Then we have our cooks, guard, fatigue, post exchange men. There are also a great number of special details.

The problem which confronted me when I received the order appointing me as Squadron Commander was this: to make of this outfit a company of disciplined soldiers. However, I have had to keep this in mind not to go too far at once into the military, as it is essentially a Supply Squadron. Until I took command, there had been no officer at reveille. The first sergeant had apparently been the whole thing. He is a man without any previous military experience, a man of force, but requiring a great deal of taming, and my problem is, if possible, to make a soldier out of him.

The organization of this Squadron is

peculiar, in that it has about eighty-four non-commissioned officers, out of a hundred and fifty men. The reason for this large number of non-commissioned officers is this: the personnel of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps is of a very much higher order than that of the other branches of the service. I am speaking now of the enlisted men and not of the officers. Modesty forbids my saying anything about them. For instance, our men are all either skilled workmen or men educated along different lines, and the government naturally considers that they are worth higher pay and therefore creates this large number of noncoms.

In the first place I changed the hour for first call from 6.30 to 6.00 o'clock A. M., and left the morning mess at 7.00 A. M. as formerly. This allowed me to give the men a half hour at least of setting-up exercises or drill formation. The first sergeant took about five minutes to call the roll. I have now dispensed with that and save at least four minutes by having the outfit divided into squads and the squad leaders report, which I know, from my experience, will be of much benefit. The men, I know, enjoy the morning exercise, which they did not get all winter, and I think that it has a good moral effect, my appearing every morning at reveille. I have tried in vain to get some of the other officers who are attached here, but not actually attached to the Squadron, to make reveille also,

For Family Love

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or in certain cases to spell me if I wanted to take a little morning sleep.

One very important matter to which I have given especial attention has been athletics, which, as you know, is of vital importance in not only the development of young men, but also of soldiers. Having that in mind, I immediately appointed an athletic committee of nine of the leading athletes and we have a field right opposite the officers' quarters, adjoining government property, which we are laying out to have a quarter mile cinder track, two tennis courts, basket ball, bally ball and hand ball courts. The bally ball and hand ball courts we already have. Of course, baseball at this season has to be given very special attention. We have two professional ball players and a wealth of material even though we have such a small outfit. Unfortunately we have no available field right by the camp, but as transportation is our long suit, it is very simple for us to send the baseball squad down every day to a field which we are about to lay out on some property belonging to the C. & O. Railroad, within five minutes' ride from the camp. I also have secured the free use of the fine professional ball park in Richmond for use of our team every Sunday afternoon and for Saturday afternoons on which we can book games.

I do not know whether I have written about the Tuesday night meetings in our recreation hall which I organized about a month ago. This was my own idea and has been, so the men have been kind enough to say, a success. I organized three committees, speaker, music and athletics, and am a self-constituted honorary chairman. On that night every week we have a speaker, generally from outside, who talks for about thirty minutes, together with music from our Jazz band and individual

musical stunts by the soldiers. We also have some boxing bouts and wrestling matches every week. The party generally ends up by the soldiers dancing with each other, with music from our Jazz band. The only drawback to my having organized these Tuesday meetings is that it keeps me busy arranging for the speaker the following week.

One thing I have not mentioned is that I am gradually turning into a preacher, as I have given numerous short talks to the whole outfit at various times and have tried to instill the desire to become good soldiers and clean men in them and I firmly believe my little talks have already produced results. As you know, I am not a genius, but only an average man, but with my previous long military training and with the wonderful home training and education which I received, I believe that I can make good in this job. I told the men one day that what they needed was leadership, which they had never had, and if I found that I was not the proper man, I would apply to the commanding officer of the post to be relieved, but I thought with their co-operation and backing, things would be a go."

News from Capt. Noel B. Fox

(Extracts from letters to his sister.)

"In spite of the hard fighting which seems to be going on elsewhere in France the surroundings of our training camp seem as far removed from actual hostilities as those at Camp Upton or Fort Sill or any military post in time of peace. In some ways it seems more like the latter than Upton or Sill as it seems to lack the air of haste and confusion which prevailed at those places.

We are very comfortably situated. Then also we have a more formal mess

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than at Upton, with French cooks and waitresses, French food and French methods of serving in many courses. This mess is attended by the senior officers of each artillery organization here, and at dinner each evening we have to wait outside until the general arrives and goes to his place. Then he stands there while all the rest of us come in and stand at our places, whereupon he sits down and we do likewise. When he has finished and goes out we all stand, after which we can go and not before.

Although we have not been near any place where hostile shots have been fired, yet we have already had a chance to fire our guns and we are getting good firing practice. I fired the first salvo fired in France by any of the artillery organizations now in this camp. There are several other camps of American troops in this region and we have seen a number of our friends who are in them. For example, I have seen three men who were in Troop A on the border.

To-day being Decoration Day, we have no work this afternoon and many of the men have been given passes to go to the neighboring city where there is to be an athletic meet of American soldiers. We are living here in small but fairly well built buildings and we have spent only one night under canvas since the regiment was organized.

June 5th. We are still at the training camp where we arrived a few days after landing. We are still undergoing a strenuous course of study, drill, target

practice and other training, but otherwise we are living very comfortably with the band playing each evening outside the officers' mess during table d'hôte dinner. All the surroundings look so peaceful that it is difficult to realize that such a tremendous warfare is going on at this instant in this very country.

Our work and surroundings may change very completely and very suddenly at any time, but of course we have no idea as to when we shall be called on to take our part in the real work of war. I am very glad to hear from you what regiment Edgar is in. The Captain who is the chief instructor for our Battalion in the Artillery School here is from that regiment and at least one other of the instructors of the school also."

Henry Brooks of Woburn, Mass.

(Concluded)

His son Henry, about 1698, came down from Massachusetts and settled in New London, Conn. He left a numerous family.

As descendants from Henry (1) Brooks we all have a great interest in his history,—altogether too meagre to be satisfactory. The suggestion that the Thomas Brooks of East Haddam, Conn., was another son, is only a probability, for the essential item of, absolute proof is yet lacking; the theory can only be held as a clue to subsequent research. Nothing has been found so far, however, that conflicts with the conjecture, and on the other hand there are several items of circumstantial evidence that support this tentative theory of identification.

It is very clear as to what brought the Foxes to New London as settlers, as they evidently came as children with their mother when she became, in 1661,

the third wife of Andrew (1) Lester. Some curiosity may be naturally felt as to how Andrew Lester's attention was directed towards the widow Hannah (Brooks) Fox when, in 1661, he set out to supply the deficiency of a wife in his household. Concord, Mass., and New London, Conn., were far separated in those days, but just about this time New London brought down from Concord, Mass., a pastor to take charge of their church, in the person of the Rev. Gershom (2) Bulkely, son of Peter (1) Bulkeley, the reverend founder of the church at Concord. Andrew Lester may have been an intermediary and met the widow Fox during the negotiations.

However, the fact is certain that we of the New London Fox tribe, who later spread out into Groton, Norwich, Colchester, Lyme and East Haddam, Connecticut, and later on to the world's boundary, must look to Henry Brooks, of Woburn, Mass., as a common ancestor, and it is hoped this brief sketch will present a matter of personal interest to you all.

The end.

Family News

Helen has designed and superintended the making of a rag doll "Baby Patacake" that is being sold for a dollar and a half for the benefit of the children of Flanders.

Charles Ivins passed his examinations for both Annapolis and West Point but chose the latter. He entered West Point on the 14th of June. He says that the life is very strenuous but that he likes it.



The "Gang Mills" at Painted Post, N. Y.

Bert has been appointed Consulting Engineer to the Bureau of Mines at Washington and for the past four months has been working for them and for the War Industry Board, doing mostly research work in the production of "Smoke powder."

Kenneth has been appointed chaplain in the National Army and assigned to the 301st Trains and Military Police of the 76th Division. He is stationed at present at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. An article in the *Springfield Daily Republican* of June 24th, 1918, said that Chaplain MacArthur preached his farewell sermon in uniform and received a gift of five hundred dollars from the members of the church in token of their appreciation of their pastor. Rachel writes that she will remain in Suffield and run the farm until the fall, when she expects to go to Holyoke and remain there with her children until the end of the war. She says that she is getting to be quite a "Farmerette" and that their flourishing vegetable garden is managed almost entirely by herself and her small daughter Marion.



The first part of the paper is devoted to a general survey of the subject, and to a discussion of the various methods which have been employed for its study. The second part is devoted to a detailed description of the apparatus used in the experiments, and to a description of the results obtained. The third part is devoted to a discussion of the results, and to a comparison of the results with the results obtained by other investigators. The fourth part is devoted to a discussion of the conclusions which can be drawn from the results, and to a discussion of the various points which require further investigation.

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Vol. VII

Sept. 1, 1918

No. 5

Work on the Federal Food Board

By Alan Fox

I am an officer of the United States Food Administration, having supervision in New York and vicinity of the enforcement of the food regulations and the prosecution of food profiteers. Since I assumed charge of the enforcement work on January 1st, we have prosecuted about 250 different wholesale food firms for violation of the food laws, and have "cut the hair" of a thousand or more retail grocers who have charged more than 9c per pound for sugar, have failed to sell substitutes with flour, sold meat on meatless days or had fallen into some of the other snares laid for the unwary dealer by the Food Administration.

From the 250 wholesale dealers whom we have brought to trial, we have collected some \$30,000 for the Red Cross. We have shut up 9 dealers permanently and have suspended 44 dealers for periods of from three days to three months.

I have no authority to impose any money penalty on a violator, or to direct a contribution to the Red Cross, but when I have found a dealer guilty and have meditatively suggested that it might be wise to close his business, and then have asked him if he might not like to contribute to the Red Cross a certain sum which

I named. I found him surprisingly generous to charity.

I have a great advantage over the ordinary law court, because there is no red tape about us and I am prosecutor, jury and judge in one and am embarrassed by no constitutional limitations of authority. We land out swift, drum-head justice and any wholesale dealer who has made for himself more than 75c a barrel profit on flour, gets the axe with a celerity that a few years ago would have left aghast the judges of our more slow moving courts. At that I am inclined to believe that the justice which we summarily dispense is probably about as near real justice as that which results from the laborious processes of our courts of law.

In addition to the above enforcement work, I also have the decision for the State of New York, as to the interpretation of the rules and regulations of the Food Administration and in this advisory work spend a great deal of time in consultation with a never-ending stream of butchers, grocers, bakers and macaroni men.

The work is of unusual interest and it is the impression of the Food Administration that our efforts in New York have been quite successful in showing to the dealers of New York State that the United States Food Administration means business and that

West for Ever

The first of the new West for Ever series, 'The West for Ever' is a collection of stories by the author of 'The West for Ever' and 'The West for Ever'.

The second of the new West for Ever series, 'The West for Ever' is a collection of stories by the author of 'The West for Ever' and 'The West for Ever'.

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when it tells the dealers that they must make reasonable profits only on their food business, it is much better for their health to observe the injunctions than to take a chance at profiteering.

A War Librarian

(a Letter from)

Miss Marie Fox Wait

Since May 21st I have been at my post as Base Hospital Librarian, Camp Greene, N. C., doing War Service work for the American Library Association. This organization, like the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C., has raised money and sent representatives to all camps to work for and with the soldiers. The Base Hospital Library is a branch of the main library at the other end of camp, about a mile away. It is in a pleasant room in the Post Exchange, which is a canteen where the men buy tobacco, candy, soft drinks, soap, etc. As the library is for the use of all in the hospital, doctors, nurses and men, you can see that I have a great variety of people, and the taste in reading is just as varied as the people. They read any and everything from William James and Ibsen to Henry and Oliver Optic. A prisoner in charge of a guard armed with a rifle and bayonet takes out an Alger book and the next man with degrees from Princeton and Cambridge, Eng., with tastes to match his training. The men are of all nationalities. I have even found one German, by birth, but rampantly pro-ally. As most of them wear pajamas and bath robes it is not easy to judge of them at first sight, but after some conversation they can be placed where they belong. Many of them come here every day and some make several visits each day. Two or three are always willing to help me and are quite able to manage the place

when I want to leave for an hour or so.

I am living at the Nurses' Home and find it very comfortable. There are some fine women, also some pretty and attractive girls. Consequently the young officers get up many social affairs. There has been at least one dance every week and often two. Horseback rides and picnics add to their enjoyment. So you see I am having the most interesting sort of a time and very happy to be able to do a small part in war work. Like the other organizations the librarians wear a uniform. My summer rig is tan pongee with brown tie, shoes, etc.

The Day We Celebrate

On the Fourth of July Uncle George gathered a party of relatives and friends around Gettysburg Tree at Glen Cove and made the occasion a combination of birthday party, Fourth of July celebration and Gettysburg Memorial.

In referring to the two birthday celebrants he said that one was a fine specimen of the native born American (Mrs. J. B. C. Tappan), while the other was an alien (Major Howard Fox), having been born in London on the Fourth of July, but that the latter was now making amends for this mistake of his early life by serving his adopted country at Camp Upton.

After singing one verse of the Star Spangled Banner, Mason read extracts from the Declaration of Independence and Montague read President Wilson's Fourth of July message. The hymn "America" was then sung with American music in place of the usual tune after which Uncle George called attention to the thriving condition of the little cedar tree dug on the battlefield of Gettysburg at the

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"Reunion" in 1913 and transplanted here with appropriate ceremony in 1915. He said: "Those of you who have visited Gettysburg will remember that the Union line of battle was in the form of a horse shoe. The brigade in which were my brothers William and Charles of the 107th N. Y. V., was at the extreme right of the line overlooking a little valley south of Culps Hill. My brother Norman's regiment, the 77th N. Y. V., was supporting a battery on the hill but a short distance away. While the fighting on this right of the line was perhaps less dramatic than the celebrated Pickett's charge on the left, it was equally fierce and to give you an idea of where this tree started its growth I will ask your permission to read a few lines from my brother William's book entitled "New York at Gettysburg" and his description of the charge across the little valley or swale by two regiments of his brigade (2nd Mass. and 27th Indiana). *****It was just about where these two regiments started that this tree was dug."

Alan then read the Gettysburg Oration and Mr. George S. Coleman made an address in which he referred to Lincoln's short oration as one of the choicest utterances of the human heart and stated his conviction that the work already done and yet to be done in this world-war by Americans would go far toward removing the impression, long entertained by foreign friends, that our people, with all their originality and vigor, lacked what is known as **sustained moral character** the capacity of "carrying on" and of

"seeing things through."

In addition to Uncle George, Aunt Cornelia, Alan and Little Joe, Ada, the two Montagues, Edith, Howard, Adaline, Alanson, Helen, Mason and little Harriet there were present Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Willits, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Coleman, Mrs. Tappan, Miss Titus, Miss Ruth Kane and Mrs. Leslie. All of them joined hands and voices in singing "Auld Lang Syne" as a fitting close of the program.

G. H. F.

Family News

1st Lieut. K. C. MacArthur, chaplain, 301st Trains & Military Police, has arrived in France.

Gertrude has sailed for France under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. She is in charge of a unit of 18 stenographers, Quartermasters Corps, U. S. Army. Her address is Hotel Petrograd, 33 rue Caumartin, Paris, France.

Alice acted as garment inspector at the St. Georges Church Red Cross last winter and works at the Red Cross in Manchester, on garments and surgical dressings several mornings each week. She writes that Cousin Louise Wait has made Red Cross surgical dressings at Knoxville, Princeton, Plainfield and Manchester.

Charles writes that "During the year last past both Beatrice and her mother did knitting for the Red Cross although they didn't work in the Red Cross rooms as far as I know. Beatrice got so she could even knit sweaters. With a girl friend of hers Beatrice held a fair for two or three days and sold enough so that the net return was sixteen dollars. The money was turned into the local war chest fund."

Norman writes "I have your S. O. S. of July 29th for news to be printed

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in the family paper. I am afraid I will prove a dull contributor. We are very much on the outer edge here and look for news to come our way instead of being able to give out any. Charles and I are out of the State Troops. Since the first of the year a new militia body has been organized in this state under U. S. control. I was over age while Charles was under age. Charles has been to Camp Stevens, Wis., for military training. This is a junior Plattsburg Camp under the direction of Capt. Beals, U. S. A. He takes to the military work readily."

Gertrude Fox writes, "George is examining physician for Local Board No. 1, also for the Marine boys in this part of the state. He is chairman of the Broome Co. Committee for the Council of National Defense, Medical Section and gives several hours each day to his various activities. I am a Lieut. in the Broome Co. Motor Corps and beside driving my own car for this organization I take my turn driving our truck. I belong to the Red Cross Canteen Service and also work at the Red Cross Headquarters each week like everyone else."

Clinton Ivins writes: "I had been working in the office of the Chief of Ordnance in Washington since last November as 1st Lieut., assisting in the organization of the Ordnance Department methods procedure, etc. At the end of June I was commissioned captain in the National Army and shortly afterwards transferred to duty in the Purchase, Storage and Traffic Division of the General Staff. This Division is a new organization commanded by General Goethals and is working upon the reorganization and standardization of the purchase



Lyle Smith Freeman

and supply functions of the Army.

We are tackling a pretty big job and have a considerable program in view so that I cannot say just when I am going to see foreign service. That is our big desire, however, and as soon as we can get older men to take our places, we hope that our ambitions to get in the field will be realized."

Lt. Howard Freeman's Wedding

1st Lt. Howard Brooks Freeman, U. S. Marine Corps, married Miss Lyle Udell Smith on Monday July 29th at Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, the summer home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Lewis. Howard and Lyle are now at Fort Crockett, Galveston, where Howard is stationed. The family will be specially interested in this wedding as it is the first to occur in the fourth generation from Norman Fox.



Vol. VII

November 1, 1918

No. 6

An Artilleryman's Experience

Extracts of letters from

Lieut. Edgar Wells Freeman

April 2nd.

Have more to say and less time to say it in than has been the case for some months. When last I wrote I was leading an idyllic existence pushing on from village to village with beautiful spring weather and charming rural scenery. Shortly thereafter we reached what was to be our rest billets and had two fairly happy days, no rest of course for we were busy getting settled and there were vague rumors that we might leave soon. I was living with an apothecary's family, charming people, one daughter of 19 and one wonderful little girl of 12. Two of us were there and as the other was a good piano artist, and the girls sang, we had two delightful evenings. The third A. M., sure enough an order came thru at 2 or 3 in the morning to move out at 8 the same morning and since then we haven't slept much. Have hiked long hikes for three days, never knowing each day till early in the morning when we would leave, or for where or if at all. And we would arrive in a town late and not get settled till much later and then no one would know where any one else was billeted, and of course it rained incessantly and we had a pretty rough time of it. Two days ago, after marching for five hours, two officers from each battery were shipped off ahead in

trucks, the Capt. and I from my battery. We trucked about 50 miles and then unloaded at various battery positions we are to inhabit for a time now. We had just unloaded our baggage at a cross roads when the Boches began sending over a few whizz bangs and gas shells, so we abandoned the truck and baggage and fell into the nearest hole. Luckily we happened on a dug out kitchen and occupied that more or less happily and decidedly sleepily for several hours while the welcome reception lasted. I may say it was a very warm reception but with our jolly gas masks and sheltered dugout we were perfectly safe and much entertained by the proceedings. At 4 A. M. we moved into our battery and were received by the officers with some surprise, for of course we weren't expected. But they were up and awake and wearing masks.

There wasn't much sleeping done round the sector that night. We finally turned in about six and were sleeping contentedly when a messenger arrived with the cheerful news that we had been sent to the wrong battery and would have to leave forthwith. We construed forthwith to mean after breakfast, for we hadn't eaten anything but a canned warbeef sandwich in the previous 36 hours. Then we moved to the other battery and have spent the time since in getting acquainted with the position and receiving orders as to what to do next. Our battery will be in soon and

then we will get settled. Too bad our plans for a little rest were spoiled as we were in a fine town and were arranging to be very comfortable.

April 4th.

'Tis now nearly midnight and I'm at my office dugout waiting for the nightly gas or high explosive which the heinies rarely fail to deliver. And in my new capacity as a regimental liason officer between artillery and infantry, it's my task to keep both sides informed as to what the other is doing. Sort of a staff job and very interesting as it gives me a fairly good idea of how the dough-boy functions. But the more I see of the infantry life the better I like artillery. And of course, the air game is the best of all and I wish I could get back at it. This is fair enough for a change, but the long hours and long period of comparative inaction are a little wearying. My six weeks flying has completely spoiled me for any other phase of the war game. There is at times plenty of excitement round here, the iron men bust round merrily on occasion and it's good fun to dodge when they sound as though they are aimed fairly close to you. You always hear them coming, an unmistakable whine and when they are going to land in your immediate vicinity they have a peculiar menace that makes you hop into the nearest shelter, which frequently means kowtowing as low as the contour of the terrain and the conformation of the body will permit.

April 6th.

My living quarters are much more comfortable than in the battery position. I eat with the colonel and his staff and this morning relished my first shower bath in three months and my first bath of any kind—save rain in several weeks. And I felt very queer afterwards. The effects may well be fatal. It's a fairly lively sector, both sides send iron com-

pliments back and forth intermittently day and night. But I'm snug in my dugout home and as usual am not worrying. Occasionally the rascals drop over a few gas babies, they are not so pleasant as the explosive iron men, nasty little missives and it's very annoying to sleep, or try to sleep, with a gas mask on.

The Boches are fairly systematic and if you are walking along a road and see some shells falling up ahead, you can time them and adapt your promenade to their rate of fall and thus proceed in perfect safety. And it's remarkable how near they can bust and still cause no damage.

April 9th.

When I became an officer I thought I was through with guard duty, but here I am again at 2 A. M., guarding the regimental headquarters. Somebody higher up got some hot dope that our genial friends on the other side were planning a gravel offensive, no doubt some misguided wretch saw a dozen prisoners across the line armed with can openers, corkscrews, and egg beaters and deduced a general attack from that and since then no one has dared speak above a whisper. The infantry are nervous as hell and since all their officers slept not a bit last night and are pretty well frazzled out, I volunteered to sit up for them and spread the alarm. Personally I feel sure the Boches are far too busy with their little fracas at Amiens to bother with us and are probably wondering why we don't walk over and capture them. But these infantry men feel sure there are millions of heinies, knives in their teeth and toe-nails spread just itching for the signal to start them on us. But of course they have cause to be more worried than the artillery for they bear the first shock and that gives us time to get into action. Praise God I'm not a doughboy.

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April 15th.

'Tis now 1.30 and we are expecting a little party at 2, so I didn't go to bed. Have been reading and writing letters all night and discussing questions of general interest with my fellow members of the staff, three of them by the way, Yale grads., the adjutant, the doctor and my bunkie, the chaplain. 1.55—we have just had coffee and toast and jam, we staff officers live in style, and we are waiting for the show to begin, much as football coaches walk up and down the side lines just before a big game. Like a scene in a play, the colonel studying the map; boom, boom, the guns are off and we wait developments. 3.15—all quiet again after an hour of great interest and telephonic activity, and we are sitting round waiting for reports as to what was accomplished. And gradually the staff will wander off to bed and no doubt I'll get to sleep round 4. But if the Boches are not too much stirred up to stage a party of their own in retaliation, I'll be able to sleep, perhaps till nine.

April 22nd.

Had my first good sleep for three nights last night and am feeling normal again. The missing of sleep for the other two nights was caused by a period of continuous activity in our sector. The Boches put across a big raid and things were uncommonly lively here for a time. There were a few hours when we weren't sure whether it was a raid or an offensive. And due to the uncertainty of things and the exaggeration of reports that came in, we were here

in the office in a state of pleasurable excitement. Even the chaplain strapped on his Colt and prepared to pick off the first Boche that stuck his nose thru the door. The noise began at 3 A. M., with a heavy fire by the Boches on all our battery positions and headquarters. Our guns replied almost immediately and for two hours there was a continual thunder. At 5 the Boches shifted their fire to our front lines and increased it to the utmost capacity of their guns. The artillery duel continued all day and all night and most of the next morning and of course no one tucked away any sleep. Yet I don't remember a day that passed so quickly. I was on the jump nearly every minute, getting information and transmitting it back, occasionally watching the champ de bataille from an observation post across the street, observing if our shells were getting proper results and adjusting the guns indirectly if they weren't, reporting what enemy batteries were firing most and doing most damage and a thousand minor activities. The chaplain, my dugout mate visited the scene of the fighting yesterday, it was Sunday but not a soul realized it, and picked up quite a flock of trophies, and he was kind enough to give me a Boche tin hat, which I shall try to get back to you somehow. It will make a dandy fern basket. Of course I'd prefer one that I'd picked up myself, but an artillery officer seldom gets a chance and I'm glad to have the damn thing anyway.

Work On the Exemption Board

Walter H. Freeman

The work of the Exemption Board is varied and ever changing. Telegrams from Washington or Trenton are "Fresh every hour." One day we examine from fifty to a hundred men physically, another day we try and console women, wives and mothers who don't want their men folks to go to war.

The darkey who comes in and says: "My wife done died, I'm ready to go now, Boss" and the young fellow of like color who wants to be shown the gun-room when he is assured that Uncle Sam will take care of his mother, stand out in contrast to the Greek who claimed exemption because he supported his father, and on investigation it was found that said father worked for the son and paid out his earnings for board to said son.

The man who is exempted on account of being employed in a ship yard, and gives up his job to drive a butcher's cart, may evade the Board for a short time, but we get him sooner or later. The man who comes in and signifies his willingness to undergo an operation in hospital to make him fit for service, is a joy, and we *do* have a few. It looks now as if all Exemption Boards would have their hands full with the registration of the new ages: 18 to 45. Some job! Most folks seem to think the Exemption Board should be able to answer any questions pertaining to the war, location of different camps, different insignia of officers in army and navy, amount of pay received, etc. In fact we must be regular Cook's Tour Men or "Ask Mr. Foster."

Family News

The following tribute was paid to Gertrude by a former stenographer of Cousin DeWitt Ivins, who writes as follows:—"I wish I could write well enough to express our admiration for Miss MacArthur. She is absolutely a wonder. Her task was a difficult one but the way she managed it was wonderful and if her family could only know what she has meant to everyone of us I am sure they would be glad to know she is surpassing any expectation that they might have of her. She was a wonderful chaperone and was the favorite on the ship. Generals, majors and every man paying her homage."



2nd Lt. Edgar Wells Freeman

Alanson was promoted from 1st lieutenant to captain on his birthday, August 30th. Stuart was promoted from 1st lieutenant to captain on Friday, the 13th of September and says no one can make him think Friday the 13th is an unlucky day. Noel was promoted from captain to major. He returned from France recently and has been sent to Camp Bowie, Texas. He is with the 57th Field Artillery.

Harry's mill is working 50% on Government work. Harry is on the Pittsfield Executive Committee of the Liberty Loan. Last winter Miss Jane Russell started a Red Cross Auxiliary by the mill and Adaline has worked there on surgical dressings. Adaline is also interested in Child Welfare work through the Visiting Nurse Association of which she is President. Austin and Jane support French orphans.

Hope Ivin's Wedding

Hope Ivins married Mr. John Townsend Sharpless Hunn on Wednesday September 4th at the home of her parents in Plainfield.



The first part of the report discusses the general situation of the country and the progress of the work. It then goes on to describe the various projects and the results of the work done during the year. The report concludes with a summary of the work done and a list of the names of the people who have been working on the projects.

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Vol. VIII

JANUARY 1, 1919

No. 1

"News of Battle!"

(Letter written the day after first Battle of Bull Run—by Cousin Herman Dean)

Camp Cameron,

Monday, July 22, 1861.

Dear Georgie:—

Although you have not answered my last letter I must write and tell you the news for it is stirring indeed and as melancholy as it is stirring. Yesterday all day long we heard the cannon "booming on the hills afar, each one bearing with its thunder message of the opened war." At first all were favorable rumors that came but by and by something was said of a repulse of the Federal troops and then came whispers of a defeat and then a rout. Just as soon as I could get off this morning I started to the city with the mail. Before we reached Willards we could see the crowd around it, extending away out into K Street, and half way across Penn. Ave. Just as we got through a man came riding up covered with blood and dust as swiftly as his wearied steed could carry him. In an instant all eyes were turned towards him and a moment after some one exclaimed, "It's Col. Burnside, of the 1st R. I. Regt." As he came nearer and I could catch the expression of his face I think I never saw so heartbroken an expression on any man's face in my life. I thought of Randolph Murry, "Woe is written on thy visage, Death is looking from thy face." Springing from the carriage I elbowed my way through the crowd and close to the Colonel's horse. Then

"round him crushed the people crying tell us all oh, tell us true, what is the news you have brought with you," but he could scarcely speak a word except to say, "My regiment is all cut to pieces, Sherman's battery is taken and nearly every man slain at the guns, which they would not leave when ordered to do so." Then he made his way into the hotel, the crowd cheering him as he passed. He had a slight wound on his cheek but the blood on him was his horse's, which was killed under him at the first fire. After Burnside went into Willards I went over to the P. O. and got my mail, and then out into the Ave. Long trains of ambulances were coming into the city bringing with them the killed and wounded. Among the former are Cols. Slocum, of the R. I. 2nd, and Cameron, of the N. G. 79th, Lieut. Col. Nugent, of the N. Y. 69th, and I don't know how many captains and lieuts., and then came parties of soldiers in squads of three, four, five, who were scattered and had lost their regiments. I got near a drummer who had escaped from the N. Y. 8th (Washington Gray's), he said that the regiment was all cut to pieces, that they were marched up to one of the masked batteries and ordered to charge; they did so but were driven back with great slaughter. The order was then passed to the drummer to sound retreat, the speaker was the only one to be found so he alone sounded the retreat and then started back. They retreated in good order for a little way but the drummer said he heard a thundering behind him and turning his head saw

the enemy's cavalry in full charge after them. This caused him to turn at right angles and run with all his might and falling in with another member of his regiment they set out for the city and had just arrived. I saw many members of other regiments and talked with them. The loss on our side in killed, wounded and prisoners is estimated at not less than 4,000. But the hardest sight I've seen this day among all the horrors I've witnessed was to see the remnant of the Fire Zouaves march past Willards. Out of that splendid regiment numbering about 1,200 only about 25 were left and they marched by, some cut in the face, some with their arms done up, some with their handkerchiefs bound around their legs and the blood slowly dripping through, but all with compressed lips, and although nearly exhausted by a march of thirty miles they carried their heads up and the look in their eyes told of the bitter revenge for lost comrades. And well did they avenge their loss for of the 800 cavalry, the pride of Va., who charged upon them not a man went back to tell the fate of his comrades. The regiments who suffered most were the Fire Zouaves, the N. Y. 8th, the 69th, the 79th, the R. I. 1st and 2nd, and the Mass. 5th, the Vermont 1st and 3rd.

From the Western Front

(Letter from Lt. Edgar W. Freeman)

Oct. 13, 1918.

Once again I am living in mud and wet and discomfort, but happy in spite of it all by reason of the consistent rumors of the boche breakdown and the incidental hope of being home within a year or so.

My bedding roll finally arrived, and I left the next day. Reached my intermediate destination at 5 P. M., reported to the regulation officer for instruction as to how to reach the 58th Brig. and was told by him that a troop train was leaving at 5.30 which would

take me fairly near my unit. So I rushed round to get my baggage transferred and hurried over to the train. But it was a purely military train—in military matters it never pays to hurry. The train eventually left at 10 or so, and in the interim I met some friends and drank some coffee in a British canteen for French soldiers. Here we chatted with the Canadian girls who were pouring and listened to a poilu from the Opera Comique sing impromptu songs to his comrades. But when the place closed at 7, I was obliged to sit around in the cold on piles of baggage, an incident which reminded me strongly of my first trip to Saumur last fall, except that then it was generally cotton bales that we slept on. A long night followed. Six of us were lucky to get a first class compartment but it was very cold and we never knew when we had arrived at our various stations, so we didn't sleep much. I finally arrived at 10 A. M., and then discovered I must wait till evening for a ration truck which would take me within 5 kilometers of where I should go. So I managed a shave and wash up in a French barrack and then promoted myself some lunch at an officer's mess. Some time later I got my bedding roll and self into a truck and it dumped me and my roll out at a big ration dump. Here I was fortunate to get another truck going still nearer my destination and on we went. From there I wandered around looking for some artillery and after a time found the horse line of the 123rd Reg. Here I negotiated a meager supper—no more Paris or even Saumur meals—and was directed to Brig. H.Q. Duly reported to the General and was assigned to the 123rd Reg., Ill. Nat. Guard. A good many of my Saumur friends are here and I should make out O. K. They were in position about 9 kilometers, and due to the recent pushes in this section the boches were nearly out of range of the 155s. They fired a bit that night but the next night

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the boches were officially out of range. So we knew we would have to move. The next day I visited the batteries and saw several friends and in the P. M. went on a long tour of the recently recaptured territory. And I wish to state that it was an absorbing trip. The officers I was with visited many of the places which had been their targets a few days before and could see at first hand how effective their fire had been. And it had been terribly effective. It seems almost fiendish to say so but the sight of dead boches and ruined boche material was a most welcome one and I regret to add that there were some of our boys of whom one could say, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." The boches were fairly subdued that afternoon, tho occasionally a shell burst near and once we heard machine gun bullets singing overhead and promptly ducked. Some wandered home in the twilight getting lost frequently, for it is a country of many rolling hills and little woods. There is a discouraging similarity between the hills.

Tired and hungry were we when we arrived and the cheering news greeted us that we were to leave that night for a 25 mile march to the rear. What a prospect for many men for the horse situation was so acute that some of us would have to walk. I have been on road marches before but I don't think I ever had such a thoroughly uncomfortable time in my life. We were all packed up ready to go at 8, but it was a brigade movement so we didn't pull out till 11 or so. And I never appreciated before what a herculean task it is to move heavy guns about.

It's hard enough with 75s, but with horses in poor condition from lack of food and rest and not enough of them it's a job that turns the hair gray. All night we marched and all the next morning without food or sleep or rest except annoying little halts, because of traffic congestion. We reached here about noon yesterday and went thru all the trouble of getting temporarily located not knowing when we would move again. And I never saw such a mud hole in my life. We are camped on either side of a slough of despond, supposed to be a main thoroughfare. Trucks, horses and men and beasts pass by continually spattering mud on either side as they go.

A Bread and Butter Letter in Pennsylvania Dutch

(After a visit to Glen Cove, Bertha wrote the following in the Bethlehem vernacular)

Dear Uncle George:—

Well, here we are by Bethlehem. To come home should always make joy in the heart, say not? But to leave such happiness and beauty from your house brings sorrow also. We were here till three o'clock and all made fine with the trip. When we come by the steel works we see a sign mit such big letters from the train you could read it, "To Hell with the Kaiser" and it wonders me if this is the holy land or no. We were here by the house a minute already when little Norman says, "Mom, dare I ride my bike" and I says, "Sure, I give you the dare." So he goes out and pretty soon I see him from the window out, riding mit three little more chaps and my, but ain't he the happy little feller! Beatrice, she runs off mit two girls before we got the door open already, and then afterwards she comes back and I says, "Well, what news?" "Oh," she says, "it don't make much news. There is two new children that come by the house that was empty. But, mom, dare I ride my bike." "Sure," I says, "Take the dare but make the

dust off first." So she goes off mit it, that tickled she ain't forgot how already. When I looks at the porch I thinks, Gee ain't it fierce the dirt them steel works makes. but, too, I thinks that's fine for them guns and the Germans. So I start to broom it and lets on I was chasing Germans and in the end I have 3,000 prisoners, so much soot and cinders did it make. The paper wants rain, but it ain't making down nothing yet. That was a fine stay we had by you and for long we will think of the weeding and digging and pleasuring together. Such times is fine to remember, say not?

Experience of a Chaplain

(Letter from Lt. Kenneth C. MacArthur)

Somewhere in France

After two weeks at Camp Devens we left in the middle of the night and sailed from an Atlantic Port the next day. We were two weeks on an over crowded ship. I shared an improvised stateroom with four other officers and numerous rats. We had one night of excitement of which censorship rules forbid description. We wore life preservers constantly on the voyage had daily boat drills and slept in our clothes the last few nights. We landed at an English port, travelled by rail to a rest camp near a famous cathedral city and after a day went to another port from which we crossed the channel by night. There were no sleeping accomodations, it was very rough and I lay on the boat deck too cold, sea sick and generally miserable to sleep. On landing we marched 6 or 7 miles to a miscalled "rest camp" where officers and men alike slept on the floor. The place was bombed a day or two after our departure. I visited a prison camp



Lieut. Colonel Howard Fox.

(Commanding Officer, Base Hospital 135, A. E. F.)

here and the Boches did not appear at all formidable.

A midnight march brought us to a freight yard where we entrained for a tedious journey of 35 hours to our present location in the center of France, a town of about 8000. I am billeted with a delightful old priest who talks some English with me every night for practice. My work consists in censoring letters, acting as regimental postmaster, some drilling and some hiking, a Bible class one night a week, a preaching service every Sunday and an effort to be a friend to as many men as possible. At the hospital I write letters for men too weak to write for themselves and try to cheer the men up generally.



Vol. VIII

MARCH 1, 1919

No. 2

The Fifteenth Annual Reunion

After a luncheon at the Hotel Brevoort, January 1st, 1919, Uncle George, the President of the Society spoke as follows: "Another year has passed into the 'River of Time' and will soon add one more to those beautiful islands of 'Long Ago.' Again it is my privilege to welcome you at our family gathering and to wish you one and all a Happy New Year.

"As you well know, the past year is one which will stand out in bold relief on the page of the world's history. Its mighty achievements we now can hardly realize and their momentous results it is impossible to fully predict. It is a year which has shaken the whole world and even its influence on our little society is shown by the small number present today and the absence of some who have rarely failed to attend our annual meeting. I am happy to say that the smallness of our number is not due to the death or serious illness of any member of the society. At our next annual gathering on New Years, 1920, we propose to have every member present, if possible to invite many friends of the family and in short to have a reunion which in numbers and enthusiasm will surpass anything of the kind in the history of the society. God grant that we may all be able to attend!"

The President added that our society continues to flourish and to accomplish the object for which it was estab-

lished, viz., to perpetuate the memory of Norman Fox and to promote fellowship among his descendants. He lamented the fact that certain Bolshevik ideas had crept into the minds of some of our dear associates as a result of that unconstitutional desire for equal suffrage and said that while we might expect sporadic outbreaks of dissatisfaction and even occasional rioting on the part of Mason, Montague and Aunt Annie he could assure those present that there was no danger whatever of bloodshed or wholesale massacre.

There was no formal speechmaking but interspersed between the family songs were some very interesting talks. Major Noel Fox told some of his experiences while at the front. Lt. Howard Freeman, Marine Corps, spoke as follows: "Uncle George has said in his introductory remarks that he wished to hear first from the military members of the family present. At the start I'll have to admit that I'm no longer strictly a military member, only camouflaged as a soldier, as I have recently been detailed for duty in a staff department, namely, that of the Paymaster. This happened during the latter part of November, after my transfer from Galveston to Washington. My chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that I am sort of a 'rara avis,' there being at present only about thirty paymasters in the Marine Corps. To the uninitiated the title 'Paymaster' would convey the idea of an accountant

or banker, but in reality a Paymaster has to be more familiar with a specific branch of the profession which Alan, Noel and Mason normally follow than any principles of banking or bookkeeping.

I shall try to give you a short history of my activities during the war. I fear they will seem rather commonplace after Noel's thrilling experiences. In July, 1917, I attended an Officers' Training Camp at Quantico, Va., similar to those held at Plattsburg and Fort Myer, and about the middle of October was assigned to the 107th Co. of the newly formed 8th Regiment. Early in November we entrained for Philadelphia, there to embark on a transport, bound no one knew whither. There was none of the delay in this movement that Noel mentions in some of his experiences. The train reached Philadelphia about 8:00 P. M. and at 11:30 P. M. all stores and equipment were loaded and we were on our way.

Just a week later we disembarked at Galveston, Texas. For a year I stayed there, until Nov. 9th to be exact, when I was ordered to Washington and where my duties lie at present. During that time I was a line officer and acted most of the time as instructor in the vigorous training of a training camp. Most of the training was in bayonet fighting, visual signaling, elementary machine gun work, rifle range practice and a great deal of drill in skirmish or open field fighting that the marines used later with such memorable success at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood.

When I was ordered to Washington it was the intention to send me across with the next unit of Marines to be sent to France, as I found out later. But while en route the armistice was signed and so when I reported at headquarters in Washington, I found the plans for my future somewhat upset. At present I'm acting as sort of handy

man to help out in different branches of the Paymaster's department where the pressure of work is greatest. During the past week I've been in charge of the allotment division, investigating claims for allotments paid and unpaid and mailing Liberty bonds to their respective owners.

What my immediate future will be is uncertain. As Noel well knows if it were not for the army the word 'rumor' would be obsolete, or vice versa. At present I hear my name connected with rumors of going to France, Hayti, California, or staying in Washington.

No doubt my greatest achievement during the war is the addition of a new name to the muster roll of the S. D. N. F., on July 29th. She can tell you more of the comforts and discomforts of housekeeping in Galveston than I. At present the only cloud in the sky is her recent discovery that she must always be classified with Mason and Montague and can never become an active member of our society."

Mason said that after listening to the military men present he felt that a mere civilian was too insignificant a person to make a speech. "One or two things which Noel told us seem, however, to relate themselves to family experiences. As we listened to his account of how he led the singing of his battalion, marching through the streets of the old French town I thought how glad he must have been for his training in the Fox Family Quartette. One cannot help wondering whether his superior officers had heard him sing before. If they had, one would have expected him to be sent immediately to the front. It would certainly have tried the morale of the compatriots of Wagner.

If he will make us a visit in Montclair I am sure he will feel at home, for he will find there conditions not at all unlike those he described in his account

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of the peasant farmhouses. He will find Helen, the children, myself, the goat, the cat, the pigeons, the dog and the rabbits all living happily under one roof.

It would be flattering to be called upon to speak for the eleventh successive time at these gatherings if I didn't know that it is done on the principle that it is better to let the discontented air their grievances in talk than take them out in action. But sir! the time for talk is past. The reason for my lateness at this luncheon is that I unwisely allowed a bit of red under my coat to show while passing the corner policeman. Now that the restraints of wartime are over the associates no longer feel that they must repress themselves for the common good. In the language of our back yard a paper bag filled with ashes from the barrel is a hand grenade. It bursts with great effect on the person of any body against whom it is thrown. Mason, Jr. told me this morning that he had made a New Years' resolution, to learn to throw hand grenades more accurately and in that resolution, I warn you, I have joined!"

The following were present: Aunt Cornelia, Aunt Annie, Uncle George, Ada, Walter, Alan, Noel, Alice, Charles, Bertha, Edith, Montague, Adaline, Helen, Mason, Howard (Freeman), Lyle, and as guests Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Reynolds and Miss Trowbridge.

Editorial

During a year and a half of military service in the States it has been possible for me to edit the family paper as there

was no difficulty in communicating with members of the family. On being ordered to France with my unit, I was afraid that the FOX FAMILY NEWS might have to be temporarily discontinued. It has therefore been a great satisfaction to learn that my father, "Uncle George" is willing and able to assist my secretary, Miss Ruth Kane in publishing the paper in my absence. If the text of the succeeding issues continues to be as good as that which appeared in January I won't worry about the success of the paper, though I may have to worry about my laurels (if there are any) as an editor. When our unit returns, it is hoped that the publication of the paper can be continued until at least the tenth volume has been completed. In the meantime it is hoped that our correspondents will make an extra effort to supply us with news and with photographs of themselves that have been long promised.

H. F.

With Y. W. C. A. in France

(Letter from Gertrude E. MacArthur)

I am here as directrice for the telephonistes Americaines who are connected with the Signal Corps of our army. Their rooms are in barracks the army has put up near this little house and they eat here and sit sometimes when we have both officers and privates calling and so must have two sitting rooms, one at the barracks and one here. Our mess is very good, for we combine French marketing and a very good French cook with things from the American commissary. That is, we can get real white bread, sugar and candy and jam (all luxuries in France) from the Commissary and get fresh meat and French fresh vegetables from the French markets. Fruits are rather scarce and very expensive, but our cook makes delicious tarts from the evaporated and tinned American fruit, so we really fare wonderfully well.

I enjoy these little narrow streets and the queer shops, most of them kept by women whose husbands or sons are in the army. Of course lots of them are making money off the Americans who are willing to pay a franc apiece for pears and over a dollar a dozen for eggs, but still for most of the people the war does mean real hardships. Not only the death of so many of the family, but every day privations. Bread must be gotten by ticket only. There's practically no chocolate to eat or candy or cake or sugar. I tried to buy flour at French stores, but couldn't get it. Their rooms in their houses are requisitioned for billeting the American officers, they must have prisoners' quarters built out in the garden or rent part of the house for American army quarters of some kind and have walls broken and driveways injured and all sorts of harm done. Our men are considerate and certainly try to do the square thing, but in war there's no help for some such evils and with the French it's so long they've had to suffer this way.

I have a delightful French friend, a girl in town who reads English with me and who lets me practice French on her. She treats me to real milk from a cow (I feed entirely from tins) and I give her some jams and Lowney's chocolates, rare treats for the French. It would break your heart to see the old patisserie shops that used to make our mouths water, now with rows of empty shelves or else selling only tinned groceries and near cracker substitutes that are an awful delusion.

Family News

Major Noel B. Fox was mustered out on February 15th, Captain Alanson G. Fox, on January 31st and Captain Stuart F. Freeman on January 25th.

Lt. Colonel Howard Fox sailed on Nov. 15th for France in command of Base Hospital 136. The unit is now at



Captain Stuart Fox Freeman.

Vannes, Morbihan, France, quartered in French barracks which are being used as a hospital. Howard's address is Base Hospital 136, A. P. O. 935, A. E. F. France.

The following unsolicited testimonials are fully appreciated. Mr. H. C. Bridgman of the *Brooklyn Standard Union* writes: "Thanks for the 'Fox Family' which we call 'good stuff', particularly the '61 letter." Mr. Datus Smith writes "I have had great pleasure in reading the paper during the past year and, am glad to send in my subscription. But you have failed to absorb the principles of Big Business in war time. Instead of giving a poorer article and charging a higher price, you give a better paper and hold to the old price. Perhaps you may some day find place for a Who's Who of the Fox Family in the Great War. A concise record might be worth having. What a fine record the family has made. I was always proud to call myself a 'relative' of the family, tho' distant, and now I am prouder than ever."



Vol. VIII

MAY 1, 1919

No. 3

With the A. E. F.

By Howard Fox,

*Lieutenant Colonel, Medical Corps,
(Commanding Officer, Base Hospital 136)*

On November 9th, of last year, after nineteen months of good hard work in various camps of the U. S. A., I had about given up hope of getting "over," when the unexpected happened. Orders arrived giving me command of Base Hospital 136, and incidentally a promotion. A few days later we sailed on the splendid liner "La France," which was then being used as an American transport. My first surprise occurred a few minutes before embarking, when orders were handed me by which I became the "Commanding Officer of all troops on board." The honor was heaped upon me because there were none but Sanitary Troops aboard, among which I happened to be the ranking officer. Our trip was luckily uneventful, with almost no illness except the kind usually ascribed to indigestion. Even the Commanding Officer must confess that he deemed it wise to have several meals served in his luxurious stateroom. We had the usual life belt performances and were convoyed by destroyers at the beginning and end of our trip. Among the 1,100 odd military passengers were 300 members of the Army Nurse Corps. Although these ladies and the numerous officers on board (including 40 chaplains) were total strangers before embarking, they appeared to a casual stranger to be life long friends, an hour or so after the beginning of our voyage. A congressman on board even inquired whether

they were all from the same hospital. The same gentleman a little later made a speech at the usual entertainment. He discoursed on convoys and then remarked that he had never seen female passengers more effectively convoyed than these nurses had been. Before the end of the trip, however, some one found him doing a little convoying on his own hook.

We had one distinguished passenger, in the person of the French Ambassador to Japan, to whom we feel greatly indebted. We now understand that orders were sent to us in mid-ocean to return to the States, and think it was due to his eminently reasonable desire to continue his journey to France, that we were fortunate enough to get across.

We landed at the port of Brest, and spent one week in one of the now famous "rest camps." The perpetual rain of Brest didn't seem to hurt us in the least, as not a single man was really sick or had to be left behind. One evening I stopped "resting" for a while and slipped out of "plot 84" to attend a dance given by the Marines in a neighboring K. of C. hut, with music supplied by a band of 24 pieces. That evening I didn't turn in around seven or eight o'clock just to keep warm.

Since the first of December we have been operating a hospital in some old French barracks in Vannes, a most picturesque little city in Brittany. We are extremely fortunate to have comparatively palatial quarters and excellent "chow." We have had as many as 1,500

patients, 35 officers, 80 nurses and nearly 400 enlisted men. So I have quite a family to look after. Our patients included many wounded at first, who were evacuated to us, three or four hundred a time, by hospital trains. The number of patients is now, however, rapidly dwindling. Before long it looks as if our unit, like many others, may be broken up or sent elsewhere, even to Russia it was rumored at one time. Our men have worked like good fellows and have been loyalty itself. Our officers come from all parts of the Union, twenty-three States being represented, while the majority of the enlisted men hail from the South.

A few weeks ago I spent a day at Tours, and had a fine visit with Gertrude MacArthur, who is there with the Y. W. C. A. In the evening we saw a show given by the Argonne Players, Division from Camp Upton, the division to which Noel belonged. I always realized that Gertrude was a brilliant young lady but little did I think she would ever attain the distinction of being classed by the Army as a "female militarized civilian employee." She appeared to thrive upon it, however, and never looked better than at present. Incidentally, she rattles off French like a native. I heard recently from Kenneth, who is on leave at Nice.

My distinguished roommate, Mr. Hamilton Holt, is at present in Paris, as a delegate to the Peace Conference. He was also here last spring at the front, as an observer. I envy the lucky dog, but am satisfied just the same with my own job. If the time for my leave had arrived, I would certainly visit him in Paris. Speaking of leaves, one of our best officers, who hails from Idaho, expects to make a record when his turn comes that would make Mr. Thomas Cook blush for shame. In the two weeks allotted for his leave he hopes to visit England, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, Italy and France. We

will have the disability board in session on his return.

We recently had the great honor of a visit from General Pershing. We had been warned that he probably would only have time to make a few remarks to our Command and spend fifteen or twenty minutes. We were therefore quite elated when he made an inspection of the hospital and remained about two hours. As his car with the four-starred flag drove into the hospital grounds, our entire unit, including the nurses, was drawn up in formation. On saluting and shaking hands with him I had the same kind of thrill as when I saluted and shook hands with General Sickles seated in his carriage with Mrs. Longstreet near the "Bloody Angle" at the Gettysburg reunion. The Commanding Officer of our Hospital Center accompanied the General on his inspection and I followed, trying my best to keep step with a little French General, who is in command of the local garrison. If Marshal Foch would only drop in upon us now, our happiness would be complete. I might add that he was formerly Colonel of the 35th Artillery, whose barracks we are occupying for our hospital.

As to recreation, no one need think that we work all the time. Every one finds time to dance. It's true that the Army over here has gone crazy over the subject and riding twenty miles in an open five-ton truck on a cold, rainy night and getting stuck in the mud on the way home, is a great sport for those who like it. Next to dancing, the favorite indoor sports are collecting souvenirs, discussing the ever-present question of going home, and eating an incredible amount of candy. Two of my neighbors are consuming it at the rate of a quarter of a ton every six months. The best thing after all is to get letters from home. If any of the editor's relatives or friends want to do him a kindness, next to helping the

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assistant editor with news items, they can simply send him a letter occasionally from the country that's worth all others put together, the good old U. S. A.

Luxury in Luxembourg

(Letter from Lt. Edgar W. Freeman)

Schoenfels, January 10, 1919

I arrived at my new home last night, and discovered it to be a grand old Schloss, North German Lloyd style, at the north end of a little village of perhaps a hundred houses, each with its little pile of manure in the front yard. The Schloss has two main parts, old and modern; in the modern part live the owner, a Dutch jonkheer and his german wife, both very charming people and fluent in several languages; then, too, their little daughter, a diminutive Brunnhilde of eight or ten years, and also General Todd. In the older part or half of the castle, we lesser lights live, much as did Ivanhoe and Brian de Bois Guilbert etc., except that we will have electric lights as soon as the mechanical disorders of the castle dynamo have been adjusted. Last night the five of us who were here dined with the host and hostess and fared excellently, but the working plan for mess is that the general and major and perhaps one or two others will fold their napkins with the jonkheer and the rest of us have a regular officers mess in the mediaeval dining salon. It seems very possible that in addition to being operation officer and assistant adjutant, I will function in part as aide to the general, for he is at present aideless; one aide being transferred to an organization scheduled to return home soon, and the other being sick in Paris with pneumonia. So I may get to eat at the upper table.

My last two days in Arlon, I was truly

in the lap of luxury. The General came up unexpectedly to spend the night, and I secured a billet for him and ushered him to it, and to my great astonishment found three charming daughters in the family, who spoke very fair English. And the General and I dined there, and we had a little dance to victrola music, two other American officers being also present. We breakfasted there next morning, and after the General left in the forenoon, I continued to have all my meals there, and as I had practically no work to do, I spent most of my time there. A most hospitable family and apparently very wealthy, lots of French and Belgian officers dropped in for lunch or tea or dinner and were lavishly entertained. And the girls loved to dance, and could dance in perfect New York fashion, and I got quite rejuvenated. I was very loathe to leave yesterday and plan to motor down again as soon and frequently as military considerations will permit. The host of our new home knows the family and is going to invite them up for a party here. He has also promised to invite the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg and her sisters for dinner here some time so before long I'll be breaking into royal society.

Schoenfels is, as I have said, a tiny village, north of Luxembourg City, 15 miles or so, on a little brook that purls as brooks should- between gloriously wooded hills which rear up sharply on either side. The castle grounds are spacious with lots of towering pine trees, real old Tannenbaum style. The old part of the castle is in the shape of a tower, five full stories high, and with three large rooms per floor. I bunk on the third floor in a large room with four beds, four washstands, and three big double windows, but the size of the stove is unhappily not in proportion. Keeping warm will be our most difficult problem, for the old Crusaders or whoever built this Schloss apparently thought the best way of producing heat was the internal combustion method, used in conjunction with bowls of steaming wassail, but as we can't have the b. of s. w. we'll

1995 YEARLY MEETING

The 1995 Yearly Meeting of the Royal Society of Medicine will be held at the Grosvenor Hotel, London, on the 15th and 16th November 1995. The theme of the meeting is 'The Future of Medicine'.

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15th November 1995

8.30 a.m. Registration

9.00 a.m. Breakfast

9.30 a.m. Opening Ceremony

10.00 a.m. Session 1: The Future of Medicine

10.30 a.m. Session 2: The Future of Medicine

11.00 a.m. Session 3: The Future of Medicine

11.30 a.m. Session 4: The Future of Medicine

12.00 p.m. Lunch

1.30 p.m. Session 5: The Future of Medicine

2.00 p.m. Session 6: The Future of Medicine

2.30 p.m. Session 7: The Future of Medicine

3.00 p.m. Session 8: The Future of Medicine

3.30 p.m. Session 9: The Future of Medicine

4.00 p.m. Session 10: The Future of Medicine

4.30 p.m. Session 11: The Future of Medicine

5.00 p.m. Session 12: The Future of Medicine

5.30 p.m. Session 13: The Future of Medicine

6.00 p.m. Session 14: The Future of Medicine

6.30 p.m. Session 15: The Future of Medicine

7.00 p.m. Session 16: The Future of Medicine

7.30 p.m. Session 17: The Future of Medicine

8.00 p.m. Session 18: The Future of Medicine

8.30 p.m. Session 19: The Future of Medicine

9.00 p.m. Session 20: The Future of Medicine

9.30 p.m. Session 21: The Future of Medicine

10.00 p.m. Session 22: The Future of Medicine

have to eat lots of candles or fur bearing fish, and they aren't so easy to obtain.

The inhabitants about there speak platt-deutsch mostly, tho the official language is French, and they aren't exactly enthusiastic about having our men billeted with them. And as this is neutral country, we're in a rather anomalous position and there well may be some petty international squabbles.

To Kenneth from Mason

(Who has adopted the former's hobby of abbreviated spelling in "foreign languages")

Mon Cher Kenneth:

Nous avons reçu beaucoup de plaisir de recevoir votre lettre très intéressante. J'aurai répondu il y a longtemps si ma tête n'avait pas été occupée avec la question "N'est-ce pas qu'il y a quelque chose (si seulement quelque chose petit) que je puisse faire pour les pauvres braves garçons Américains là-bas?" que je n'ai pas de temps pour écrire.

Nous avons regretté de l'absence de toi-même et Rachel du dîner de la famille Fox. Les membres associés, qui avaient maintenant le nom "Bolsheviki," sont toujours très contents d'avoir tous les descendants avec eux-mêmes sur ces occasions.

Vos cousins, et cousines aussi, eu de la santé, que c'est la même que de dire qu'ils se portent très bien. Alanson espère qu'il sera à son maison dans quelque jours. J'ai eu le plaisir de le voir en Richmond le Mardi dernier.

Helen et moi, nous avons entendu la nuit dernière une lecture par le Colonel Bisho, l'Ace fameux du Corps d'Aviation de l'Armée Anglaise.

Peut-être il sera mieux si j'expliquerai la système de mon orthographe. Je n'écris pas quelque lettre qui n'est pas sonnée si la ne fais pas une effe dans la prononciation de la moi ou ne montre pas le pluriel.

Au dîner Walter Freeman, il a fait un bon moment très amusant. Noël, il a dit comment un projectile du canon a entré une chambre ou il y a, et donc Noël, il a dit



Captain Howard Brooks Freeman.

"Ce même là, il a arrivé justement avant que j'ai reçu les commandes pour revenir aux Etats Unis." "Walter il a dit à ce point là "Naturellement! Tu a mûffé la flû et ils avaient déménagé." "N'est-ce pas que ça était un moment bon?"

Je regarde cette lettre que une illustration remarquable des avantages incomparable d'une éducation obtenue à l'Université de Yale. Je parle la langue Française, aussi, aisément que je l'écris.

Nous espérons que tu reviendras bientôt.

Ton pour l'orthographe simplifiée.

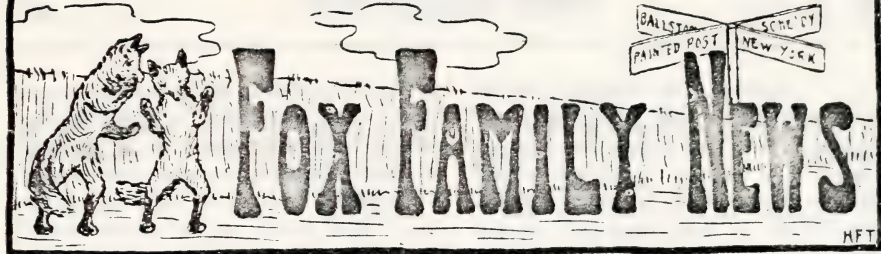
Mason Trowbridge.

Family News

Cousin Louise Wait has received her discharge from the American Library Association.

Howard Freeman has been made a Captain and is stationed at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Gertrude arrived from France on March 31st. She gave up her service in Y. W. C. A. as overseas secretary immediately on landing.



Vol. VIII

JULY 1, 1919

No. 4

A Chaplain in France.

By the Rev. Kenneth C. MacArthur.

In order to live up to the family reputation for having a fighting parson in each generation, I applied for an army chaplaincy in May 1917, but on account of Harvey's severe illness, I withdrew my application and did not renew it till February, 1918. In June I was ordered to Camp Devens and after satisfying a Board of Officers as to my educational qualifications and absence of conscientious objections to soldiering, I passed a physical examination and was assigned to duty with the 301st Headquarters Trains and Military Police. After two weeks in camp we departed in the middle of the night, but left Boston in broad daylight. Our fourteen day voyage to England was varied by a day in Halifax Harbor and an evening of firing at a supposed submarine. Besides numerous rats, I had four room-mates in a small improvised state room.

I took advantage of a short stay in Winchester to attend evening prayer at the Cathedral where the cross on my collar got me a seat with the clergy. Crossing the channel to Le Havre was a disagreeable experience of cold and sea sickness. Next morning we marched to Ste. Adresse rest camp, but as the men said, the only thing we rested was our stomachs. A night march without lights or noise brought us to the railroad where we started a 30-hour journey to St. Amand-Montrond; a town of 8,000 people in the very centre of France.

I have no thrilling tales to tell of going over the top with a doughnut in

one hand and a hand grenade in the other, as I stayed in this peaceful town till after the signing of the armistice. However, I can console myself by the thought that it was through no fault of mine that I had no use for pistol, gas mask and tin hat. I think I have never worked harder than during the four months I spent at this place. Besides from one to three services every Sunday and a Bible class one night a week I spent much time visiting in the hospitals and writing letters for the sick. I had all the Protestant funerals, sometimes as many as five in one day. I became quite used to the three volleys, the sounding of "Taps" and the other forms of a military funeral, but familiarity could not blunt me to the pathos of the young men dying among strangers without their parents having the consolation that their sons had "won the great prize of death in battle." Incidentally the germs of meningitis, pneumonia, influenza, etc, perhaps constituted almost as great risks for the medical officers and chaplain as were encountered by the men who were fortunate enough to reach the front. I shall never forget visiting a hospital in a convent where men dying of pneumonia lay on mattresses close together on the floor. There were no plumbing, no modern lighting or heating and no women nurses. It was a staggering responsibility to try to bring to these men the comfort of an immortal hope and to send some word of cheer to their families at home.

Besides these duties, I had to censor letters for 450 men until I was obliged to ask for relief from overwork. I was also postmaster for the trains which

included some 3,000 men, but I was able to get much of this work done by orderlies. I conducted the election for Connecticut voters and was subscription agent for the "Stars and Stripes." I served as counsel in courts martial and successfully defended a "rough neck" who was charged with robbing a French woman, breaking two of her ribs and assaulting her son. One of my duties was to call on men in the guard house and I certainly found some tough characters.

I was billeted with a delightful old arch-priest and much enjoyed getting from him the point of view of a cultured Catholic. I was entertained several times in an old fashioned Catholic monarchist family who treated me with the utmost kindness. About once a week I spent an evening with a Swedenborgian family. I also made the acquaintance of Madame Belle, the widow of a French Colonel, her niece and daughter and enjoyed them very much. They are French Protestants. All these relationships formed a delightful change from army life, and afforded opportunities for practicing my scanty stock of French.

The 76th Division broke up in November and after a week at Chaplains School, I was assigned to duty among 1,200 negroes engaged in the Fuel Wood Project in Haute Marne. The constant rain and mud and lack of transportation and meeting places interfered a good deal with my work, but I tried to hold weekly services at each of the five camps and I supplied moving pictures, magazines, writing paper and sold canteen goods, besides doing a little educational work. Most of the white officers seemed to take little interest in the negroes so what little I was able to do met with appreciation from my black sheep.

I had two weeks' leave in February and spent most of it with Gertrude at Nice. We stayed in the pension where my friends the Belles, lived and I had a splendid time. We made the usual excursions and the whole experience was a delightful change from the Fuel

Wood Project surroundings.

March 10th I was transferred to the Second Air Depot at Latrency where I had a fine post, though with scarcely enough work to do. Besides holding services at this point I visited three others weekly by automobile. I had a twenty-minute flight in an airplane one day and shall never forget the experience. A three days' leave enabled me to visit Paris, Chateau-Thierry, Rheims and Verdun. The abomination and desolation in the latter places made a deep impression on me.

It took from April 18th to June 2nd for me to reach New York via Aignan and Marseilles. The ship spent four days at Oran in Algeria, so I had a chance to see a little of Africa. Rachel met me in New York and I was discharged at Camp Dix June 4th.

I am sorry that I did not meet any of the relatives in the A. E. F. except Gertrude, but it certainly seemed good to see her both at Neufchateau and at Nice. I am glad I went across as a Chaplain and not as a Y. M. C. A. worker and I feel that the experience has enriched and deepened my own life. Probably every man who served in the army has a feeling of satisfaction in having done his little bit for his country and for that better organization of the nations towards which the world is moving, and for me there has been the added satisfaction of having tried to bring to a great many soldiers the moral re-enforcement, the divine fellowship and the conviction of eternal life symbolized by the crosses on my uniform.

In the Ordnance Department.

By Capt. Clinton Fox Ivins.

Less than a year after my participation in the Mexican border unpleasantness, I managed to break into the army again, this time as a 1st Lieutenant of Ordnance, a position for which I was supposed to have technical qualifications as a production and industrial engineer. I reported to Washington in November, 1917, and was assigned to active duty in the Gun Division of the Ordnance Department. My work there

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was very interesting and much to my liking, travelling throughout the eastern section of the country, assisting in the establishment of munitions plants and in the reorganization of factories to manufacture war material. I was kept continuously at this work for about three months and covered many thousands of miles and saw very little of home and wife located in Washington. About the first of March, 1918, I was transferred to the office of the Chief of Ordnance to assist in the reorganization of the Ordnance Department which had grown from a personnel of a few hundred to many thousands.

This extremely interesting work kept up until June when I was promoted to Captain and transferred with a small group of officers to form the nucleus of a new division of the General Staff. This new organization was headed by Gen. Goethals and was called the Purchase, Storage and Traffic Division of the General Staff. This division was created with the intention of unifying and co-ordinating the Supply Services of the army and was given the widest powers and scope. Within a few months this organization had centralized the supply activities of the O. T., Ordnance, Signal Corps, Medical, etc., and had created a real service of supply on this side of the water to feed, clothe, and furnish the materials of war to our soldiers who were fighting the battles on the other side. This tremendously engrossing and intense work was some consolation for not getting over when I finally received permission to go to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds and take a short course to qualify me for the job of Ammunition Supply Officer with the artillery at the front. I passed all the examinations and was to have sailed on November 15th, when my hopes were

shattered by the signing of the armistice on the 11th. I was at once ordered back to Washington and assigned to the desks again. This time as before to assist in organizing a new division to dispose of the great accumulation of materials that would be left above the needs of the War Department as the army would be demobilized. I was connected with the Surplus Property Division as chief of its administrative branch for over six months, or until I finally got my discharge on June 9, 1919. During that time this division actually disposed of, by sale to the public or transfer to other Governmental Bureaus, over two hundred millions of materials and property held by the War Department. I found it harder to get out of the army this time than to get in and my frantic requests for discharge in the last few months met with no response until they finally gave me my papers just in time to permit me to attend my decennial reunion at Princeton and hasten to Chicago to embark on a new business enterprise.

While I regard my career in the service with satisfaction and a knowledge that I served to the best of my power and ability, I will always regard the fate that kept me from seeing something of the actual side of this war and from being more than an humble spectator from the side lines.

Springtime

*By Marion Fox (aged 9 years;
daughter of Ethel Fox)*

The wind is blowing fierce and wild,
Cold days are nearly over;
Children will be happy then
In the fields of clover.

Violets blue are peeping
From their cozy bed;
Winter days are over,
Spring has come, 'tis said.

The pleasant sun is shining bright,
The snow has melted out of sight,
Birds are hopping round and singing,
Church bells joyous songs are ringing.

Civil War Experience.

While we are naturally shocked by the horrors of modern trench warfare it may be remembered by some that campaigning during our civil war was not a picnic. Writing from Virginia in July 1863, Uncle Charles said—"I hope we will either continue our march or go into camp for we are bivouaced upon a plain that has not a tree, water scarce and the sun hot. My tent which contains my Lieutenant and myself is one of the shelter kind, 6 ft. by 5 and 3 ft. high. We lie and bake and tell what we are going to do "when this cruel war is over." The troops look about as filthy as the Rebs and are fully as lousy."

Another letter says "we are having very warm weather and it tires the mens nerves more than cold. I manage to keep pretty cool although it is hard to do this when one has to wear woolen clothing and then move around in the hot sun. The army is losing large numbers by sickness. This continuous campaigning under fire is wearing us all out. We have not slept outside of breastworks or from under fire for the past six weeks."

Family News

Kenneth received his discharge on June 4th and Clinton Ivins his on June 9th.

Edgar arrived in New York on May 24th after twenty months of overseas service.

Bert was Consulting Engineer to the Bureau of Mines and did investigation work for the War Minerals Investigation Committee, looking up deposits of rare metals. He says "they



Chaplain Kenneth C. MacArthur.

made a bunch of smoke gas."

Gertrude is in Washington taking charge of work under War Work Council National Board of Y. W. C. A. She has charge of the Blue Triangle House, a Hostess house for rest and information and a Recreation Hut.

Lyman Hedge, one of our subscribers, writes: "I have been making the world safe for democracy by peeling potatoes in Brest and other French pleasure resorts. Am happy to say that I was discharged last month and they will have to win the next war without me. I see Howard is a lieutenant colonel. He has nothing on me. I was a private, FIRST CLASS, in A Co., 5th Engineers."





Vol. VIII

SEPTEMBER 1, 1919

No. 5

Fourth of July at Glen Cove.

The annual meeting of some members of the family and a few friends took place this year as usual. This has the dual nature of a birthday party and a patriotic celebration. Uncle George presided at the gathering around the "Gettysburg tree" and said that in the absence of Howard who was still in France, the birthday party might suggest the traditional play without a Hamlet, but added that as we had the good fortune in having the leading lady of the troupe present the play would go on just the same and proposed that all join heartily in wishing Mrs. Tappan "Many happy returns of the day." For the first time the Fox Family Quartette consisting of Helen, Alan, Noel and Kenneth, were all on hand but as they kindly consented to refrain from singing the only musical features were some bugle calls and the Star Spangled Banner rendered by the victrola.

After admiring the cedar tree which was dug from the firing line of the 12th Corps during the Gettysburg reunion in 1913, and has grown from six inches to nearly six feet, the audience listened to a most pleasing address by Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve. Introducing the speaker Uncle George stated that Col. Gildersleeve of the 150th Regt. N.Y.V., his comrade in the George Washington Post G.A.R., was not only in the 12th Corps but was in the same division and same brigade with Uncle

William and Uncle Charles (107th Regt. N.Y.V.) and therefore wore the same red star which they were so proud to wear on the historic field of Gettysburg. He was moreover an old friend of the family and might recall how some of the elderly ladies and gentlemen present had looked and acted when they were kids at Ellenville, N. Y. The party now listened as heretofore to the Declaration of Independence read by Mason, and Lincoln's Gettysburg oration read by Alan. They were then regaled with short but intensely interesting talks by Noel, Gertrude, Alanson, Edgar, Kenneth and a next door neighbor, Lt. Col. Dykman, in which their varied experiences in France and America during the war were set forth in an extremely delightful manner.

The list of those present is as follows: Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Cornelia, Uncle George, Ada, Anne, Bert and Bert, Jr., Edith, Montague and Montague, Jr., Adaline, Gertrude, Kenneth, Helen, Mason and Mason, Jr., Noel, Alanson, Alan and Joseph, Edgar, Judge Gildersleeve, Mrs. Tappan, Miss Titus, Mrs. Leslie, Lt. Col. and Mrs. Dykman, Mrs. Robert Gair, Mrs. Phillips, Miss Carrère and Miss Ruth Kane.

Letters from France.

(Extracts of letters written by Lieut. Colonel Howard Fox to his father.)

Xmas Eve.: The Americans are getting a little tired of the Lafayette traditions. Some time ago the R. T. O. (Railway Transportation Of-



THE JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 100 PART 1 2000

The first part of the volume contains a series of papers on the evolution of the human brain. The first paper, by H. H. B. Clark, discusses the evolution of the human brain from a comparative point of view. The second paper, by J. H. B. Clark, discusses the evolution of the human brain from a functional point of view. The third paper, by J. H. B. Clark, discusses the evolution of the human brain from a developmental point of view. The fourth paper, by J. H. B. Clark, discusses the evolution of the human brain from a genetic point of view. The fifth paper, by J. H. B. Clark, discusses the evolution of the human brain from a physiological point of view. The sixth paper, by J. H. B. Clark, discusses the evolution of the human brain from a psychological point of view. The seventh paper, by J. H. B. Clark, discusses the evolution of the human brain from a sociological point of view. The eighth paper, by J. H. B. Clark, discusses the evolution of the human brain from a cultural point of view. The ninth paper, by J. H. B. Clark, discusses the evolution of the human brain from a linguistic point of view. The tenth paper, by J. H. B. Clark, discusses the evolution of the human brain from a philosophical point of view.

ficer) got tired of waiting for a week to get a brigade of artillery moved from their camp in a mud hole to the port of embarkation. The trains kept going by empty and he demanded of the French general that they be used to transport the Americans. The Frenchy said "no." So our energetic friend seized 28 trains by force, in fact, stole this number of railroad trains. Quite some theft! As a result the French engineers and firemen refused to operate the trains, so the R.T.O. put his own men on the engines, throwing a guard around to keep the irate French away. When he told the French general what he intended to do, the latter threw his hat on the ground and stamped on it (his own hat), in fact went into one of those French "calms" described by Mark Twain. Some Frenchmen had previously expostulated with the American who threatened such an outrageous procedure as grabbing these trains and dragged Lafayette's name into the conversation. The American in no uncertain way told him to "cut out that Lafayette stuff," and a few other things. He was court-martialed for sassing the general but nothing came of it.

Jan. 3rd: On New Years Eve we had our first ball at the hospital. We had four guests who got here by a funny mistake. They were downtown at some store in the afternoon and one of our officers was asked by them for information concerning an invitation to a dance. It happened to be for another affair but he said in answer to their questions, "oui, oui," and as a result they ended up at our party. Moreover they stuck it out to the end and drank toasts at the supper, etc. I made the fellow who was responsible for their coming, dance with the ladies. They walked all over his feet and jabbered in a language he couldn't understand, but it served him right.

We are as comfortable as possible now in our quarters, especially since they had a coating of anti-bug paint. My neighbors, Quigley and Haussling, in the next room laughed at me for fussing with whitewash and paint but I had the laugh on them the other day when they found some large and juicy specimens of the cimex lectularius walking all over their clothes.

Jan. 28th: I must put in a postscript about Cpts. Quigley and Haussling studying French. Neither knew a word before they came here and don't know much yet to tell the truth. Their talents run in other directions. However, they feel it their duty to study French, and having begun in an unguarded moment they feel they can't decently stop. On the evenings (three a week) on which their lessons fall due, their peace of mind is ruined and they sit groaning in despair waiting for the professor to arrive. They look as if they expected to be momentarily hung. They like the professor, but would willingly pay him to stay away, if they had the nerve to fix it up. It is a nightmare for them. I do all I can to cheer them up before their lessons, though they don't seem to appreciate my efforts.

Feb. 1st: Capt. Quigley is sorer than ever on his French lessons. Last night during the lessons he noticed a big fat B.B. crawling over his clothes. He caught him and incinerated him in the stove. The French professor wondered at his nervousness but didn't catch on to the proceedings. Haussling had twice been bitten on the neck during previous lessons and they are sure that some of the professor's menagerie jump off from him during the lessons. I have therefore again declared a quarantine against their room. Of course these old barracks are full of these birds but my precautions of painting walls and

charming as ever and spoke beautifully of my sisters. She was certainly grateful to have both of her sons back again. One had been in a German prison camp for three years, as you may know.

On my second day of "Paris leave" I took a train for Verdun. My first sight of a devastated village was on the following morning when passing through St. Mihiel. It is impossible to describe the destruction of this and many other villages and cities, some of them fairly pulverized. I started to walk with another fellow out to Fort Douamont, captured by the Germans. We "bummed" a ride part of the way. Everyone who roams around the front gets to be a sort of vagabond, ready to jump on any sort of a vehicle whatever that is moving. We wandered over the battlefields where you can still find lots of souvenirs. I found American and French helmets and "75" shells and other souvenirs to bring home. In wandering around the deserted dugouts and among the former gun carriage positions we were careful not to "monkey" with hand grenades, which have a way of going off unexpectedly. Neither did we molest any "dud" shells. Nearby we could hear engineers exploding these shells to get rid of them. Sometime ago a man kicked a box or basket of something, the contents of which he did not know. Eight men were killed by the explosion of the contents.

Family News

Edgar was mustered out of the service on July 12th.

Miss Cornelia Trowbridge is now in Belgrade, Serbia, as a member of the American Serbian Relief Committee.



Captain Clinton Fox Ivins.

Howard returned from France with his unit on July 18th and was mustered out of the service on August 7th.

Kenneth has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Old Cambridge Baptist Church where he expects to begin work in September.

BORN:—To Capt. and Mrs. Howard Brooks Freeman, on July 10th, a son. He has been named Stuart Edgar after both of his uncles. He has the distinction of being the first of the new generation.

BORN:—To Dr. and Mrs. George Henry Fox, 2nd, on July 18th, a son. He has been named Norman Wright, after his uncle.

BORN:—To Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Fox Ivins, on August 4th, a daughter. She has been named Elizabeth Carpenter.

National Army to fire the 75s. As the time set for firing arrived I sent the firing data to the battery and waited for the first salvo. Before any other battery had fired our shots rang out and the four little cottonballs of smoke appeared on the range a mile and a half away.

One of my most vivid memories, as I suppose is usually the case, is of my first view of the enemy. On our way to the front we travelled clear across France from Southwest to Northeast and after our third night on the train I awoke at daylight and heard the faint sound of shots in the distance. The town of Luneville, where the train was standing, was still in the shadow, but high in the air some white puffs of anti-aircraft shrapnel were lighted by the rays of the rising sun and among them floated a small speck. Four puffs would appear, then four more but none of them reached the plane which rose higher and higher and made its escape toward Germany. This became a common occurrence in the weeks that followed, but the first sight remains most clearly in the memory.

In the same way I remember clearly my first night bombing by a Boche plane. It was in the tiny village of Neufmaisons in Lorraine where our regiment had its headquarters. There was enough moonlight for the aviator to recognize the ground beneath him but not for those on the ground to see the plane. We could plainly hear the whirr of the motor which every now and then became silent for a few seconds as the plane coasted down nearer the ground before dropping a bomb. It made rather a tense moment of waiting whenever the sound of the motor stopped. We guessed that he was trying to demolish the village in which were infantry brigade and regimental headquarters as well as our own but all the bombs exploded harmlessly in the surrounding woods.

After a month in the Vosges we received orders to move and knew that

we should go to a more active sector. All our marches were made at night but on the first night our guns could not start until the French batteries had taken their places with the result that it was daylight before the last of the long column had left the valley of the Meurthe. Part of the column was climbing up the steep hill on the west side of the valley past an old castle on the hilltop when the rays of the rising sun crossed the valley and made the castle stand out like a picture on the screen, while in the shadows of the valley below, the tail of the column was crossing the river by the old stone bridge whose demolished arch had been replaced with wood.

Travelling westward two nights by road and one night by rail we left the train south of Chateau Thierry and after a couple of days rest we started north to our new field of battle. This was early in August just after the famous offensive which drove the Boche from the Marne to the Vesle and we were to relieve one of the divisions which had lost heavily in that action. Our first night's march took us to Chezy and during the day we slept, groomed horses or swam in the Marne just below Chateau Thierry. At sunset we were in the saddle again but it was black night when we reached Chateau Thierry and crossed the Marne by the pontoon bridge which replaced the destroyed stone bridge. We carried no lights and there were none in the streets or houses but the glow of battle in the northern sky was just enough to enable us to see the jagged outlines of ruined walls from which echoed the rumbling of our artillery on the stone pavements. This night's march took us to Courpoil and the next to the Forêt de Nesles. We were now crossing the field where the decisive struggle had been going on during the past two or three weeks. On every side was the debris of battle, broken wagons and caissons, abandoned rifles and equipment, and heaps of unexploded or unfired shells and cartridges. The roar of the battle ahead

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grew plainer as we advanced and continued all night quite different from the occasional firing in the "quiet sector" we had left. Most impressive of all were the flashing lights which kept the northern sky aglow as if with a brilliant Aurora Borealis. Our course led us through woods where the motionless August air was heavy with the smell of dead men, past Fere en Tardenois and over the Ourcq near where the 42nd Division had fought its way across. These night marches seem to have made on my memory a stronger impression than any other part of the war possibly because of the feeling of uncertainty of what lay ahead.

From the time we occupied our new positions along the Vesle until I left the regiment to return to the U. S. we had continuous fighting, mostly at night. Almost every night our infantry would pull off a "show" in an attempt to get more troops across the Vesle or to drive the Boche from some position he held to the south of it. Perhaps the night I remember best is the one in which our division took the "Tan-nery." It was in a bend of the river and filled with Boche machine guns. The first attempt to take it had failed but on that night all the artillery in the division took part in the preparation for the attack or in the rolling barrage which accompanied it. I was in the one-story stone farmhouse used for our headquarters. Blankets were hung over the windows and door to keep in the light of the few candles inside. The telephone was in continuous use to receive reports from the batteries as they completed each stage of the rolling barrage, to get word from the infantry as to their advance or as to the positions from which they were

receiving enemy fire, to send word to the caissons when to bring up more ammunition and to make our reports to our brigade headquarters. Occasionally as gas shells fell near us the gas alarm outside would cause us to put on masks but each time it was possible soon to remove them. There was no sleep that night but morning found our infantry in full possession of the objective.

The last occurrence I shall describe happened just two days before I left the front. I was living with two other officers in one room of a two-room stone farmhouse. The colonel and another officer lived in the other room and the regimental headquarters was in an adjoining building. One morning after getting the work started at my office I went back to my room and took a shave. As I finished the other two officers who lived in the room happened to come in. Just then some Boche shells exploded near the house and I thought to myself "sometime one of those will hit it," when there was a loud crash and the air was filled with dust or smoke, I could not tell which. The side of my face was struck with small particles but I did not feel wounded and grabbing my mask and helmet I rushed outside with the other two men who were also unhurt. We were all covered with plaster dust but as no more shells followed we went back and found an unexploded shell 4 inches in diameter and 26 inches long lying on the floor of the other room. The holes in the wall showed that it had come through a 22-inch stone wall into our room, crossed it, passed through the partition into the other room and after bounding off the ground against the opposite wall had fallen on the ground again. If it had exploded as it was intended to do there would have been nothing but small pieces left of us or of the house either. It had passed within eight feet of me and even nearer the others. We had been struck by bits of stone and plaster but no one was even wounded.

And then came the orders which resulted in my promotion and transfer to a new division in the U. S. and which ended my service overseas

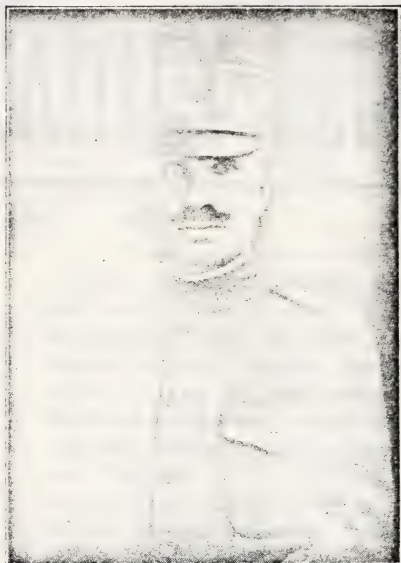
A Visit With Martha.

*(Extract from letter of Lieut. Col.
Howard Fox, while on leave)*

"My last place in Ireland was Queenstown. I 'phoned Martha from the station and she nearly exploded when she heard my voice. I took the usual "side car" up to the cliff to her delightful home. She was certainly delighted to see me and fairly devoured every word of news about home. You can't change her from being a good American. She told me about the entrance of the American fleet into Queenstown harbor. She described how she wept with excitement and joy while wildly waving an American flag as the first ship hove in sight. She told some experiences with Lusitania victims, many of whom were temporarily sheltered at her house. She loaded me up with photographs and good things to eat. Uncle Robert was the only other member of the family to have visited her.

The trip back to Havre from Southampton was like the voyage over from N. Y. in one respect. I was again senior officer and Commanding Officer of troops on board. I was not really entitled to it, as there were plenty of line officers. I didn't object, however, as it gave me one of the three staterooms on board. The other officers slept in sort of a "general ward" and the soldiers on the floors and corridors and decks.

On the way to Paris I sat with a pretty little Salvation Army lassie, who told me she had been in many a dugout under fire. She said the total personnel of the Salvation Army in the A. E. F. was only 200, certainly a



Major Noel Bleecker Fox.

small number to have made such a fine reputation"

Family News

Charles' address is now 445 South High Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

Alanson has become associated with the firm of Charles W. Hill and Co., 2 Wall Street, members of the Stock Exchange.

Noel is running for Assemblyman on the Republican ticket in the 7th Assembly district.

Stuart is now with the New York branch of the Willita Lumber Co., of Portland, Oregon.

Edgar has resumed his association with the law firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham and Taft, 40 Wall Street.

BORN: To Hon. and Mrs. Norman Wright Fox, of Manistique, Mich., on August 24th, a daughter. She has been named Jean Gibbs



The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It also mentions the scope of the study and the limitations of the research.

The second part of the paper discusses the methodology used in the study. It includes a description of the data collection methods and the statistical analysis techniques used.

The third part of the paper discusses the results of the study. It includes a description of the findings and a discussion of the implications of the results. The results show that there is a significant relationship between the variables studied, and the findings have important implications for the field of study.

The fourth part of the paper discusses the conclusions of the study. It includes a summary of the findings and a discussion of the implications of the results. The conclusions are based on the findings of the study and the implications are discussed in the context of the field of study.

The fifth part of the paper discusses the future research. It includes a discussion of the limitations of the study and suggestions for future research. The authors suggest that further research is needed to explore the relationship between the variables studied and to investigate the implications of the findings.



Vol. IX

JANUARY 1, 1920

No. 1

The Family War Record.

During the World War there were nine members of the family in the Military Forces of the United States. Of these, one member, Charles Ivins, was a West Point Cadet, another, Howard Freeman, was in the Marine Corps. The other seven were in the Army, divided as follows:—Field Artillery, three; Air Service, one; Ordnance Department, one; Medical Department, one; Chaplain, one. Of these nine men, four were fortunate enough to have had overseas service. All were volunteers and all except the West Point Cadet were officers. Edgar saw the greatest amount of actual warfare and Noel the next. Howard was the first to enter the service. Norman and his son Charles were members of the State Guard of Michigan.

Of the women of the family, Gertrude served overseas as a member of the Y. W. C. A.; Marie Wait was in the Library Association and Louise Wait was a civilian employee in the Medical Department. Walter, Bert, Alan and George gave up much of their time as described below. Space prevents special mention of other members of the family who devoted their time and money to Red Cross and other activities. We may simply mention that Ada received a Red Cross Medal for having devoted at least 3,200 hours of work to the cause.

The individual records are as follows, the names being grouped according to service in the Army and Marine Corps, State Guard, civilian service with the Army, and government war service at home:—

FOX, ALANSON GIBBS, began active service May 14, 1917. Honorably discharged January 31, 1919. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Aviation Section Signal R. C. Aug. 21, 1917; Captain, Air Service Aeronautics, Aug. 30, 1918. Attended Officers' Training Camp, Madison Barracks, N. Y. Served as Assistant Supply Officer, Aviation General Supply Depot, Richmond, Va.; Commanding Officer, 635th Aero Squadron, Feb. 1918. Place of service, Richmond, Va., Oct., 1917, to Jan. 31, 1919.

FOX, HOWARD, began active service on April 14, 1917. Honorably discharged Aug. 7, 1919. Commissioned Captain, Apr. 2, 1917; Major, Oct. 1, 1917, and Lieut. Colonel, M. C., Nov. 6, 1918. Attended Medical Officers Training Camp, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., June 22, to Aug. 24, 1917. Served at General Recruit Depot, Fort Slocum, N. Y., Apr. 14 to June 22, 1917; Hospital Unit "F," Fort Porter, N. Y., Nov. 7 to 30, 1917; Base Hosp., Camp Upton, N. Y., Aug. 27, 1917 to Nov. 9, 1918 (with exception of one month at Fort Porter, N. Y., and one month, (April) as Camp Surgeon, Camp Upton, N. Y.); Commanding Officer Troops on board U. S. Transport, La France. Commanding Officer Base Hosp. "136" at Camp Upton and Vannes, France, from Nov. 9, 1918 to July 24, 1919.

FOX, NOEL BLEECKER, began active service May 14, 1917. Honorably discharged Feb. 15, 1919. Commissioned Captain, Field Artillery, N. A., Aug. 15, 1917; Major, Field Artillery, July 30, 1918. Attended Officers Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May 14 to Aug. 14, 1917; School

of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., Feb. and Mar., 1918; Field Artillery School, Camp de Souge, France, May and June, 1918; Field Artillery, B. F. C., Ft. Sill, Okla., Oct., 1918, to Jan., 1919. Served with 305th Field Artillery, Sept. 1, 1917, to Aug. 25, 1918; 57th Field Artillery, Sept. 21, 1918 to Feb. 1, 1919. Places of service:—Camp Upton, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1917 to Apr. 24, 1918. Camp de Souge, France, May 9 to July 5; Neufmaisons, France, July 9 to Aug. 1, 1918; La Tuilerie, France, Aug. 15 to 25; Camp Bowie, Tex., Sept. 26 to Oct. 6, 1918; Fort Sill, Okla., Oct. 7, 1918 to Feb. 1, 1919. Took part in campaigns in the Vosges (Badonviller sector) July, 1918, and on the Vesle (Fismes sector) Aug., 1918.

FREEMAN, EDGAR WELLS, began active service May 14, 1917. Honorably discharged July 12, 1919. Commissioned 2nd Lieut., Field Artillery, Aug. 15, 1917; 1st Lieut., Field Artillery, Mar. 26, 1919. Attended Officers Training Camp, Fort Myer, Va., May 14 to Aug. 15, 1917. Saumur Artillery School as student, Oct. 1, to Dec. 30, 1918. Places of service:—Chemin des Dames Sector, Feb. 1, to Mar. 20, 1918; St. Mihiel Sector, Mar. 20 to May 1, 1918; Saumur Artillery School as Instructor, May to Oct. 1918. Argonne Sector, Oct. 10 to Jan. 1, 1919; Luxembourg Occupation, Jan. 1 to May 1, 1919. Engaged in the following campaigns and battles:—Chemin des Dames defensive; Toul Sector defensive and battle of Seicheprey; Meuse-Argonne offensive 1st and 2nd phases. Received one citation.

FREEMAN, HOWARD BROOKS, began active service July 28, 1917. Commissioned 2nd Lieut., July 28, 1917, in U. S. Marine Corps; 1st Lieut. Sept. 19, 1917; Captain, July 1, 1918; 1st Lieut. (Regular Service) Sept. 23, 1919. Attended Officers Training Camp (Marine Corps) Quantico, Va., July 28 to Oct. 15, 1917. Served with 107th Co., 8th Regt. at Quantico, Va., Oct. 16 to Nov. 10, 1917, and at Galveston,

Tex., from Nov. 17, 1917 to Oct. 31, 1918; Hdqrs. U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., Nov. 12, 1918 to Jan. 10, 1919; 10th Regt. (Paymaster) and Post Paymasters Office, Quantico, Va., Jan. 11, 1919 to date.

FREEMAN, STUART FOX, began active service Aug. 23, 1917. Honorably discharged Jan. 25, 1919. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Field Artillery, R. C., Nov. 27, 1917; 1st Lieut. Field Artillery, N. A., July 2, 1918; Captain, Field Artillery, U. S. Army, Sept. 13, 1918. Attended Officers Training Camp, Fort Myer, Va., Aug. 23 to Nov. 27, 1917, and Field Artillery School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., Nov. 1, 1918 to Jan. 25, 1919. Served with Btry. "B," Leon Springs Training Camp, Camp Stanley, Tex., Nov. 27, 1917 to Apr. 20, 1918; Btry. "B," 4th Bn. Field Artillery, R. D., Camp Jackson, S. C., Apr. 20 to June 20, 1918; 1st Btry. Field Artillery, C. O. T. S., Camp Taylor, Ky., June 20 to Nov. 1, 1918.

IVINS, CHARLES FOX, Cadet, U. S. Military Academy, West Point, from June 7, 1918 to date.

IVINS, CLINTON FOX, began active service Nov. 21, 1917. Honorably discharged June 9, 1919. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Ordnance Dept. Nov. 9, 1917; Captain June 28, 1918; attended training camp at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md., from Oct. to Dec., 1918. Served in Production Division of Ordnance Dept., from Nov., 1917 to June, 1918, and on Purchase, Storage and Traffic Division of the General Staff from July, 1918 to June, 1919. Place of service, Washington, D. C.

MACARTHUR, KENNETH H CAULDWELL, began active service June 24, 1918. Honorably discharged June 3, 1919. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Chaplain, U. S. A., June 19, 1918. Attended Chaplain's School, Nov. 20 to 28, 1918. Served with 301st Hdqs., Trains and Military Police, June 24 to Nov. 17, 1918; Fuelwood Project, Division of Construction and Forestry.

FOX FAMILY NEWS

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Dec. 5, 1918 to Mar. 7, 1919; Second Air Depot, Mar. 10 to Apr. 18, 1919. Places of service—Camp Devens, Mass., June 4 to July 8, 1918; St. Amand, Montrond, France, July 28 to Nov. 17, 1918. Pincourt Farm, near Nogent-en-bassigny, Dec. 5, 1918 to Mar. 7, 1919; Latrency, Mar. 10 to Apr. 18, 1919.

FOX, NORMAN WRIGHT, began active service June, 1917. Commissioned Captain, June, 1917., Michigan State Troops.

FOX, CHARLES KERWIN, began active service June, 1917. Attended Camp of Military Training Camps Association. Served as Corporal in Michigan State Troops.

MACARTHUR, GERTRUDE E., began active service July 31, 1918. Honorably discharged Mar. 31, 1919. Acted as Secretary for War Work Council Y. W. C. A. Served with Signal Corps, U. S. A., Neufchateau, France, Sept. 11, to Dec. 21, 1918, and as Hostess House Worker at Tours, France, Dec. 29, 1918 to Mar. 17, 1919.

WAIT, HELEN LOUISE, began active service Nov. 1, 1918. Honorably discharged Mar. 25, 1919. Served as Assistant Director of the Training School for Nurses at Base Hosp., Camp Greene, N. C., Nov. 1, 1918 to Mar. 25, 1919.

WAIT, MARIE FOX, began active service May 20, 1918. Honorably discharged Sept. 1, 1919. Served with the American Library Association as Hospital Librarian at following camps:—Camp Greene, N. C., May 20, 1918 to Mar. 8, 1919; U. S. Gen. Hosp. No. 3, Colonia, N. J., Apr. 1 to 15, 1919, and Aug., 1919; U. S. Gen. Hosp. No. 8, Orisville, N. Y., May 1 to June 20, 1919; U. S. Gen. Hosp. No. 31, Carlisle,

Pa., July 1 to 21, 1919.

FOX, ALAN, served as Chief of the Bureau of Enforcement of the New York Federal Food Board, from Dec. 26, 1917, to Feb. 1, 1919. He had charge of devising measures to insure the obedience throughout the State of New York to the food laws of Mr. Hoover.

FOX, GEORGE HENRY, 2nd. Served as member of Local Draft Board No. 1 of Binghamton, N. Y., and for a time had charge of organizing the Medical Advisory Boards of Southern New York State.

FOX, HERBERT WRIGHT, served as Consulting Engineer in the U. S. Bureau of Mines and did work for the War Mineral Investigation Committee from Mar. to Nov., 1918.

FREEMAN, WALTER HOWARD, served as Associate Member of the Legal Advisory Board from Dec., 1917 to Feb. 1, 1918, and as Chief Clerk of the Draft Board (Local Board for Division No. 2, Union Co., New Jersey), from Mar. 1, 1918 to April 30, 1919.

Experiences of a "Plebe"

(Extracts from letters of Cadet Charles Fox Ivins.)

Life at the Military Academy is great stuff but it sure is exacting and strenuous. When we got here we certainly had a rude awakening. Just as soon as we left the Treasurer's office we were greeted by a group of highly military looking cadets and they started to bawl us out immediately. We then had to pass along a row of tables behind each of which sat a regular army officer preferably a major and a cadet officer. We had to answer all their questions and of course we didn't know how to do it and we got about fifteen more individual "crawlings." By that time we were pretty well scared. Then they stood us at attention for about twenty minutes and finally assigned us to our rooms. Then we were sent over to the cadet store to draw clothing and equip-

1881-1882

THE JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
FOR THE YEAR 1881-1882
PUBLISHED BY THE INSTITUTE
LONDON: PRINTED BY
J. B. L. LONDON: 1882

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ment. From the moment we set foot in this place we have done all our moving about at a run and a real run at that. You should have seen your kid brother in a pair of cadet pants and an undershirt speeding upstairs with a mattress under one arm, two laundry bags full of clothes under the other and with brooms, pails, basins and small arms hanging from the rest of me. It took us all day to get our stuff arranged right or approximately so. We put all our clothes in a big locker with seven shelves and believe me those clothes have to be folded mighty neatly. All clothes have to be folded in strips about three inches wide and the edges have to be square, and when we come to stack them the edges have to be perpendicular. Anytime during the day a cadet officer is apt to come around and hold a "golf club inspection." He comes around with a golf club and if he sees a pile of gloves or shirts that are not exactly right he gives them a swipe with the club and out they go on the floor. We have enough clothes and equipment to start a store with and keeping it neat is one terrible job. We have breast plates to keep from getting tarnished, a rifle, two bayonets to keep from getting rusty, all kinds of tin ware in the infantry pack to keep bright and the room to keep clean. When the inspecting officer comes around he is usually looking for dust. He takes a white glove and feels around the room and by the time he gets through if he finds any dust on his glove you get soaked. We also have to keep our clothes clean and as we only have one pair of pants and as we use them for everything it is quite a job. We have to shine our shoes at least ten times a day to keep off the delinquency list.

(To be concluded)

Family News

New addresses of some members of the family are as follows:

Alice—1 West 72 Street.



Cadet Charles Fox Ivins.

Noel—135 West 79 Street.

Kenneth—12 Sacramento St., Cambridge, Mass.

Bert—P. O. Box 179, Wilmington, Del.

Noel was elected member of the N. Y. State Assembly, 7th District, N. Y. County. His grandfather, Norman Fox served four terms in the Assembly, being elected for his first term in 1819, just a hundred years ago. His great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, Jan Jansen Bleecker was a member of the Assembly from 1698 to 1700.

DIED:—DeWitt Clinton Ivins, on November 27th in Plainfield, New Jersey, in the 67th year of his age. He was buried in the Hillside Cemetery at Plainfield.



Vol. IX

MARCH 1, 1920

No. 2

The Sixteenth Annual Banquet.

The 16th Annual Banquet of the family society was held on January first at the Hotel Brevoort, twenty-eight members of the family and one guest being present. The gathering was again held in the afternoon which gave an opportunity for five of the children to attend. At the conclusion of the banquet, Uncle George spoke as follows:

"It is hardly necessary for me to be introduced to you as the newly elected President of the S. D. N. F. I have appeared annually in this capacity for so many years now that most of you must know me by this time. In place of my usual inaugural address which you all know by heart, I am going to tell you a story of Norman Fox, a story which I have often thought about, but which I have never told even to the members of my own household, and they claim that all of my stories are twice-told tales or even better, numerically speaking. When I was a little boy attending the Union School at Schenectady it was often necessary for me to "speak a piece" in public. My father was always willing to aid me in selecting one and before school hours one morning it happened that he asked me to stand up and recite a piece which he had selected. Whether I did this to his satisfaction or not, I have quite forgotten, but I distinctly remember my intense surprise when he volunteered to speak a piece for me and began:

"Legei auto ho Iesous, Egeire, aron ton krabbaton sou kai peripatei. Kai eutheos egeneto hugies ho anthropos kai ere ton krabbaton autou kai periepatei. En de sabbaton en ekeine te hemera." Now this was all Greek to me at the time, and is Greek still, although I can understand it a trifle better than I could then. Probably few of you besides Kenneth will recognize it as St. John's description of the healing of the sick man at the pool of Bethesda. Some years later, when I was a junior at college at Rochester, we used to read the Greek Testament every Monday morning in Dr. Kendrick's class room, and when we came to the words "aron ton krabbaton" I was amazed at their familiar sound and suddenly exclaimed to myself, "Why! that is the very piece my father spoke for me when I was a little boy in Schenectady." As I recall the incident now it seems strange to think how little my father realized that this casual speech of his would be repeated sixty-five years later by his diminutive listener and the story told to an audience composed mainly of his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren."

Telegrams and letters were then read from Aunt Elizabeth, Uncle Robert and Gertrude, Rob and Nellie, George Henry and Gertrude, Caroline, Hope and Clinton. The following letter from Gen. Simeon Fox was then read: "It is always a regret that I am unable to annihilate the distance between us and be present

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ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
455 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The New York Public Library, Astor Lenox Tilden Foundation, is a non-profit corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York. It was founded in 1808 by the City of New York, and in 1824 it was transferred to the State of New York. The Library is a public institution, and its collections are open to all. The Library's collections include books, manuscripts, maps, and other materials. The Library's collections are one of the largest and most comprehensive in the world. The Library's collections are available to the public, and the Library's collections are one of the most important cultural institutions in the world. The Library's collections are available to the public, and the Library's collections are one of the most important cultural institutions in the world.

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at some of your annual gatherings. for, though of another branch of our common family, I did so much research in tracing the descent of your once mysterious Daniel (4) Fox, of East Haddam, Conn., that I forget the distant relationship; and you all seem much closer to me on account of the undoubted friendship and the kindly courtesy that you have so universally extended to me. I congratulate your branch on the patriotism you have so loyally shown and the numerous representatives you sent abroad in the army and their honorable record. My one available son, Major Philip Fox, did his service abroad with the General Staff and is now back at his old occupation, watching the stars through the Dearborn Observatory telescope at Evanston, Ill. So we have each tried to maintain the family honor. Greetings to you all."

In spite of his natural bashfulness Montague was prevailed upon (as usual) to give his well known recitation of the "Boot black." As a slight variation and incidentally as a proof of his versatility, he rendered this well known classic in Chinese.

Just as our annual banquets would not be complete without the "Boot black" they would be equally incomplete without a speech from Ma'son. This time instead of fighting the forlorn hope of the Associates to obtain the suffrage, he got even with us by showing that he had some ancestors. He spoke as follows: "Those of us who marry into this association have a struggle to preserve our identity and not be engulfed in the Fox family. It seems to be forgotten that we have families of our own. We have grandfathers as well as you. In fact I had two. I propose to tell you something about my ancestors. It is to my great-grandfather, Caleb Trowbridge, who lived in New Haven, that I owe the truculent disposition which

characterizes me. He was a sea rover and a fighter. After escaping from two years' imprisonment at the hands of the British; he fitted out a privateer. As she lay in the New Haven harbor ready to start, a British man-of-war appeared. It became necessary to scuttle her to save her from capture. In the process she took fire and burned to the water's edge. When the man-of-war withdrew my great-grandfather raised her, rebuilt her, rechristened her the "Firebrand" and for the remainder of the war, she cruised the ocean between New York and English ports and captured many prizes. In contrast to his martial career, Caleb Trowbridge seems also to have had a streak of pacifism in him. At one time, he had some differences with Benedict Arnold, who lived in New Haven in his early days. Arnold took the matter much more seriously than my grandfather did and challenged him to a duel, naming five o'clock the next morning, and a pond outside of New Haven as the time and place of the meeting. My grandfather had no intention of fighting, but as the easiest way out, said he would be there. He was awakened from a sound sleep the next morning by Arnold's second, who told him that Arnold was waiting for him at the pond. He accordingly dressed and went out there. Arnold advanced toward him, holding out the butts of two pistols so that he could take his choice. He seized them both and threw them into the pond, and then suggested that, as there was not anything to fight with, they go home and get their breakfasts, a suggestion in which Arnold of necessity acquiesced. His son, James Trowbridge, my grandfather, took part as a boy of eighteen, in the battle of Plattsburg. It is an interesting thing that your ancestor and mine in all likelihood met on that heroic occasion. For while my ancestor was



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defending the town from the approach of the British with a company of other boys, yours was doing his best to get to the scene of action, although it was his misfortune not to arrive until the next day. It seems more than probable that being boys of about the same age and one eager to tell and the other eager to hear about the fight, they met and talked it over. A dozen years later Congress presented muskets to the boys in my grandfather's company in recognition of their gallantry. I give notice that the rest of my family connections I reserve for future dates."

Answering the insistent demands of all to do some "stunt", Prof. Charles Fox rose to his feet and spoke as follows: "Since taking up the subject of commercial geography in my work at Lehigh, I have discovered a new interest in the daily papers, especially that part which deals with the market reports. I have come to believe that they contain, if I could only decipher it, a deeper and richer meaning than that which appears on the surface. I have become convinced that certain of the gentlemen who write our market reports, amuse themselves by imbedding in those seemingly dry and matter of fact details, a wealth of commentary of which I sometimes think I catch a glimpse. Indeed I am quite sure that one of the writers on the business section of the Public Ledger is a concealed humorist. "Hogs—lively, closing strong," did not arouse my suspicions, but "Eggs—storage, doubtful; freshly laid, satisfactory," seemed to suggest the reply of the waiter when I ordered poached eggs for

breakfast. "Better take 'em scrambled suh! dis time ob de yeah, dey scrambles better nor dey poaches." "Wool—Wool in the grease, comfortable; washed wool, falling off." There is no doubt in my mind that here we have some hidden advice to the effect that it is better not to have our underclothes washed too often for then we stand a better chance of keeping our shirt on. Again I read from the Calcutta jute market this quotation: "Gunnies are dull." I think this probably has a vein of sarcasm in it. Surely nobody ever expected to find anything spirituelle or witty in gunnies. Poor old Gunnies! to twit them in the open market of being dull. And underneath the above I noticed the fact that "Burlaps undergo a sharp rise evidently temporary and of a sentimental nature." I can't quite make up my mind whether to consider this as humorous or poetical, perhaps a mixture of both. For who but the fabricator of the Purple Cow could perpetrate a sentimental burlap. But before putting aside my newspaper I was deeply touched by a quotation which seemed to be based on underlying essential truth, "Prunes are quiet." How true! The unassuming, the unobtrusive prune, like the poor is always with us. And yet, like many of the most recurrent events and facts of every day life omnipresent and ubiquitous, it nevertheless escapes our attention until some genius arises who has a gift for emphasizing the obvious. And we say, "I never thought of that before." but it is indeed a fact which needs only to be stated to gain our instant and unqualified assent. And so, my friends, I am quite sure you must agree with me when I again repeat, "Prunes are quiet."

The following were present at the dinner: Aunt Cornelia, Aunt Annie, Uncle George, Ada, Adaline, Edith, Alice, Rachel, Helen, Bertha, Charles,

Walter, Bert, Montague, Howard, Alan, Noel, Alanson, Kenneth, Stuart, Edgar and Howard, **Mason**, Montague, Jr., Mason, Jr., Beatrice and Norman 4th and Harriet Trowbridge and Miss Archibald.

Louise Kershner's Wedding

Louise Wright Kershner was married to Mr. Charles Mason Potter on February 18th. in New York City. The ceremony was performed in the Judson Memorial Church by the Rev. Roy A. Petty, Mr. Edminson Warrin acting as best man. The wedding was attended only by members of the family.

Family News:

Howard Freeman has resigned from the U. S. Marine Corps.

Aunt Elizabeth, Uncle Robert and Gertrude are spending the winter at Daytona Beach, Florida.

Marie Fox Wait now holds the position of Librarian in the Public Library at Somerville, N. J.

Mr. Lyman C. Hedge has been elected Commander of the Burlington Post No. 52 of the American Legion.

Noel has been appointed a member of the following Committees of the New York State Assembly: Military Affairs, Railroads and Old Soldier's Home.

Howard has been appointed Consulting Dermatologist to the U. S. Public Health Service, acting as consultant to several government hospitals in New York City. He was recently elected Commander of the Harry D. Gill Post of the American Legion.

The Russell Mfg. Co. has built a Community House in Pittsfield to provide a place of meeting for "the recreational, educational and philanthropic activities of the neighborhood." Harry is president, Jane is Secretary and Adaline a member of



Gertrude E. MacArthur
(In the U. S. Army Uniform)

the Executive Committee. The opening took place on the first day of last November with a house warming attended by many of the neighbors. There have been talks on household management and many social teas. A child welfare conference, a clinic for babies, under the auspices of the Visiting Nurse Association is held once a week, with a doctor and welfare nurse in charge. Prizes are offered to the mother of the baby making the biggest gain in six months and to the mother willing to take the most advice! English classes held two evenings a week and taught by public school teachers are attended by Polish, Russian and Italian women. Two afternoons a week the girls from the nearby grade schools come in for instruction in sewing and knitting, physical culture and folk dancing. Pathoscope pictures are shown each week. At Christmas there was a tree for the children of the neighborhood and 175 appeared. Since last November over two thousand persons have attended the different meetings.



Vol. IX

MAY 1, 1920

No. 3

Notes on the papers of Norman Fox

By *Kenneth C. MacArthur.*

Thru the kindness of Aunt Cornelia, there came into my hands a few years ago, a bundle of old papers of various kinds that had belonged to Norman Fox. After looking them over with some care, I find a number which may interest others of the descendants beside myself. They are written on pieces of writing paper and scraps of all descriptions. The handwriting is not unlike my mother's. The small letter "s" is made in the old fashioned way, much like an "f." The word connection, which occurs frequently in the sermons, is spelled uniformly "connexion." "Brittain," "carr" and "untill" are other peculiar spellings. When I opened some of the old sermons, blotting sand, such as I saw the old French priest with whom I was billeted in 1918, using, fell out of the papers.

The earliest paper is dated, "Chester, July 16th, 1833"; the latest May 7th, 1861. The first is a tailor's bill, including the following items: "To Making Pants \$1.25, cutting coat, C. Fox, .31, Making coat \$5.50, Pants 1.50, Vest 1.50." It is to be feared that the descendants are not now sufficiently thrifty or fortunate to get a complete sartorial outfit for \$10.06.

There is a memorandum of borrowing \$54 of S. F. Dean, 21st, April, 1852 on which our grandfather agreed to pay interest. There is a bill to Samuel, John and Elias Wakeman for \$30, subscriptions due to Elder Fox, on which space is provided for credits due them for furnishing hay. Norman Fox submits

a bill to some one for 76 cents worth of veal and for two bushels of potatoes at 75 cents. In spite of the low cost of clothing and food, he evidently had financial difficulties for in the midst of a collection of Bible verses, I find "Note due A. W. 14, 1843, \$1,000." At another time, he gives a note for \$56.12 to Edward Wilcox who has endorsed on the note the various instalments by which it was paid.

In the midst of sermon notes, is a memorandum to the following effect "Note discounted at Saratoga County Bank of \$75 due 4th, Jan., 1843." Among these business papers is a receipt in full of all accounts and demands by Joseph Russell "from the beginning of the world to the day of the date hereof." Once, at least, he dreams of wealth and estimates that \$31,800 can be cleared by bringing logs from Cream Pond to Glens Falls and sawing them into lumber.

A memorandum of a conversation "had with Jesse Tripp" in 1845, contains the following: "I told Tripp I could not pay the note (Jane Bond old note of \$60, etc.) had six children—did not recover a dollar of L. S. Russell of hay in a law suit, etc. I will give \$25 for note. It is outlawed and I am not by law compelled to pay anything." Tripp tried to get \$5 as a fee for himself but was refused.

The last of the business papers is signed by one who was known to many of the younger descendants. It is as follows: "This day settled with Norman Fox & Reed, one dollar in full for monies left in his hands belonging to my mother, Sophia Fox Dean, at her death—which has been paid by him, in

years past for assisting in supporting my mother before her death and the funeral expenses & also for monies he has advanced for me in my education & support at different times. Herman B. Dean."

On the back of one of the sermons in a child's handwriting, the following is scrawled. "Wil. William, William Fox." On another is a recipe for boneset tea while on the margin of a letter written in long hand by the corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, are tentative rules for a partnership. The letters are told so as to be posted without being enclosed in an envelope and instead of being stamped, they are postmarked "Paid."

Included are resolutions of the church that each unmarried person should pay at least \$1 a year and those under age 50 cents. Doubtless village churches were relatively stronger then than they are now. We may learn more of the Ballston Spa Church from a letter written Oct. 16, 1849 to Rev'd. John Blair. Part of it follows: "I have been pastor of this church nearly twelve years and failure of my health renders it necessary for me to give up the charge of the church. We want to get a Pastor. Our church numbers about 300 members. This village is the county seat of old Saratoga. We have a population in the village of about 2,000—ours is the largest and the best meeting house although the aristocracy is in the Episcopal and Presbyterian—our church is a peace loving people, plain and industrious—congregations average between 3 and 400, probably, I have had a support of 600 dolls year.

I expect to remain with my family here, having buried my wife last winter—I think I should not be a troublesome dry dock minister," etc.

I read this letter with a good deal of interest because I received one of similar tenor myself in 1916 from the then pastor of the Ballston Spa Baptist Church. One of the earliest papers is a printed report of a convention held at Adams-

ville, Washington County, N. Y., July 1 and 2, 1834, at which the Washington Baptist Association was formed. As clerk of the Convention Norman Fox doubtless had much to do with drawing up the rules which after commending close communion go on to say: "We believe that speculative Freemasonry is a moral evil and should be treated as such and that churches ought to require an acknowledgment of it from their members."

As the only living descendant who has followed our ancestor's profession, I have naturally looked over the sermons with much interest tho I fear I can not exemplify his statement that "vocal music is a gospel ordinance."

In a funeral sermon for Alvin Luther who fell in the Mexican War there is expressed that conviction which some of the descendants share that "the sword shall not always devour and the preacher ungrammatically asserts that "the shouts of victory has cost you a brother." In a sermon on the death of Andrew Jackson, Norman Fox forecasts the great growth of the United States. He prophesied that by 1920 our population would be 160,000,000 but he did not foresee the menacing decrease of the birth rate among our native born which threatens the extinction of his own descendants who bear the Fox name. He urges the importance of religion as a corrective of lawlessness and vice, and of doing our duty at the elections.

He would have rejoiced could he have lived to see national prohibition for he wrote: "Intemperance is as great a curse as was ever inflicted upon a free and enlightened country. The manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating drinks is the great barrier to the spread of gospel." It doubtless took considerable courage to say such things in those days, for he includes among the obstacles to reform "religious people are opposed."

He strongly supports Sunday Schools, which were then only 50 years old—and urges both home and foreign missions.

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Possibly he was thinking of Jehiel Fox, when he praised the pioneer missionary who "sleeps on a bear skin and preaches from a stump." The old fashioned note appears in a sermon in praise of fasting and in another in which he says there will be mourning at the Judgment Seat when the Judges ask what you have done for your children and you reply: "I sent them to dancing school." His theology is equally old fashioned with its account of the devil and of the different ranks of angels, the resurrection of the present physical body, the allegorical use of the good Samaritan as a type of Christ, instead of as a brotherly man, its view of the Bible as verbally inspired, its interpretation of the Kingdom not as the Democracy of God on earth but purely in an individual sense and his frequent teaching that men are depraved and by nature the children of wrath.

There remains the impression of a patient self denying father and of a devout pastor who bore a mans load in the world, whose character was tempered by sacrifice and prayer, who laid up treasures in heaven and left the heritage of that good name which is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Experiences of a Plebe

*by Cadet Charles Fox Ivins
(Concluded from the January issue)*

Saturday morning we had a battalion review with the full infantry equipment and passed before the major at quick and double time. Double turning around the parade ground with seventy pounds of equipment is no joke, it makes one weary. After the parade we had an inspection of our equipment. I had the top of my mess tin turned the wrong way. A week ago we had a battalion inspection in close order and

we stood at attention for fifty minutes. Lots of the fellows fainted and dropped. It's a peculiar feeling to have men toppling over on all sides of you. By the time the inspection was over the parade ground looked like a battle field.

Dinner at the mess hall is a great sight if you are not a plebe. We have to brace during the meal and sit on three inches of chair. If we want anything we have to sound off loud for it. If we can't holler "peas, please" loud enough to be heard a mile away we don't get them.

The worst thing I have struck yet is guard duty. I went on duty Thursday night and didn't get any sleep for two days and a night. We have a tour of walking guard two hours and four hours off. I was on from 7-9 P. M., 1-3 A. M. It sounds all right but during off hours they turn out the guard every time the officer in charge or the officer of the day comes round and also if there is any disorder. Besides the two tours I had that night I was turned out three times. We have to turn out in about thirty seconds. We sleep on the floor of the tent in a blanket with all our clothes on including a bayonet and white gloves. We also keep our rifles in our "beds." By the time we are on our last tour we are pretty well tired out. We are not permitted to stop walking for an instant and we can't take our rifles off our shoulders. You have no idea how heavy a ten pound rifle gets by the end of the eighth hour. We have to use our hands a lot also. At certain times certain people can cross our posts and at other times they can't and there are lots of exceptions to each rule.

They make up for it at the mess hall, however and they certainly do raise Cain there. The squad which is on duty at meal times goes alone to the mess hall, when it is relieved

and the cadet officers have a free hand. They call this squad the "hungry squad" because they eat so much. When we are sitting at the table a cadet officer will yell "Change posts—MARCH" and every plebe has to pick up all his plates and silver with food on it and cross under the table to the seat on the other side. It has to be done in about six seconds and we can't spill anything or get our clothes dirty. The upper class men assist us with their feet most forcibly. The last man up has to hold his mouth open while the upper classmen throw butter in it. When an upper classman wants milk he yells out, "How's the cow?" and the fellow pouring the milk has to sound off the following ditty with a straight face. "She walks, she talks, she's full of chalk. The lacteal fluid of the female gender of the bovine species flows, prolific to the second degree." The table keeps us cheered up all right.

Family News

Rob has bought a house in Bartlesville, where he and Nellie now live.

Gertrude expects to attend the International Y. W. C. A. Convention in Cleveland this month.

Uncle George has rented his house at Glen Cove for the summer and regrets that he will be unable to entertain the family as usual on the Fourth of July.

Uncle Robert will preach at Tremont Temple, Boston, ten Sundays beginning July 4th, after which he has engagements in Lawrence and New York. He and Aunt Elizabeth plan to attend the Southern Baptist Convention at Washington in May after which they will go to Suffield.

Howard has been elected President of the Caduceus Post, No. 818 of the American Legion, an organization which



Adaline and George Fox Trowbridge

was recently formed by the amalgamation of two other posts. Most of the members are former Medical Officers.

On Easter Sunday, Kenneth baptized fifteen people. On April 26th he read a paper before the C. C. Club (a group of theological professors and ministers) on "A Neglected Chapter in Church History. The Contribution of the Church to Agriculture." He has joined the James A. Shannon Post of the American Legion.

When the announcement of Louise Kershner's engagement to Mr. Potter was formerly made early this year, the EVENING LEADER at Corning said in part as follows: "Miss Kershner who is one of the debutantes of the season, is one of the very popular girls of the younger society set. In addition to her beauty and charm of manner she is the possessor of a beautiful high soprano voice, which her friends often enjoy."





Vol. IX

JULY 1, 1920

No. 4

Reception to Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Robert S. MacArthur.

On May 27th a reception was tendered to Uncle Robert and Aunt Elizabeth at the Chapel of the Calvary Baptist Church. It was the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of the beginning of Uncle Robert's first and only pastorate which had continued without interruption for forty-one years. Needless to say our beloved uncle and aunt were warmly welcomed by a host of their old friends and forced to listen to some extremely flattering and heartfelt words of congratulation. The occasion almost coincided with their golden wedding anniversary, which they hope to celebrate in August. Uncle George evidently considered this a golden opportunity to tell the unvarnished truth about his brother-in-law, especially after having heard such warm praise of our uncle and aunt. He spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen. "When asked to say a few words here tonight I was assured by someone apparently in authority that I could say anything I pleased and I accepted on that condition. I mention this to give our honored guests due warning. While others may speak of the principal guest of the evening as a preacher, a pastor, a theologian or a scholar, I shall take a different point of view and speak of him as a brother-in-law. Of course I am well aware that being a brother-in-law is not one of his distinguishing characteristics but it happens to be the only topic, pertinent to the occasion, upon which I feel qualified to speak.

Probably no one here tonight has known Dr. MacArthur as long as I have. For nearly sixty years I have had an ex-

cellent opportunity to study his habits, his peculiarities and his shortcomings. Most of us, in the presence of the great and good, are usually so awe-struck that we are unable to express our thoughts with perfect freedom but no man, as a rule, stands in great awe of his brother-in-law and while he may speak well of him when occasion demands he never has the slightest diffidence in saying anything derogatory if such be in his mind. While the spirit may move me tonight to say something more or less complimentary of our honored guest, I shall not hesitate to tell you the very worst things I know about him. You need not be alarmed for I assure you that they aren't nearly as bad as they might be.

Then too, I could tell you something about Mrs. MacArthur whom I have had the pleasure of knowing for nearly seventy-four years. I could tell you many things about her of which you have never dreamed and perhaps say something which might give you the idea that she has not always been as sweet and gentle as she appears tonight. I could tell you for instance, how nearly seventy years ago, when we were little tots going to school, she used to run away from her dear little brother and leave him crying piteously in the middle of a great pasture lot, liable to be eaten up by some fierce sheep. I have long since forgiven her but I fear I can never forget this horrid conduct on her part. But I am happy to say she has improved so much since those far away days of childhood that my opinion has changed somewhat, my affection for her has steadily increased and tonight I think of her only with the sincerest pride and the deepest love.

I first met Dr. MacArthur a day or so after he came as a freshman to the University of Rochester where I had been pursuing laborious study for nearly a week. How I wish you could see him to-night as he looked to me on that day! If this were possible I imagine that even his own children would not recognize him. If you could see him now as I saw him then you would probably say as did that oft-quoted gentleman in the Zoo who first saw a hippopotamus, "There aint no such animal." Were I an artist I could paint his portrait from memory for my vivid recollection of his appearance on that day is undimmed by lapse of years. He wore on the side of his head one of those dinky little Scotch caps with ribbons hanging down behind, his short coat, something like an Eton jacket was hardly in calling distance of his hips, his trousers were much tighter and shorter than the prevailing style at Rochester and on his feet were the queerest looking Canadian fabrications you ever laid your eyes on. They would be a prize now in any museum. Furthermore, like every freshman at Rochester and elsewhere, he was permeated with that very characteristic hue which nature, at this lovely vernal season, delights to paint the woods and the fields, a tint by the way more frequently associated with the Hibernian than with the Scotchman. As you now look at the venerable, grey haired dignified gentleman before you, you doubtless find it difficult to believe that he ever looked very young and very green.

In spite however of his foreign garb and his unconcealable verdancy there was something about his voice and manner which impressed me most favorably and suggested the idea that with the aid of a Rochester tailor he might be converted and become a desirable member of my Fraternity and so I invited him home to luncheon with me. The result was that he soon joined Psi Upsilon and we became firm friends. Because we were alike in some respects or so totally unlike in most respects we finally decided to room together and thus became closer friends

than ever. We were surely alike in one respect for we both stood at or near the end of our class, he at one end and I at the other. This separation in the college classroom had no effect however outside of recitation hours and I might take this opportunity to remark, while I think of it, that between us both we took nearly all the oratorical prizes offered in our college course. I did all the coaching and left him to do the speaking and when he received all the gold medals in public with the brass band playing I got no recompense for my time and labor in preparing those speeches except the contemplation of that bald fact that virtue is its own reward.

During the years in which we were so closely associated we never had but one quarrel which surely speaks well for both of us and as that didn't come to blows perhaps I ought not to speak of a very hot argument over a very unimportant topic as a real quarrel. As other speakers will doubtless refrain from any mention of Dr. MacArthur's quarrelsome disposition let me tell you about it. One night after we had probably both eaten something indigestible for supper and were just about to retire some chance remark concerning the merits of our respective beds started a discussion. In this era of luxurious woven wire springs and thick hair mattresses only the most aged present may remember the old time feather bed and recall the fact that in that far off period nearly all bedsteads were either corded or slatted. (That elderly smiling gentleman yonder evidently remembers all about them.) In other words they had either criss-crossed ropes which invariably stretched and sagged down nearly to the floor or were furnished with hard boards which often broke and as a rule unexpectedly, but which never under any circumstances became soft. Those of you in this intelligent and sophisticated audience who have never slept upon a corded or slatted bed have something to be thankful for.

The question we discussed that night was whether the slats of a bed ought to

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run lengthwise or crosswise and we argued seriously and vigorously and possibly a little petulantly for several hours instead of going to sleep. My estimable room mate had perhaps a more logical mind and surely a far greater fluency of speech than I possessed but nevertheless he failed utterly to convince me and though I have now forgotten after these many years whether I advocated long slats or cross slats I am still perfectly certain that I was right.

I wish I had the time to tell you more of our college days for they still gleam brightly through that ever deepening mist of the long ago.

Just what effect my precepts and example had in moulding Dr. MacArthur's character and in preparing him for his long and successful career in the ministry I am unable to say but I can say and seriously, that the influence which he exerted over me was constant and beneficial and tonight I appreciate it far more than I did at that time.

The character of a young man in any walk of life is always infectious and his intimate associates can not escape its influence be it good or be it bad. In his college years, Dr. MacArthur was a power for good just as he has been ever since. His innate geniality, his never failing good nature and above all, his firmly grounded moral principles always tended to make his fellow students happier and better and today I imagine there are other men like myself who recall with pleasure the commendable example which he set before them even if at times they have failed to profit by it. I have never spoken with him on this subject and I am glad tonight to acknowledge publicly this debt of gratitude which among many others I owe to him.

I started to speak of Dr. MacArthur

as a brother-in-law but as the time allotted me has doubtless expired I can only say that with but one married sister he is the best brother-in-law I ever had, barring of course my wife's relatives. I might go further and assert that to the best of my knowledge and belief he is about as good a brother-in-law as anybody could possibly have.

And now that we are both drawing nearer to that point in life's journey "where cool and long the shadows grow" I can only hope that our relationship so pleasant in the past will prove to be one which death may not sever—a relationship which will not only brighten the remaining years of life but which will endure through time and through eternity.

From the Archives.

The following letter was written to Norman Fox, Junior, while he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Whitehall, N. Y. Although he did not follow the suggestion to "find a Rachel" in New England at the commencement of his ministry, it is of interest to notice that the only minister the next generation of our family has in literally done so.

Painted Post, July 10th, 1860.

N. Fox Junr

My Son

I recd your favor of last week enclosing a drft for 50 dolls. for which—with the former drft of same amt—I enclose & send you my note for each drft—so that it may be done in a business manner & be understood at any time hereafter—Charles writes me from Schntdy That his College term closes on the 19th & that Commct is on the 26th—That he wishes to visit you on the 19th & return & attend the Commct 26th & start next day for this place—to which I have consented—Probably he will write you—I am glad to hear in your letter to A. J. F. That things are pleasant for you & prosperous—I think your arrangt is a good one about your Exchg with Mr. Grant—You can spend a few weeks in Ct verry pleasantly—It is the land of your ancestors on my Father & mothers side—The former was born at

East Haddam & the latter at New Milford—Both of my GrandParents—soon after the Revolution—Moved up to New Canaan in Columbia Co—where my Parents were married & my oldest Bro Alanson was born—My Father Taught a School at Whittings Pond—near Canaan Corners—You say you are not Married—Well—going to the land of your Kindred—as Jacob of old—you might find a Rachel—if like him you did not get deceivd & get a Leah—Some old Bapt. deacon—well to do—may have a Rachel for you—Though your Engagements would prevent a 7 yrs Courtship—We have all got pleasantly settled down here & things go on verry smoothly—My health is not verry good—but I enjoy things much better than I did in Schntdy—more to occupy my time & attention—My face continues to Trouble me—I preached for Mr. Bainbridge last Sabbth Morg—He Having gone to Rochester Commct & his family on a visit—Business is verry good here this year—altho the sawing begins to fail for low water—today we are running only two Gates—write occasionally—Give my Kind Regards to the Members of the Chh.

Yours affectionately

Norman Fox

Mother & Abbie & the children
send their love

NB. My GrandFather—Daniel Fox I believe died at the House of his son Hubbard Fox—where some of the children of the latter still reside—I am told—Possibly you can scare up some Fox cousins in that section—GrandFather Fox had two wives—by the first he had—Reuben Fox—Allen Fox—Hubbard Fox—Ansel Fox—(Killed in Revolution at Monmouth) including two Daughters—By his 2nd wife he had Jehiel Fox—Levitt Fox—Amasa Fox—Daniel Fox & Eli Fox—& Luna Fox—The last two namd—with Amasa Fox—are buried near Sackets Harbor—Danl Fox died at or near Buffalo—his daughter—Mrs. Betsey (Fox) Daniels—lives at Lock Port in good circumstances & is a member of the Baptist Chh—



*Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur,
D.D. L.L.D.*

Family News

Alanson recently attended the vicennial reunion of his class at New Haven.

Gertrude is spending the summer at Three Hills, Warm Springs, Virginia and Alice is again at Manchester, Vermont.

Noel has moved his office to 150 Nassau St., where he will continue his law practice. He offers special reductions in drawing up wills containing liberal bequests to the S. D. N. F.

Howard was recently present at a reunion of the Class of 1890 of Columbia Grammar School. Most of the prosperous, fat and bald headed gentlemen who attended had not seen each other for the past thirty years.

Uncle George has leased his summer home at Glen Cove for the season. Instead of working in his garden as usual, he will make some thrilling trips to New England cemeteries in his search for ancestral records. He will soon be rivalling Gen Simeon Fox and Noel as a genealogist.

Married:—Mrs. Ethel McCornac Fox to Major De Witt Chamberlin, U. S. Army on June 12th, at the home of the bride, in Rochester, Michigan.



Vol. IX

SEPT. 1, 1920

No. 5

A Golden Wedding Anniversary.

The Golden Wedding Anniversary of Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Robert was celebrated on August 4th, at Suffield, Ct., and was an occasion that will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present. The festivities were opened with a luncheon attended by thirty relatives and friends. This was followed by outdoor exercises in which heartfelt tributes and good natured raillery were intermingled. Uncle George, acting as master of ceremonies, called on Kenneth to offer a prayer. He was followed by Gertrude who read letters and telegrams of congratulations from a host of friends and relatives. She also read an original poem but through excessive modesty has not allowed it to be printed. Rob and Edith then told the assembled guests what wonderful parents they were fortunate enough to have and were followed by Montague who spoke in behalf of the much abused son-in-law. He said:—"Search through the world's best literature from the era of the Medes and Persians to the modern classic "That's me all over Mabel," and no article will be found bearing on the subject of the son-in-law. What a fine theme for a literary sensation! If a lamb could write about a pig and thereby add to his fame, surely some of you has an opportunity to obtain renown by composing an essay entitled "The Son-in-Law." There's a suggestion for the editor of the Fox Family News.

To be a son-in-law has its advantages and disadvantages. My troubles commenced when I was courting Edith, then living on 57th street. It was remarked by one of the MacArthur's that it took

Montague as long to say good night as it did Edith to get ready to come down and say good evening. I have explained to you, Laddie, how on board a ship, the time is indicated by means of the ringing of a bell. In the MacArthur household I always knew the evening hour by means of a certain noise. As Edith and I sat in the parlor, she reading the "Watchman-Examiner," I asleep in an arm chair, all would be quiet on the parlor floor, all peaceful above. On the minute of 10.30 a door would be slammed, at 11 another bang, on the stroke of 11.30 a terrible slam. I never waited for another but always managed to leave before midnight and thus prevented my sainted father-in-law from uttering the word that rhymes with slam.

The year 1870 was a memorable one in the world's history. Important events were occurring in many countries. Eugenie and the Emperor had lost their positions though her beauty and charm remained. But she was no more beautiful or charming than Queen Elizabeth who was then being joined in holy wedlock to King Robert.

Some years ago, a friend of my father, whom we shall call Fielding asked him for a suggestion as to an appropriate gift for his wife, on the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage. Fielding and his wife were continually quarrelling so father advised giving a copy of the "The Thirty Years War." Fielding thought that a wonderful idea and presented his wife with the book. What a contrast their married life makes with the one we are now celebrating. Fifty years of war? No fifty years of peace! Fifty years of contentment? You mean fifty years of contentment! Fifty years of strife? Nay fifty

Years of a glorious life!

The funny papers joke about the mother-in-law but I never could see any humor in such lies. As far as I am concerned, there never was a more fortunate son-in-law. For over twenty years I have not heard one unkind word or the slightest criticism, although it must have required much strength of character to keep quiet. I heartily appreciate your silence.

In Drinkwater's play, at one of the cabinet meetings, Lincoln says to his Secretary of State, "Seward I know my faults and weaknesses, but one tremendous asset is mine, the people believe in me." When the world was not going very well with me, my father over there and my mother, here, believed in me, trusted me, had faith in me. My chief asset was their faith which encouraged, inspired and uplifted me.

One of the many reasons I had for wanting to marry Edith was that I might become the son-in-law of her father and mother. One cannot select father or mother, but you may choose your father and mother-in-law. My choice was made with rare discrimination and keen judgment. When I plucked Edith, that "queen rose of the rose bud garden of girls" from off the Fox-MacArthur rose bush, I was conscious not only of her beauty and sweetness, but carefully examined the bush from which she came. The family into which one marries, to a certain extent, can make for happiness or the opposite. My married life has been more than happy.

While sitting here I have been looking at my mother and wondering who could compare with her, and I decided only one, my father! Then I looked at father. Who is comparable to him? Only one, my mother!"

Nellie then spoke for the daughter-in-law, Rev. Charles MacGregor spoke for the nephews and Ada for the nieces. Ada said she had been chosen to speak, not on account of oratorical ability but because of all the nieces and nephews she had the greatest affection for her aunt and uncle. [We feel compelled to challenge this state-



The Bride and Groom

ment—Ed.] She bemoaned her misfortune in not having a descendant who could have been named Elizabeth. Even her first grandchild was a boy. At the close of her remarks Ada presented our aunt and uncle with a purse of gold, the gift of the nephews and nieces. The following poem by Miss Edith Bell was recited by little Montague:—

Grandparents dear, a verse for you,
Is all that I can say.
It is such fun to all be here,
Together on this day.

Grandparents dear, your lives have been
Examples good and true.
I hope that I can always look
On golden years like you.

Aunt Elizabeth, when called upon to speak told a few incidents of her engagement. Her brother William, she said, appeared solicitous to know whether her intended, who was Scotch, could speak English. "What, Libby Fox marry a minister?" he was heard to say when told the prospective bridegroom was a reverend gentleman, and proceeded to paint a dismal picture of her future life as the wife

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of a country minister. In the course of her remarks, Aunt Elizabeth gave some good advice to the unmarried members of the family. "First," she said, "you must have discipline" and added by pointing to her spouse, "here you see the finished product." There were several characteristics she continued that were essential to marital happiness. They included deep affection and mutual respect, gallantry, optimism and moral purpose. Our Uncle's optimism we all recognized by her reference to his being able to eat scorched oatmeal and give the impression that the flavor was thereby enhanced. Aunt Elizabeth's final word of advice was "Not to let him know you were proud of him."

Owing to the lateness of the hour and perhaps to some side remarks by his devoted wife which sounded like "Sit down Robert, the photographers are waiting," Uncle Robert's remarks were somewhat brief. He said that if his bride "should live another fifty years she would approach an angel in intellectual development and character" (loud applause). He also paid a fine tribute to his nephews the MacGregors and to Aunt Harriet and referred to having married her to Uncle George at Titusville.

At the conclusion of the speeches the party adjourned to the lawn where numerous pictures were taken by a professional photographer. This was followed by a general reception for the friends in Suffield and vicinity. The following were present at the luncheon and speechmaking:—In addition to the bride and groom, Aunt Cornelia, Aunt Annie, Uncle George, Ada, Walter, Rob. Nellie, Gertrude, Edith, Montague, Adaline, Harry, Kenneth, Rachel, Alice, Noel, Alanson, Howard, and four of the children including Montague, Jr., Marian, Harvey

and Robert, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert MacGregor, Rev. Charles P. MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur MacGregor and daughter, Miss Mary Rogers, Miss Martha Strube and the Rev. John Love.

H. F.

Family News.

Ada has been elected as one of the Managers of the Baptist Home for the Aged in Newark, N. J.

The sympathy of the family is extended to Ethel on the recent death of her mother, Mrs. McCornac.

Miss Mary Louise Rogers of Los Angeles, a first cousin of Nellie, expects to spend the winter with Rob and Nellie and attend school at Tulsa.

Among the promotions mentioned at the Lehigh Commencement was the following: "Prof. C. S. Fox, head of the Department of Romance Languages has also been made lecturer in economic geography."

Norman and his family have moved from Manistique to Detroit, where he is actively interested in the Hudson Lumber Co. His address is 1802 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

The report of the Citizens Union on the last Legislature speaks of Noel as follows: "In first year made very good record of votes and showed unusual promise of future value as a legislator."

Stuart has opened a branch office for the Willipa Lumber Company in Cleveland where he is living for the present. His address is 235 the Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio. Howard has taken Stuart's position in the same company. His address is 259 Jackson Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

Charles Fox Ivins graduated this spring from West Point and is now Second Lieutenant of Infantry. He expects to be stationed at Fort Benning, Ga., during the winter and will not be assigned to a regiment until next June. He and cousin Louise Ivins have been spending the summer at Edgartown, Mass.

Nellie was presented with a solid gold



gold key on April 29th of this year, when the Municipal Organ at Tulsa was publicly dedicated. Her name was engraved on one side of the key and on the other was the following inscription: "Key to municipal organ and the hearts of the people of Tulsa." It may be said that the idea of building such an organ originated with Nellie, while in addition she was responsible for raising a large part of the necessary funds.

Kenneth preached on May 23rd to the Chas. Beck Post 56, G. A. R. and on May 30th to the Cambridge Post of the American Legion. He acted as Chaplain of the latter organization at the parade and exercises on May 31st. In reading Henry Clay Trumbull's "War Memories of a Chaplain" in preparation for these services, he came across the following quotation which may be of interest to the family: "In the important volume 'Regimental Losses in the American Civil War,' compiled by Colonel William F. Fox from the official records of Washington, there is a chapter showing the loss of officers in action. Chaplains receive honorable mention in this chapter. "It will doubtless be a surprise to many."

says Colonel Fox, "to note the number of Chaplains killed in battle. The gallant members of the church militant were wont to take a more active part in the fighting than was generally credited to them." In Dr. Trumbull's list of "representative chaplains who have exhibited marked ability and efficiency," he mentions "Professor Norman Fox, of William Jewell College, editor and pastor." On July 7th Kenneth passed the examinations for a chaplaincy in the Massachusetts National Guard and has been placed on the eligible list for appointment in the reorganized militia of that state.

In an Historical sketch read at the One Hundredth Annual Meeting of the Lake George Baptist Association, September 1917, Elder Jehiel Fox is spoken of as "The man whom God chose to be the moving spirit in the religious leadership of this region and the pioneer of the teaching of Baptist views of Scripture truth." He settled in what is now the town of Chester (Warren Co.) in 1796 and there organized the first Baptist Church and was ordained in 1797 as its pastor.



The Wedding Party.



Vol. IX

NOV. 1, 1920

No. 6

'Foxology.

BY GEORGE HENRY FOX

When Adam named the animals in the Garden of Eden, as he is reported to have done, he evidently lavished the alphabet on the megatherium, the ichthyosaurus and a few others and apparently had few letters left when he reached that cunning little creature which he called the fox. However doubtful it may be as to who first coined the name it has certainly been in existence for more than six hundred years. Originally indicating an animal it was later applied to some man. Think for a moment of the first man who bore the name of Fox! What a satisfaction it would be if the FOX FAMILY NEWS could print his photograph and tell us where he lived and all about him!

Most readers of this little magazine know what a vixen is, from hearsay, it is hoped, rather than from personal experience. How many are aware that the word means literally a she-fox? The feminine of the German word fuchs (a fox) is fuchsin (a female fox) just as a Kaiser's frau is called, or was called, a Kaiserin. The old Anglo-saxon word was fyxen and the spelling has gradually changed to vixen.

The word fox is not only used as a surname of many distinct families in the British empire and in America but has had in past years and now has a variety of meanings. Long before Thomas Fox came from England and settled at Concord, Mass., there was a large and flourishing family of Foxes already in America. They did not pro-

nounce their name exactly as we do, in fact they called themselves Muskwa-kiuk which means "red earth people." They were an Algonquin tribe of Indians living in the vicinity of Green Bay, Wisconsin and we speak of them now as "Foxes" although not claiming them as very near relatives. About 1780 they allied themselves with another tribe known as the Sauks or Sacs.

Fox was an old English name for a sword. From the rufous hue of the animal one might think it meant a rusty sword or one stained with blood but it probably meant a highly tempered blade of brownish color or one which was stamped with the figure of a fox, indicating possibly the name of the maker or a trademark. In an old play called "The White devil" we find "O, what blade is it?"

A Toledo, or an English fox," while Walter Scott says in Kenilworth "Put up your fox and let us be jogging."

The verb to fox, regrettable as it may be to mention, was formerly used with the meaning, to intoxicate. To be "foxed" meant to be drunk and to "catch a fox" meant to be very drunk. Beer which turned sour in the brewing was said to be foxed. In a poem "Merry Exploits of Poor Robin", 1738, we read

"Then such as had but little coin
Laid up in store to purchase wine
Must drink fair water, syder, perry
Or mead instead of sack and sherry:
Or have their throats with brandy
drench'd

Which makes men fox'd e'er thirst is
quench'd."

The term used by shoemakers and cob-

b'ers, to fox a shoe, is still in use and means to repair a boot or shoe by covering the toe or upper part with a new piece of leather or a cloth shoe around the margin of the sole.

To fox also meant to cheat or to rob (a term used at Eton) and likewise to play truant.

Another meaning was to stain or become discolored through dampness. Old books and prints having a brown or spotted appearance, the result of dampness, are said by collectors to be "foxed" and the same term is sometimes applied to timber or wood discolored by decay. The *ignis fatuus* or will o' the wisp has been called fox light or fox fire and decaying wood which sometimes emits a phosphorescent glow is often spoken of as fox wood.

To sham was still another meaning. "Fox's sleep" was an expression indicating a feigned but vigilant indifference to one's surroundings—in short, sleeping with one eye open as foxes and weasels are said to do. The term was used by London policemen to mean watching on the sly or shadowing a person under suspicion and by actors to mean criticizing another actor's performance.

"Fox in the Hole" was an old English game played by boys hopping on one leg and beating one another with gloves or pieces of leather. "Fox and Geese" is a more modern game sometimes played outdoors but usually indoors on a checker board. The geese can only move forward while the fox can move forward and capture the geese by jumping.

The word foxy has been used as a synonym of redhired evidently from the color of the animal. To make a fox paw or blunder is a slang phrase coming from the French expression, a *faux pas*.

Vulpecula or little fox (diminutive of *vulpes*, a fox) is one of the inconspicuous northern constellations. It is found between Aquila and Cygnus and

has one star of the fourth magnitude.

Foxbite is a term referring to artificial abrasions on the hands of schoolboys produced by vigorous rubbing over the knuckles or between the fingers. The boy who could show the most "bites" was considered by his fellows to be the bravest and best.

A terrier (from the Latin word *terra*, the earth) is a small dog that likes to dig in the ground. A fox terrier is so called from being used to unearth foxes before a hunt. A fox hound is a hunting dog trained to chase a fox.

A fox shark (*Alopias vulpes*) is a kind of shark also known as a sea fox.

A fox sparrow (*Passerella iliaca*) is one of our numerous North American sparrows and is so called from its being streaked with rusty red.

Fox grape is a wild grape vine (*Vitis labrusca* or *V. vulpina*) growing in our northern and western states and from which we have gotten through cultivation our varieties known as Isabella, Catawba and Concord.

Foxglove, a corruption of folks glove, is a well known summer flower *Digitalis purpurea*. The name has also been applied to other plants with tubular flowers suggestive of finger stalls.

Foxtail is a name given to a certain species of grass which have a brush like spike of flowers resembling this animal's tail.

Foxtrot means a slow pace like the short steps which a horse takes in changing from a walk to a trot. The name has been adopted by a modern dance.

The Family Pets

BY HOWARD FOX

For a number of years our readers have been regaled with stories of our ancestors and numerous yarns about the brilliancy of the youngest generation. They have read of the family scholars, the athletes and soldiers. It now seems high time that they should know who's who among our family pets.

FOX FAMILY NEWS

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One of the most famous of our four footed friends was Stuart's donkey, "Jeddy." The writer was one of the many boys and girls who rode behind Jeddy frequently urging him to greater speed by sticking pins in his hind quarters. In answer to a request for information about this famous member of the family Ada writes as follows:—"About Jeddy—you know the early morning song of his genus. I remember hearing one of the children speak of it as "praying." I think it was Stuart who made the remark that "Jeddy didn't smell so good when he was wet." Norman was the only successful bareback rider that Jeddy had. He used to lock his toes under the beast's body and Jed couldn't throw him. I remember picking myself up after an ignominious spill on the dusty road. But what mortification I suffered once when I was taking two college chaps for a ride in the red and yellow two seated, two wheeler cart. The pesky animal sat down in the street in front of the Post Office—and spilled us all out over his ears—Get Gertrude to tell you of Bert's version of Rob's heroic deed, when he jumped from the cart and pulled the cart, Bert and Stuart from in front of an Erie locomotive. The family legend was that Rob saved the lives of his cousins, but Gertrude says Bert pooh-poohes such a story. I wish we could locate the notice Stuart sent the Elmira Gazette when he wanted to sell Jeddy and the letter that Mark Twain wrote Stuart."

Another donkey that did not live long enough to be as famous and as tough as Jeddy was "Mabel." This was a diminutive Burro brought from the Mexican Border in 1916 by the boys of Squadron "A." She figured in the parade of

the returning troops and even got into print in our neighbors, the Metropolitan Dailies. She added to the joys of the Trowbridge family until her untimely death a few months later, due to some dietary indiscretion.

Alan had a pony named Tiny, which as an old photograph shows rather belied its name in comparison with the size of its young rider. The pony that is best known to the family is probably Billy, Alanson's cavalry mount, and hero of the Mexican campaign and various maneuvers. Billy is now retired on a pension at the respectable age of 23 years and will wear, as long as he lives, his service stripe in the form of the letters "U. S." on his shoulder.

As for the dogs, the number of those entitled to fame would be countless if the feelings of their masters were considered. As few of our readers are old enough to remember Spry, the little black and tan, Uncle George has supplied the following information about him. "Spry or Spry Coldnose as Della Clapp used to call him, is reputed to have been a wonderfully active canine, as his name would imply and was an exceptional rat killer. The cellar of the old homestead at Gang Mills furnished him a capital hunting ground. When any member of the family mentioned the word "rats" he became convulsed with excitement and strange to say, when the cellar door in the kitchen was opened, he invariably stopped for an instant, before flying down the steps and gave the door a vicious bite. Many a guest was entertained by this unique performance."

Another famous black and tan was the writer's little dog Dot, who though frail in appearance, became tough and hardened by a checkered career. During one of his occasional hot-weather fits, he was none the worse for jumping out of a second story window and being shot at by an excited citizen at close quarters. He would run through the woods or swim in the cold waters of an Adiron-

dack lake alike, with impunity, or impersonate the bull in an improvised fight. His greatest triumph probably, consisted in taking First Prize at the Ulster County Fair, even though Uncle George now maligns him in saying that he won by virtue of having no competitors.

Some of our readers may remember the two little white pugs at Morristown and may also remember Uncle Norman's habit of wiggling his feet when absorbed in reading. The dogs evidently felt that this form of energy should not go to waste and were known to stand by him for hours with their backs within suitable scratching distance of the moving foot.

Harry Russell had a French bull named Rip and another named Van. The only objection, we understand to naming a third dog Winkle was that this was the name of a neighboring family. Alice's little Trixy, Marion's dog Max and the writers pets Mc and Tom (named after Thomas of Concord) are known to many.

Of the numerous cats that have had distinct personalities should be mentioned Alice's ferocious Patsy, with whom some of us have had a bowing acquaintance. His bark or rather, his growl was however, probably worse than his bite. A few may also remember the Wait's mammoth feline named Dandy. One difficulty that some have experienced with their feline pets has been to find appropriate names for them. At the old 31st street home Helen, I believe, chose the name Romulus and Remus for a pair of kittens. In due course of time we were somewhat startled to have Romulus present us with a large and flourishing family. We were later equally embarrassed when Tobias and Professor Bickmore emulated the example of Romulus by doing the same thing.

The ducks which Kenneth raised in the backyard of the 57th street home, were doubtless a great source of pleas-



"Jeddy"

ure to him, though we understand they caused Uncle Robert some embarrassment on one occasion. An irate neighbor whose morning slumbers had perhaps been disturbed by Kenneth's pets happened to see Uncle Robert. After mentioning that he had heard something that sounded just like the quack-quack of a duck, asked our Uncle if he knew of anyone who would think of keeping ducks in the city. We have never learned just what Uncle Robert said to this neighbor. The Glen Cove Foxes also had a pair of tame ducks named Nora and Annie in honor of some faithful domestics. Whether it was Nora that flew away in the fall and Annie that we ate or vice versa cannot now be definitely stated.

We are loathe to consider cows as family pets and certainly draw the line at putting automobiles in this category. Helen and Mason however persist in giving their cars what they consider appropriate names. One car we recall was named Jenny. Walter Freeman's tame chipmunk was however a real pet and one that proved him to be quite an animal trainer.

HOWARD FOX.

BORN:—To Mr. and Mrs. Mason Trowbridge on Sept. 17, a son. He has been named James Rutherford Trowbridge, 2nd. He has the honor of having the same birthday as his great-grandfather, Norman Fox.



Vol. X

JAN. 1, 1921

No. 1

Some Early New England Foxes.

By *General Simeon M. Fox.*

A short sketch of the various Fox families of America, as per your suggestion, would be something of an undertaking, and I believe beyond the power of any one individual—I mean a conscientious statement of facts, not the imaginative and erroneous conglomerations that are heaped together by pot-boiling hack writers. There is no evidence that any attempt was ever made to fix the English ancestry of any one of the American Fox families; if it has been done it has been kept a profound secret. We have only the very meagre records picked up here and there on this side of the water to go on, and there has been no evidence brought to light to show any relationship between the several Fox groups who adventured to the new world. The New England families of Foxes, that we have record of, begin with the Thomas Fox, who in 1630 came in the Winthrop fleet as one of Governor Craddock's men; there are two later court records where his name appears and it appears quite probable that he was the later Thomas Fox, who is now generally referred to as Thomas Fox of Cambridge, to distinguish him from our Thomas Fox of Concord, who probably came over some eight or nine years later. Much pertaining to these two contemporary Thomas Foxes has already appeared in the Fox FAMILY NEWS, and we will pass them by for the present.

In the list of passengers in the Abigail in 1635 were grouped together "Jo: ffox" aged 35, and "Richard ffox" aged

15. In the record of the Court of Assistants, Massachusetts Bay Colony, Jan. 27, 1641-2, it is recorded that "John ffox hath put himselfe App'tise to James Evrell for 6 years, from this p'sent day." This is the only mention relating to these two Foxes that I have found, and whether they left posterity remains unknown. The suggestion that the Richard Fox who later appeared in Wethersfield, Conn., and left numerous descendants was descended from one of the above, is but a mere suggestion, no item of proof has been found. The Wethersfield Richard Fox, by his age at death is shown to have been born about 1640.

The Hingham records show that there was a Daniel Fox, a proprietor there in 1637, and a Daniel Fox witnessed a deed at Boston in 1648. There is nothing further obtainable relating to this Daniel Fox or his family.

Later there appear in the Boston records, beginning, as I recall, about 1670, several men who bore the Fox name: there was first a Captain Nathaniel Fox, a seaman, with wife Mary, who it is ascertained was the daughter of John (1) Rogers of Plymouth (Mayflower Descendants, Vol. 3, p. 254). The Boston tax-list of 1681 contains the names, apparently of two Thomas Foxes, and William and Nathaniel Fox. One of these Thomas Foxes had wife Elizabeth, who had: Sarah, born Nov. 15, 1683; Elizabeth, born Sept. 6, 1687, and Thomas, born July 15, 1688. A William Fox also had wife Elizabeth, and to them were born, John, July 29, 1694, and Sarah, who was born Aug. 11, 1696. Both seem to have named their eldest child Sarah, which might indicate that



The first of the season's new
books is a volume of
essays by the late
Professor J. H. P. [Name]
on the history of the
[Topic]. The book is
well illustrated and
contains many valuable
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It is a must for all
students of the subject.
The second volume is
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the subject.

they were brothers who had remembered their mother in this way. There was a Thomas Fox who married Esther Jarvis, March 21, 1690, of whom I find no further trace. A "Goody Fox" died in the almshouse May 10, 1698. I take it that the Nathaniel Fox of the 1681 tax-list, was not the Captain Nathaniel Fox who had married Mary Rogers, yet I may be in error: his estate was settled in 1704, and he left two sons, Thomas and Nathaniel. The estate of Thomas Fox was settled by his wife Elizabeth in 1692; two children, Thomas and Sarah, were mentioned in the settlement; it is evident that the daughter Elizabeth had died in infancy. The widow married George Newby of Charlestown.

It is probable that Mary (Rogers) the wife of Capt. Nathaniel Fox had died previous to 1682, as in June of that year he married Mary Stileman of New Hampshire. She was a widow early in the 1690's, and he may have been the Nathaniel Fox whose estate was settled in Boston in 1704.

This Boston group of Foxes, whether independent immigrants or the descendants of the Daniel, John or Richard, can only be a matter of conjecture; there has been no clue found to suggest either one or the other. Nicholas Fox, of Salem or Marblehead, Mass., died in 1677; he left widow Elizabeth, and minor children. Nicholas, Elizabeth and William. Later there was a William Fox of the Isle of Shoals and there was a group of Foxes in Greenland and New Market, N. H. Some genealogists have hastily given these last as descended from Thomas Fox of Concord. It is practically certain that this is not correct, they may be of the unidentified Boston group, referred to above, or direct from England, but the family of either of the early Thomas Foxes, of Concord and Cambridge, are too clearly defined to admit such a conjecture.

Henry Fooks (variously spelled) was

early of Windsor, Conn., and there were later the widow Margaret Fox; an Elizabeth Fox, said to have been daughter of the widow Margaret, who had married Edward Chapman, and a Hannah Fox, who married, Nov. 1, 1653, Thomas Loomis. Henry Fooks (or Foulks) died in September, 1640, and it is assumed that Margaret Fox was his widow.

Richard Fox was of Wethersfield and died there March 19, 1707-8, aged about 67 years. He married, about 1676, Beriah, the daughter of Richard (2) Smith, Jr. They had ten children, five sons and five daughters. The descendants of this family are very numerous.

It is quite common to see conjectures put out as to relationship between the above different Fox families, but they remain up to the present time only conjectures. However, in 1717, Benoni Fox, the son of Eliphalet (2) Fox, and the grandson of our Thomas Fox of Concord, came down from Concord and settled in Glastonbury, Conn., a close neighbor to the descendants of Richard Fox; this is given for what it is worth. The records have been pretty well searched on this side, and if further information exists it will probably have to be sought for in England. Somewhere, if we only knew where, there are records in England that would fix the ancestry of our Thomas Fox, and solve the problem as to some of these other Foxes. It is to be hoped that when the world settles down again this search will be attempted.

News From Lieut. Ivins.

(Extract from a Letter by Charles Ivins)

Camp Benning, Ga.

September 19 1920.

"Well I am here in camp safe and sound and I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoy it. There certainly was a great difference between reporting here and at West Point. When I got off the train at Columbus, there was a reconnaissance bus there waiting for mili-

The first of these is the fact that the American Medical Association has been successful in securing the passage of the Federal Food and Drug Act, which is a landmark in the history of the regulation of the food and drug trade in this country. This act is a comprehensive one, covering the entire field of food and drug regulation, and it is a very important one, as it is the first time that the Federal Government has taken such a comprehensive action in this field. The second of these is the fact that the American Medical Association has been successful in securing the passage of the Federal Food and Drug Act, which is a landmark in the history of the regulation of the food and drug trade in this country. This act is a comprehensive one, covering the entire field of food and drug regulation, and it is a very important one, as it is the first time that the Federal Government has taken such a comprehensive action in this field. The third of these is the fact that the American Medical Association has been successful in securing the passage of the Federal Food and Drug Act, which is a landmark in the history of the regulation of the food and drug trade in this country. This act is a comprehensive one, covering the entire field of food and drug regulation, and it is a very important one, as it is the first time that the Federal Government has taken such a comprehensive action in this field.

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tary people. The officer in charge of it took me up town where I had lunch and then he placed an orderly and a government automobile at my disposal. I went to Headquarters and reported and I was surprised at the informal manner in which they received me. The adjutant shook hands with me and tried to make me feel at home and I sure do feel that way.

We are living in cantonment barracks. There are six or seven of us graduates in a room, forty by seventy feet. The architecture of our quarters would not cause any rhapsodies from an artist, but we have a bed, a chair, a table and a shelf apiece, so we are fixed alright. Luxury of quarters does not worry me at all. But our hardships end with our quarters. In every other respect we are pampered to death. The food is the best I have ever seen, it has West Point and Mrs. Greel's backed off the map. It costs about \$40 a month. We are waited on by colored soldiers and these dark lads sure do take pains to see you get fed. Breakfast is between 7 and 8 o'clock and you can stay until 8.30. There is no reveille nor taps and you can go into town whenever off duty. We can have week end leaves which do not count against our month a year leave. All the officers are very courteous to us and will do anything reasonable you ask them. Until the first of October we have not got a blessed thing to do except to kill time. It's almost a shame to deadbeat on the government to such an extent.

There are about 400 saddle-horses here and all you have to do is to tell the sergeant and very shortly the mounts come galloping around to the door all saddled up. I am bunking next to Bill

Long, my old sparring partner, and among his numerous virtues Bill has a brand new National roadster which is one of the raciest-looking outfits I ever saw. Between the horses, Bill's car and bridge which I am learning to play I presume that I can while away the time till October 1st. We have colored orderlies to make our beds, shine our boots, sweep out, etc. We buy our clothes from the officer's sales depot, which is so cheap it hurts my conscience. I bought today, a pair of khaki breeches, two cotton shirts, a web belt, a hat cord and a set of insignia, which cost me \$5.20 all told.

On the reservation there is a regiment of infantry, a tank company, a squadron of airplanes, cavalry, engineer and quartermaster detachments, a labor battalion, a laundry company and a battalion of field artillery is on the way. I certainly am glad I am with the infantry. The doughboys first, last, always and forever. The only drawback to this military paradise is the fact that it's about 1,200 miles, 2 days and \$50 from Plainfield and Maplewood."

From The Archives.

This Indenture made in Chester, this 16th Day of Novm 1822 Between Jehiel Fox & Seth Duel both of Chester County of Warren & State of N York Witnesseth that the sd Fox hath Lett unto the sd Duel his Heirs & Assigns for the Term of Ten Months The House Shop & Garden as lately Occupied by Benjm H Estes together with the privilege of Water from his Acqueduct for the Consideration of Twenty one Dollars pr annum payable in advance in Shoe-making at fifty cents a pair for thick cowhide mens Shoes and others in the same proportion. The House to be put in repair by the sd Duel & at his expense and the premises to be kept at the end of the Term (viz 16 Sept 1823) Delivered up in good repair by the sd Duel in witness whereof the Parties have hereunto set their hands and seals the

Day & Year first above written.

Witness present JEHIEL FOX (Seal)
(Seal)

Family News.

Clinton is now living in Plainfield at 817 Hillside Avenue.

Alanson is acting again this year as one of the club leaders of the Boys' Club at Avenue A and 10th Street.

Dorothy Clapp was married to Mr. Willard James Skellie at Ballston Spa, on October 19th.

Kenneth preached the annual sermon before the Northern Baptist Association at the Old Cambridge Church.

Noel was re-elected to the New York State Assembly from the Seventh Assembly District. At the annual election of the New York Chapter, Military Order of the World's War, Noel was elected Treasurer.

Howard has been elected Chairman of the Section of Dermatology, New York Academy of Medicine; Honorary Member of the New England Dermatological Society and Consulting Dermatologist to the Lutheran Hospital, N. Y.

Helen and Mason gave a Thanksgiving dinner at which sixteen relatives were present, while Ada and Walter had a family gathering of nine on the same day, including Bert and Anna, who had come from Washington.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Joseph H. Stebbins, a brother of Aunt Cornelia. He died on November 30th at Alameda, Cal. We extend our sympathy as well to Mr. Lyman Hedge whose father, Hon. Thomas Hedge, died recently. It may be of interest to mention that Mr. Thomas Hedge and Judge George C. Holt were room-mates at Yale College, while their sons, Mr. Lyman Hedge and Mr. Hamilton Holt were room-mates respectively of Alanson and Howard.

Anna writes as follows of an exciting experience with a stroke of lightning, when she was recently visiting in Connecticut. "It was a tremendous commotion and struck all over my room, tore the rug badly and smashed the



table to many pieces. It came in on one side of the room and out the other, shattering the window-sill. It threw me about considerably, and gave me two bumps on the head, but I am sure I was not unconscious."

BORN.—To Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth C. MacArthur on November 4th at Cambridge, Mass., a son. He has been named Kenneth Cauldwell MacArthur, Jr.

Lines to the Descendants of Norman Fox.

I wonder if ever the Foxes,

While browsing in old Grecian lore,
Could have missed the quaint tale of
Ulysses

Marooned on a magical shore!

'Tis a legend that touches them closely
Since this wise and travel-worn king
Was likened by sorceress Circe
To Reynard, the bright crafty thing.

They might even lay claim to this monarch

As one of their very own clan,
Had not Mercury furnished a flower
That spoiled the enchantress's plan.

Now when at their family festa
They inaugurate every new year,
With the Foxes, the shade of Ulysses,
Unites in the bonds of good cheer.

Edith Bell.



Vol. X

MARCH 1, 1921

No. 2

The 17th Annual Gathering.

The Seventeenth Annual Gathering of the clan was held at noon on January 1st at the "Dinner Bell," a tea room on Madison Avenue. The festivities were preceded as usual by the business meeting which was well attended and unusually harmonious. At the end of a most excellent dinner, Uncle George, who presided as usual, announced that he would omit his customary inaugural address. While the lady at his left said she had come expressly to hear it, the lady at his right said, "Oh my I have heard it so many times!"

This gathering, he added was to be a particularly informal one giving us a chance to visit a great deal, to gossip perhaps a little, and to discuss the merits of the new babies. He said he had sometimes feared the members might lose their enthusiasm and interest in the Society, and that it might gradually "peter out." but today with the unusual number of youngsters present, all anxious to take an active part in the proceedings and with more hoping to come next year, he felt certain that the future of the Society was fully assured.

Charles was the first victim to be called upon for a speech or its equivalent. He responded with an original poem.

Telegrams and letters were then read from various members who were unable to be present, including Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Robert, Caroline, "The Ivins," Cousin Louise Wait, Hope and Noel. The President then called upon Rob to respond for himself and Nellie as win-

ners of the long-distance cup, after which Lyle was asked to speak on behalf of the ladies, but delegated this duty to her husband.

Montague Howard then obtained the floor and in his finest oratorical style, unburdened his soul of a serio-comic discourse upon the editor of the family paper. As Montague threatened to withdraw his subscription to the paper if his speech was not published in full, we are compelled to yield to his demands and publish it as follows:

"Nine years ago to-day the first issue of THE FOX FAMILY NEWS appeared. Through the kindness of Miss Ruth Kane, it has been my pleasure during this last week to consult the bound volumes of our family paper. The more I read the greater grew my admiration for the Editor.

I should like to quote many paragraphs teeming with the wit and wisdom of the associates, but shall have to confine my remarks to the laudation of one of the most distinguished of the direct descendants—Dr. Howard Fox.

In the first issue, dated Jan. 1, 1912. I noticed this statement: "Howard read a paper in June at a meeting of the American Medical Association at Los Angeles." In the 54 issues that have appeared, there is scarcely one that does not mention some Educational, Collegiate, Hospital or Dermatological honor obtained by our Editor. Recently he received the appointment of "Consulting Dermatologist to the U. S. Public Health Service, acting as consultant to several government hospitals in New York City."

Again in that first issue appeared this

THE JOURNAL OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE

The Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine is a quarterly publication which contains original research papers, clinical reports, and reviews of the literature. It is one of the leading medical journals in the world, and is read by all medical practitioners and students. The Journal is published by the Royal Society of Medicine, which was founded in 1825. The Society is a learned society of medical practitioners, and its main object is to advance the study of medicine and to promote the health of the community. The Journal is a valuable source of information for all those interested in medicine, and it is a pleasure to be able to publish the work of our members in its pages.

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item: "Howard was lately appointed First Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States Army." In the World War my cousin had the great honor of being the first in the family to enter the service. During his twenty-eight months of service, he was successively Captain, Major and Lt.-Colonel. He was Commanding Officer of troops on board the U. S. Transport *La France*, and also of Base Hospital "136" in France.

The Caduceus Post, of the American Legion, recently elected Howard to be their Commander.

In the issue of March 1, 1912, Uncle George at the Annual Banquet is quoted as saying in his ever welcome and witty address: "the names of new and beautiful associates did not appear in connection with those of Noel, Howard and Alanson."

The same situation obtains to-day. These three are still unwed. Leaving Noel and Alanson out of our present dissertation, reserving the privilege of discussing their careers at some future time, I would respectfully inquire, what is the trouble, Howard? It can not be the absence of brains, as this historical sketch will attest. It surely is not lack of means to purchase an engagement ring, because I probably would take my chances of being paid for the same. It hardly is explained by having more than the average personal magnetism and good looks, because those qualifications seem to attract the opposite sex in a peculiar degree.

Is it his name that handicaps? What could be more distinguished and enviable than the name Howard, be it one's Christian or surname! Perhaps our Editor will clear up this mystery to-day as to why he is unmarried.

In the issue of March 1, 1912, the eloquent Mason, dauntless leader of the Associates, predestined to eventually win for them their rights, is reported as say-

ing: "The business management of THE FOX FAMILY NEWS has asked me to make an announcement: In order to increase its subscription, I will give, as a premium one of Dr. Howard Fox's medical pamphlets." That is an excellent suggestion and could be pushed extensively, if it were not for our Editor's modesty. Now subscribers should make application for these pamphlets quickly, as Miss Ruth Kane informs me they will soon be out of print, or did she say not fit to print!

In an editorial of Jan. 1, 1913, the Editor remarked: "It is with a sense of gratification that we begin the second volume of the FOX FAMILY NEWS. The attempt to print a small paper even as often as six times a year was an experiment. That it has been successful would appear from the many words of encouragement and approval that have come from our subscribers. Its future success will depend not so much on the time and thought of the Editor, which will continue to be cheerfully given, as upon the hearty co-operation of every members of the family."

Dr. MacArthur, in his remarks at the annual reunion, January, 1915, after referring to Stuart's "*Bazoo*" and Kenneth's "*The Young Breeder*," said: "But the highest honors remain to be given to Howard as Editor of the FOX FAMILY NEWS. Howard is like the Children of Israel when under the task-masters of Pharaoh who required them to make bricks without straw. Howard sends out appeals for articles to which other members of the Fox family, for the most part, turn deaf ears. We still require him, however, to have a good supply of bricks on hand, whether or not he has straw. We ought all to assist in the preparation of the FOX FAMILY NEWS. Howard is a busy professional man. His work as Editor is as admirable as his spirit is commendable." Never did my beloved father utter truer words! Give.

FOX FAMILY NEWS

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oh give, I beseech you! No matter how much time it may take you to send the Editor material, you can rest assured he has to devote ten times as much trouble and time to edit the same.

In an editorial of January 1, 1917, Howard said: "We have disseminated family news as far as possible, but we consider it fully as important to print facts of genealogical and biographical interest forming a family record, which we hope may be of lasting value."

In the years to come generations will arise and call Howard blessed for editing the FOX FAMILY NEWS, wherein they will find many photographs and much genealogical matter concerning their ancestors.

If the virtues could be graded I fancy unselfishness would head the list. For almost nine years, my dear cousin and dearer friend, has devoted a good part of his time, energy and brains to the editorship of this paper. His unselfishness has been remarkable, his good nature marvelous, his enthusiasm extraordinary!

In every family there are certain customs and persons that are woven into its life and become indispensable to its happiness. Such for instance are "Johnny Smoker" and Howard Fox. Over fifty years ago Johnny Smoker was singing at the family gatherings, and over fifty years hence Howard will be seated in "The Editor's Easy Chair," in this case the Jonathan Barber Chair, with this gold pen (a gift from the Fox Society) in his hand, writing editorials for his grandchildren's information and inspiration."

At the conclusion of Montague's

harangue the editor was presented with a beautiful gold fountain pen and pencil. Having had no intimation of such a magnificent ovation, the editor arose in confusion and in a few halting words tried to express to his relatives his appreciation of their kindness. In the course of his remarks he succeeded in having one motion adopted, namely, that in future Montague should be constituted the Committee of Arrangements to get up the family dinner, as his success during the past two years had been so phenomenal. The speaker said he admired the temerity of Rob and Nellie, who had ventured to leave their quiet home among the oil fields of Oklahoma to visit such a dangerous and lawless community as New York.

As the oratorical program would have been incomplete without a word from Mason, he was called upon. After a few witty remarks (which our reporter missed) he recited an extemporaneous poem in answer to Charles. The entertainment was concluded with a recitation or "stunt" from each of the seven children present, including little Joseph Carrère Fox and George Fox Trowbridge, who were making their debut at our annual gathering. The following were present: Aunt Cornelia, Uncle George, Ada, Alice, Gertrude, Adaline, Edith, Helen, Nellie, Bertha, Rachel, Lyle, Charles, Rob, Howard, Alanson, Kenneth, Montague, Mason, Stuart, Edgar and Howard Freeman, Montague, Jr., Mason, Jr., Harriet and George Trowbridge, Marion and Harvey MacArthur and Joseph Carrère Fox, and as guests, Mrs. Sprague, Miss Cornelia Trowbridge and Miss Jane Stebbins.

H. F.

Family News.

Bertha is now teaching school at the Moravian Preparatory School in Bethlehem.

Adaline begins her twelfth consecutive year as Superintendent of the Primary Department of the Pilgrim Memorial Church at Pittsfield.

Noel has been made a member of the following committees of the Assembly for this year: the committees on Codes, Military Affairs and Soldier's Home.

"MacArthur and others were surprised by Santa Claus" is part of the headline from the *Bartlesville Daily Enterprise* of December 24, 1920. This interesting news item continues as follows: "At a meeting of the men of various departments of the Barnsdall Oil Company held in Bighart yesterday, there was a presentation by these men to their Vice-President and General Manager R. F. MacArthur of a beautiful Tiffany watch and chain bearing the inscription testifying to their esteem and affection. With this watch was given a letter signed by the men pledging their allegiance to his leadership in promoting, maintaining and enlarging the success and efficiency of the Barnsdall Oil Company. Mr. MacArthur was overcome with emotion but finally expressed his appreciation."

Lt. Charles Ivins writes from Camp Benning in regard to rifle practice of his class as follows: "Our performance today was a world's record in rifle firing. I finished fifth in the class. There were about 72 men firing. I shot expert rifleman and 31 points over that needed to make it. Saturday morning the Commanding General had us come out and line up on the parade ground while he pinned the "expert" medal on our chests, particularly elevated for the occasion. He was immensely pleased with our success and said that it was a record for future generations to shoot at. The class from West Point shot a record down here that amazed the army and this year we beat that record."

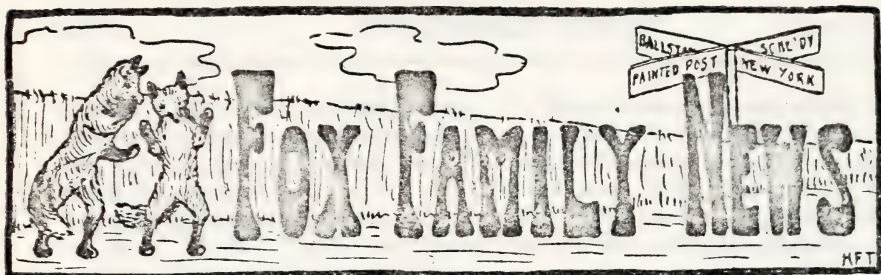


Elizabeth Carpenter Ivins

From the Archives.

This Indenture made in Chester this 16th day of Novm 1822 Between Jehiel Fox & Seth Duel both of Chester County of Warren & State of N York Witnesseth that the sd Fox hath Lett unto the sd Duel his Heirs & Assigns for the Term of ten Months The House Shop & Garden as lately Occupied by Benjm H Estes together with the privilege of Water from his Acquaduct for the Consideration of Twenty one Dollars pr annum payable in advance in Shoe-making at fifty cents a pair for thick cowhide mens Shoes and others in the same proportion. The House to be put in repair by the sd Duel & at his expense and the premises to be kept and at the end of the Term (viz 16 Sept 1823) Delivered up in good repair by the sd Duel in witness whereof the Parties have hereunto set their hands and seals the Day & Year first above written.

Witness present Jehiel Fox (seal)



Vol. X

MAY 1, 1921

No. 3

The English Origin of Thomas Fox.

BY

GENERAL SIMEON M. FOX

Sometime in the future when the world finds its equilibrium it may be presumed that some member of our Fox family will apply a certain part of his supply of worldly goods in an attempt to trace the ancestry and English habitat of our common ancestor, Thomas Fox of Concord, Mass., who adventured to these shores approximately in the year 1640. When this family benefactor undertakes this pleasurable task he must first disabuse his mind of some of the claims of exalted birth flamboyantly announced by some of his ambitious descendants. The absurdity of any such claim, when the fact is known that nothing has ever been found relating to our Thomas Fox previous to his modest coming to New England, is more than evident. Desire and imagination have carried these ambitious ones beyond the boundaries of fact—if such a condition of birth exists it has not yet been shown. Our Thomas Fox was seemingly a man of education and although "feeble and weak in body," as his will recounts, was able to sign that document with his own hand in a neat clerical manner.

As there is no mention anywhere in the Massachusetts records as to his English antecedents the facts must be sought out in England under this serious handicap, and the evidence of identity picked up somewhere in the records over there. The possible clues are very few, and I will here present one that seems worthy of investigation. However, before going

further, I want to say that great care must be taken not to confuse the two Thomas Foxes early of Massachusetts, our own Thomas Fox of Concord, and his contemporary generally known as Thomas Fox of Cambridge; close study must be made to determine to which one discovered facts belong. Although it has been often so conjectured, there is as yet no record of relationship discovered to suggest or confirm it. Such relationship, however, is not improbable. The difference between their probable ages would hardly admit of their being father and son, so cousinship would be the probable connection, if any exists. From the fact, as shown by the Cambridge church records, that Jabez, the only child of Thomas Fox of Cambridge, born about 1646, had been baptized at Concord, it would appear that Thomas, of Cambridge, had also for a period dwelt at Concord where our Thomas also made his home. Thomas of Cambridge had evidently had a first wife, the mother of Jabez, who had died later. In 1650 said Thomas Fox had married Eleanor, the widow of Percival Greene; this wife was about eight years older than Thomas Fox.

As early as 1641 our Thomas Fox of Concord had a first wife, Rebecca, but whether he married her in England or on this side remains to be determined. This marriage somewhere in the English records may be the clue that leads to identity. By this wife he had twin daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, born Sept. 18, 1642, and a son, Eliphalet, born about 1644. The wife, Rebecca, died May 11, 1647, and he married, second, Dec. 13, 1647, Hannah Brooks, the daughter of Henry Brooks, then of

Concord, later of Woburn, Mass. Thomas Fox died at Concord, April 14, 1658, and in his will, dated Jan. 25, 1647-8, he says:

"Also I appoint and constitute my loving uncle, Thomas Brooks, my loving brethren Moses Wheate and Thomas Bateman and my loving friend and neighbor Robert Fletcher, the overseers of this my last will and testament."

The word "brethren" here undoubtedly refers to kinship and not to church relationship. Thomas Bateman was a brother-in-law, his then wife being Martha, another daughter of Henry Brooks. Tamsen, the wife of Moses Wheate, was evidently not a daughter of Henry Brooks, and the relationship with Wheate came some other way; Wheate and Thomas Fox had either married sisters, or Wheate had married a sister of Thomas Fox, or Thomas Fox had married a sister of Wheate. It may be noted that Moses Wheate named a daughter Rebecca, and it seems probable that Thomas Fox's wife Rebecca was his sister.

The date of the coming over of Moses Wheate is unknown, but Joshua Wheate, his brother, then aged 17, came over in the Elizabeth in 1635. He brought a certificate of conformity from the minister of St. Saviour's, Southwark, England. In 1640 said Joshua Wheate sold his lands here to his brother, Moses Wheate, and returned to his father in England, on condition that Moses would relinquish any right to a legacy that he might have from his father. It seems probable from the above that the Wheates were from Southwark, where there was also an extensive Fox family, as shown by the Southwark records. It is here that a careful search should be made for Fox and Wheate data that might lead to identification. There were also a Fletcher family in Southwark, and Robert Fletcher, of Concord, was made one of Thomas Fox's overseers, as above shown, and he was also one of the witnesses to the will.

Moses Wheate deposed in 1660 that he was aged 45, hence born about 1615; Joshua Wheate, aged 17, in 1635, was born about 1618. The age of Thomas Fox of Concord is not definitely known, but his age probably approximated that of the Wheates. Hannah (Brooks), the second wife of Thomas Fox, married a second husband, Andrew Lester, of New London, Conn., and was a mother as late as 1665, hence born about 1620.

It is possible that a company that settled Concord, Mass., had organized in England, and possibly other Southwark men were settlers in Concord. However, the Southwark records seem to present the one actual clue and should be carefully searched for facts.

Families From Which We Are Descended.

Alsop	(6b)	Gray	(6a)
Baldwin	(2b)	Hungerford	(4a)
Ball	(5d)	Hutchinson	(7d)
Barber	(3d)	Johnson	(4c)
Beecher	(4b)	Jones	(4a)
Brinley	(7d)	Loader	(7a)
Brooks	(6a)	Loomis	(7a)
Brown	(7d)	Lord	(7d)
Bryant	(7b)	Marbury	(8d)
Burt	(7d)	Noyes	(4d)
Canfield	(5b)	Olmstead	(6a)
Chandler	(8d)	Paine	(7c)
Chesebrough	(2d)	Patten	(6c)
Coddington	(6d)	Peck	(5b)
Coggin	(6d)	Peet	(3b)
Crane	(6b)	Perry	(7c)
Cutler	(6a)	Presbury	(5c)
Davis	(5c)	Prindle	(6b)
De Hart	(3c)	Rolfe	(7c)
Denison	(6d)	Sanford	(5d)
Desborough	(7b)	Skiff	(6c)
Dutton	(5a)	Smith	(5a)
Fitch	(6a)	Stanton	(5d)
Fox	(1a)	Stevenson	(7d)
Freeman	(1c)	Thompson	(7a&d)
Gamble	(5a)	White	(8a)
Gardner	(6c)	Wiswall	(7c)
Gates	(3a)		

These are the family names of some of the American ancestors of Norman

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Fox and his wife, Jane Freeman. The number after each name shows the remoteness of the generation of the person bearing the name who is nearest to the generation of Norman Fox. For example, the name Fox is No. 1 and the name Gates 3, to show that we must go two generations farther back than Norman Fox to reach any one whose name was Gates. The ancestors of Jehiel Fox are lettered a, those of Jerusha Baldwin b, those of William Freeman c, and those of Betsy Chesebrough d.

N. B. F.

"Bloodcurdling Doings."

(A drama written by Mason Trowbridge, Jr., at the age of eight.).....

Scene 1. Russian forest. Enter sleigh filled with one woman and her three children. Wolves howling in the distance. Woman startled. Wolves come running after sleigh. They nearly jump on the sled. Woman throws youngest child out to wolves. The others scream violently. The other two are thrown out.

Scene 2. Woman in her house. Glad she got away. The farmer comes and sits down to his supper. Suddenly the farmer is startled. "Where is my children?" he says. The woman kind of pauses, weeping, and says, "I don't know."

Scene 3. Farmer following tracks of the sled. Notices the wolves tracks and the blood. Goes out and drags his wife back. Says "What's that?" and points to blood in snow. Says "I know you" and kills her with an axe.

Scene 4. The farmer in prison. Sitting on a little bench in chains. Head hanging down.

THE END.



Stuart Edgar Freeman
(Pioneer of the 5th Generation)

Family News.

Helen recently made a statuette from life, of little Jackie Coogan, the moving picture star.

Nellie's younger brother, Arthur D. Young, of Tulsa, Okla., died very suddenly on February 26th.

Montague served during the month of March, as a member of the Federal Grand Jury in New York.

Alan is Vice-Chairman of the European Relief Council and as such has had charge of raising the thirty-three million dollar children's relief fund. He is also chairman for New York State of the American Relief Administration.

BORN:—To Mr. and Mrs. John T. S. Hunn, on Easter Sunday, March 27th, a daughter. She has been named Louise Ivins Hunn.

On Genealogical Records.

By GEORGE HENRY FOX

A reform is needed in recording genealogical data. In most of our family books and in nearly all hastily copied records the more important and the less important facts are so mingled that much time is lost in finding just what is wanted. An arrangement of each separate family in a diagrammatic form with the least possible extraneous matter shows at once the names, dates and relationships which are the important facts of genealogy, just as a map gives at a glance a clearer idea of the size and shape of a state or county, than could be gained from a verbose description of its dimensions and boundaries. All minor details of importance or interest should be appended to each family record under the head of "Notes."

The most important fact of genealogy is marriage and the husband and wife should appear in capitals. Subsequent marriages should be equally prominent and followed by the children of each union. The next important fact is when and where the couple lived. The year of birth, marriage and death may appear in a second line and places of residence in a third line. The children may be given below in smaller type (without confusing numbers) and after each child the year of birth, death and marriage with name of wife or husband. Birthdays should be omitted here as they only tend to cumber and confuse the record. They can be put in the appended notes if necessary. The fact that your great grandmother was born on Feb. 22nd, or died July 4th, is of little importance since a birthday present is out of the question and it is rather late for a letter of condolence. In rare instances the birthday is very important in locating a person but it need not appear as a headline in the family records. Above the names of husband and wife it may be

advisable to put in small type the father's name, as this often serves the purpose of identification. The first American ancestor should be numbered 1 and succeeding generations indicated by V or VIII as the case may be.

As a genealogical record based on this plan let us take some imaginary descendants of John Doe.

I JOHN DOE m(1) MARY ROE
c 1650-1732 1675 —1689
of Hingham & Boston, Mass.

Children

Ebenezer 1676-1735 m1701 Betty Brown
Samuel 1677-1740 m Jerusha Jones
Patience 1679-1679
Peleg c1682- m Susannah Smith
m(2) HANNAH COE
1691 1665—
Hannah 1693- m Peter Piper

Notes:—John Doe came from England about 1670. Ebenezer b. Mar. 20, 1676, married and lived in Woburn, Mass. Mary Roe d. May 15, 1689.

VII THOMAS DOE m JANE LOW
1850-1912 1875, 1855—
of Newark, N. J.

Children

William 1876—
Kathryn 1878—m1898 Reginald Stowe

Notes:—Thomas Doe b. August 25, 1850, m. Feb. 14, 1875 in Trenton, N. J. Prés. Doe Silk Mfg. Co. William was in N. J. Legislature 1908-9.

The work of our Genealogical Societies in preserving records of those who lived two hundred years or more ago is highly commendable but more attention should be paid to present and recent generations of American families, as this is the time to secure complete and correct records.



Vol. X

JULY 1, 1921

No. 4

Avuncular Advice

By REV. DR. ROBERT S. MACARTHUR

(Extracts from an address at our 4th Annual Banquet on January 1, 1908.)

I want to suggest especially to you young people here tonight, the importance of fully appreciating your enviable eugeney. I am sure that in a circle of such brilliant linguists of classic and modern languages, including Esperanto, it is not really necessary to say that eugeney is from the Greek eu, well, and genos, race, family: and thus the word means nobleness of birth. Take for example the great grandfather of most of you, Jehiel Fox. Certainly he was a very good man, and a good man is always a great man. He was truly Apostolic in his faith, zeal and labors. He preached with warm love and holy fervor. He founded Baptist Churches which still exist and which have honored God and greatly blessed men. His name will be held in enduring honor. His son the father or grandfather, or great grandfather of many of you here. Norman Fox was fully worthy of his noble father and of the noblest of his descendants. He was a man of clear intellect, of independent thought and of resolute will. The remarks apply to him when he was a member of the Legislature of this State, as well as when he was a minister of the gospel; and they apply to him equally well when he was a business man. He was a true patriot during the dark days of the Civil War. He preached loyalty to the government and he willingly gave his brave and manly sons to the service of their coun-

try. I have often been greatly touched as I have heard references to his anxiety for his children, that they might develop noble characters and fill worthily prominent places in various walks of life. If the saints in glory know aught that is passing on earth, he must enjoy greatly increased felicity as he observes the honorable places his children have filled and now fill, among their fellow-men. These children honor his name, even as his name is part of their worthy inheritance. I cannot conceive of a much nobler heritage than that which you have received, nor of a much more enviable eugeney than that which you now enjoy.

I did not know any older member of the Fox Family better than Alanson J. Fox. He was a clear thinker and a wise adviser; he was a man of pure heart, clean hand, and truthful lip. If there was any man on this earth for whom I had unqualified admiration, that man was Alanson J. Fox. I am glad that his name is perpetuated in the name of the brilliant Toastmaster of this evening and that his daughter and son and grandsons are with us tonight. In addition to his great ability as a business man, he possessed a fund of varied knowledge in politics, history and literature. His knowledge in these departments often surpassed that of college professors and other specialists. This knowledge was always ready on call for his use. The speaker who blundered on historic facts or dates, or in giving poetic quotations, had in Uncle Alanson a ready and accurate critic. He carried into the service of his church his

great business ability and used for the kingdom of Christ all his varied knowledge and practical experience. I mourn for him very sincerely. I never come to one of these dinners but that I wish he could be with us. I wish he could have seen this Society organized and could see the representatives of the family who are gathered here tonight.

Noel and Alice have a double eugeny of remarkable and enduring honor. They have all that belongs to all of you who have inherited the commendable qualities of Jehiel and Norman Fox, and in addition they have a notable inheritance on their mother's side. In the New York World of this morning, mention was made of the fact that Garret Noel Bleecker was Comptroller of New York one hundred years ago. This Bleecker was the grandfather of Noel and Alice. Their grandmother, Mrs. Bishop, is equally as observable and commendable. I never see Mrs. Bishop but that she reminds me of Queen Victoria. Mrs. Bishop inherits excellent English blood from the Cauldwell family; and she has given additional distinction of a name already distinguished. She has had two notable husbands—Garret Noel Bleecker and Nathan Bishop, LL.D.

Norman Fox came closer to me in these recent years than even Uncle Alanson. As a thinker on historical, philosophical and theological questions, he was independent almost to the line of recklessness, in the judgment of some timid souls. He wrote articles on inspiration that were extremely radical twenty years ago; they would be as conservative now as they were radical then. I thus give Norman Fox a high place as a thinker on these important lines. No man in the entire country ever touched so clearly, analytically and philosophically certain questions of church history as did Norman Fox. In power of analysis, in incisiveness of statement and in clearness of thought, he had no

superior in these respects. He was the possessor of a wide and varied erudition which was absolutely free from even the suggestion of pedantry. It was his invariable custom when discussing controverted subjects in church history to go to the original sources, in whatever language the facts might be recorded and the arguments stated. He was an acknowledged authority on certain periods of the Greek and Latin Fathers. He recited with wonderful impressiveness and rare charmingness the sonorous Latin hymns of the early church. His voice was admirably adapted to the rich sonority of those majestic hymns. No one who heard him recite Lowell's poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," will ever forget the accuracy of his memory, the correctness of his inflection, the music of voice and the tenderness of his spirituality as he pronounced the musical and poetic words. His arguments on the scriptural character of Baptist Church polity were simply irrefragable. His addresses on baptism, or immersion as distinguished from rantism or sprinkling were delivered before a Methodist Theological Seminary and were listened to by Presbyterians, Episcopalians and still other Churchmen than Baptists with the utmost appreciation. His readiness in repartee was one of the striking characteristics of his mental celerity. All his political ideals were lofty; and his political action was independent and patriotic. His service as Mayor of Morristown, New Jersey, was marked by civic devotion, self-abnegation and patriotic enthusiasm. As Chaplain in the Army he did superb work by uniting true patriotism with a wholesome and manly type of religion.

Your Uncle Charles made a record as a soldier during the Civil War of which his wife and children, and all the members of the Fox Family may justly be proud. He fairly won and he worthily wore the highest honors for bravery in

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Editorial

For the first time in ten years, since he undertook the publication of the Fox FAMILY NEWS, the editor feels that he must ask for help. The paper is not in need of any financial aid, thanks to the generous support of the family. It is, however, sorely in need of literary contributions and of photographs or other illustrations. There is certainly abundant material for further genealogical and biographical articles to be found among some of our New England ancestors. The editor himself has neither the time nor the ability to make such genealogical researches. He must rely on others for this work. The greatest difficulty perhaps has been to induce our subscribers to furnish photographs of themselves or their children. Many such appeals have been repeatedly made in vain. The editor appreciates the flattering interest which the family have shown in the paper and is more than willing to continue its publication if the necessary aid is given.

the field and loyalty to his country's flag. He served practically during the entire war and was almost never absent from the field. In battle after battle, he grandly did his duty; he lived in the enjoyment and admiration and affection of his comrades in arms and he was buried with full and appreciative military honors. I dare not trust myself to speak in these personal allusions at greater length; but I want to leave in your thoughts tonight, this appreciation of Jehiel, of Norman, of Alanson and of the Norman Fox whom we personally



Walter Wright Fox
1878—1912

knew, and of Charles J. Fox. Imitate in your devotion to church faith, life and work, the example of your most devoted ancestors. This is a form of atavism which the best friends of the family will cordially welcome. As for those of the family who are still with us and here tonight, it is not fitting that I speak.

Permit me also to emphasize the importance of cultivating with great earnestness an appropriate esprit de corps. Stand by one another. When Howard reads an epoch-making paper on a branch of medical science go to hear and applaud his learned and eloquent sentences. When Alan delivers a Demosthenic, Ciceronian and Pittesque oration, hang with raptures on his lips. When Noel makes a great plea at the bar, give your decision in his favor. When Kenneth delivers sermons which are Pauline in Doctrine and Chrysostomic in oratory, go to hear his words. When Charles multiplies his polyglot attainments and the universities increase the number of learned degrees conferred upon him, give your enthusiastic congratulations. When Montague writes his

learned books on old silver and historic pearls, buy the books even though they are \$10.00 per volume. Even if Uncle Robert be the preacher on Thanksgiving Days and Sunday evenings, perhaps he might utter some words which you ought to hear.

Those of us who are older will grow fewer in number as the years pass. I shall soon complete my public and professional life: that fact I fully recognize. I shall feel that my life has largely been a failure if my boys do not take up the banner which falls from my hand when palsied. I want to feel, in my own particular work, that when Kenneth takes up that banner it will be with a firmer, braver and truer hand than mine and that he will tell with a sweeter voice and with a tenderer heart the story that I have tried to tell. I want to feel, also that Robert will do his duty and honor his family name in Oklahoma, or wherever he may be. I believe he will do it; I have no doubt on that point. This conviction is one element of joy in my life; no words can express my confidence in and affection for those of the younger generation. The chief inheritance I can leave my children will be the heritage that I have spoken here; and I want them to feel that if their mother and I can leave them a respected name, they shall have a truly valuable inheritance.

From the Archives

Just one month before his twenty-first birthday, the solemnity of coming of age so impressed Norman Fox that he felt it necessary to write a rhymed acrostic on his name, which in those days was a favorite form of literary effort. It is labelled "Juvenile Retrospect" and the melodious meter and rhythm plainly indicates that the writer might have become as distinguished in poetry

as in the pulpit. The reference to Xenophon may seem a little far fetched but the necessity of the case evidently demanded it.

"Chester, August 17, 1813.

Now back to childhood's blissful sportive plays

Often I view the scenes of youthful days,
Roam o'er my youth that hence far hence
is bourne

My days to trace and past enjoyments
mourn

Ah me my fleeting younger years are
gone

Never, ah never, never to return.

Farewell then youth I bid a long fare-
well

On sober manhood now I come to dwell,
Xenophon's wisdom shall my bosom
swell."

About half a century later when age and physical pain had changed the current of his thoughts he wrote the following on a page in the Family Bible.

"Painted Post, September 17, 1862.

I am this day three score and ten years
and I can truly say with one of old
Few and evil have been the days of my life.'

Norman Fox."

Family News

Gertrude writes as follows: "For over a month I have been Acting General Secretary of the Washington Y. M. C. A. It's most interesting and full of variety. We have about ten thousand members, four centres and a staff of forty secretaries, so there's lots of administrative work. Then, besides interviews with staff and members of the Board and outside public, there is co-operation with other agencies in the city and study of legislative and social questions that touch girls and women."



Vol. X

SEPTEMBER 1, 1921

No. 5

My Cousin, George Washington.

By George Henry Fox

George Washington is said to have been the "Father of his country." Since I have discovered that I am his cousin I have been trying to figure out what relation I am to his country. It makes me feel somewhat chesty to think that he who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his country-men" was the fifth cousin of my great-great-grandfather. But such is the case and so far it hasn't caused me to lose any sleep.

Between Cousin George and me there is in some respects a strong family resemblance although on careful study our portraits may be readily distinguished. No one has even mistaken me for a one cent postage stamp. We both had two parents who were highly respectable people. Our names begin alike and at an early age we were doubtless both called "Georgy." We both went to school and gradually grew up to manhood. We were both Masons of the free and accepted variety and both interested in gardening as many know who have visited Mt. Vernon and Glen Cove. Finally we were both in the Army and both lived east of the Rocky Mountains.

In contrast with this striking resemblance a few minor details in which we differ might perhaps be mentioned. While Cousin George was six feet and two inches tall and weighed two hun-

dred and fifty pounds more or less. I tip the scales in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty and am nearer five feet six. He couldn't tell a lie—if what he is reputed to have said is true. Now I could do so, I think, if I really tried very hard.

He achieved notoriety by cutting down a cherry tree. I am in favor of cutting down all wild cherry trees (with their nests of caterpillars) and in fact any old tree when it obstructs a beautiful view, but this fact, so far as I am aware, is not mentioned in any book on American History.

He entered the Army in 1775 with the rank of Commanding General. I entered at the other end in 1864 as a private in the 77th Regt. N.Y.V. When he quit he delivered a famous "Farewell Address". When I received my honorable discharge at Elmira, I modestly said nothing but simply took my pay and bought a ticket to Painted Post.

Now let me give some genealogical data which may be verified by reference to authorities,* and which may serve to remove the impression that I am merely joking about my relatives. George Washington was a direct descendant of Robert Washington of Sulgrave Manor, England. So also are the descendants of Norman Fox through the Washington, Stanton, Chesebrough and Freeman families. If the claims of certain genealogical writers be valid both George Washington and the writer are direct des-

*English Ancestry of George Washington by Henry F. Waters. 1889.
The Stanton Family by Rev. Dr. William A. Stanton. 1891.

cendants of Odin (after whom Wednesday is named) of Pepin le Vieux (founder of the Carolingian line who was born about 550 A.D.) of Mrs. William the Conqueror and of various other illustrious potentates. But this is another story and might be considered by the reader as more or less apocryphal.

Ancestors of George Washington figure in the train of William the Conqueror and in Early English History as do also my ancestors in the Stanton line. A certain Lawrence Washington (father of Robert) received a royal grant in 1538 and became Lord of Sulgrave Manor. Quite recently the Manor House was purchased for preservation on account of its historic interest. Robert's granddaughter, Katherine Washington, married Thomas Stanton, Knight of Wolverton, whose son Thomas came to Virginia in 1635 and went later to Boston, Hartford and Stonington, Ct.

The English Washingtons and Stantons were nearly all staunch royalists and consequently were not at all times in high favor. For this reason doubtless Thomas Stanton emigrated to Virginia in 1635 as did many other Cavaliers about this time. John Washington and a brother Lawrence did the same in 1657.

As John Washington's grandfather was the oldest son and Thomas Stanton's grandfather the third son of Robert Washington, the aforesaid John and Thomas were second cousins and their great grandchildren, George Washington and Nathan Chesebrough were fifth cousins. As Nathan Chesebrough was my great-great-grandfather I am George Washington's fifth cousin, four generations removed. Q. E. D.

The Line of Descent from Robert Washington is shown in the appended chart.

ROBERT WASHINGTON

m Elizabeth Light

Lawrence Washington
m Margaret Butler

Lawrence Washington
m Amphilis (Roades?)

John Washington
m Ann Pope

Lawrence Washington
m Mildred Warner

Augustine Washington
m Mary Ball

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Walter Washington
m Alice Morden

1 Katherine Washington
m Thomas Stanton

2 Thomas Stanton
m Ann Lord

3 Thomas Stanton
m Sarah Denison

4 Sarah Stanton
m Nathaniel Chesebrough

5 Nathan Chesebrough
m Bridget Noyes

Peleg Chesebrough
m Rebecca Barber

Betsy Chesebrough
m William Freeman

Jane DeHart Freeman
m Norman Fox

GEORGE HENRY FOX

FOX FAMILY NEWS

The recognized organ of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox. Published every two months. Editor, Howard Fox, 616 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription \$1.00 per year.

Family News.

The address of Howard and Lyle Freeman is 1021 Park Lane. Plainfield, New Jersey.

We are glad to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Dwight S. Wetmore (formerly Miss Mildred Satterlee) on the birth of a son, Eugene Satterlee Wetmore, on August 30th.

Charles Ivins has been assigned to duty with the 28th Regiment of the First Division at Camp Dix. During the summer he acted as instructor at the Plattsburg Training Camp.

Bertha writes as follows: "Beatrice was awarded a five dollar prize at Commencement time for an exposition on "How to play Chess." Norman is very much interested in his collection of stamps. Any one in the family who isn't already pledged to collect for some other small boy would be most heartily thanked by this one for any stamps they might send him."

Rob is on the Y. M. C. A. Executive Board, the Scout Council and Executive Committee of the Lion's Club of Bartlesville, Okla. The last named organization is similar to the Rotary Club.

The editor recently had the pleasure of again visiting George and Gertrude at their delightful home. Up to the present only two other members of the family, Noel, and Kenneth, have visited our Binghamton cousins. One of George's medical activities consists in acting as Director of the Kilmer Memorial Laboratory, a splendidly

equipped and up to date building for general laboratory and research work.

Kenneth has been elected a member of the Examining Committee of the Newton Theological Institution. He gave an address there on "The Country Church" at the Summer School. He has recently been made Chaplain of the James A. Shannon Post, American Legion, at Harvard. He took courses in poultry, French and rural sociology at the Summer School of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst in July.

Noel, we regret is not a candidate for reelection to the Assembly this fall. The Citizens Union, in its report on the various members of the legislature from New York City, described him as "Careful and independent legislator with continuous excellent record of votes." The New York State Association, which is an organization somewhat like the Citizens Union but statewide in its scope, has published its opinion of the members of the legislature and speaks of Noel as "Active in support of state reorganization amendments. One of the most active and independent members of the Assembly."

After October 1st the editorial sanctum will be located in the editor's new office at 114 East 54th street. This will be in a practically new building owned and operated by a number of doctors on the cooperative plan. This is the first medical office building in New York to be entirely owned and controlled by physicians. Howard is the Treasurer of the Corporation known as Medical Chambers, Inc. It might be added that it was Uncle George, who together with a real estate agent organized the Sydenham building, the first medical office building in New York.

Ada, in a newsy letter writes that

Edgar has been appointed Assistant Counsel for the Federal Reserve Board in Washington. Stuart, she writes, "has been making Fresno, Cal. his headquarters during the summer. At last accounts he might be sitting in Portland, Oregon or Los Angeles." Aunt Annie also appears to be somewhat of a traveller, as we hear of her recently visiting in Franklin, Albany, Ballston, Suffield and Springfield, while Louise Kershner Potter has recently taken a trip to California with her husband. Ada also writes an item of news that may have some significance, namely that both Stuart and Edgar visited Lake Bomoseen with their respective "girls." (Alanson and Noel should again take notice) Ada concludes her letter with some complimentary remarks about her youthful grandson adding that Walter and she are "dippy" over him.

Grand Word Contest, Open to all Readers of the Fox Family News.

First prize:—One free subscription to our papers.

Second prize:—Glory and editorial thanks.

The Fox family has acquired a reputation for being good in various kinds of games. Here is a chance to show your skill. How many English words can be made from the thirteen letters in "Fox Family News" without using any letter twice except F (which occurs twice).

Rules:—

1. Proper names (such as are



*Hope Ivins Hunn and her daughter
Louise.*

spelled with a capital) are barred.

2. Plurals and inflections are allowed.
3. A contestant may consult with members of the household but with no others.
4. The dictionary may be used to determine the existence of a word but must not be used for the purpose of finding words. Reliance will be placed upon the honor of each contestant.

A list of words, preferably type-written, must be sent to the editor on or before October 31st and the result with list of winners words will be announced in our November number. The editor will appoint three capable judges (outside of the family) who will revise each list if necessary and award the prizes.



Map of the United States showing the location of the American Medical Association's headquarters in Chicago, Ill.

The American Medical Association is a non-profit organization that represents the interests of physicians and the public. It was founded in 1847 and has since grown into one of the largest and most influential medical organizations in the world.

The Association's primary purpose is to advance the science and art of medicine, to promote the highest standards of medical education and practice, and to protect the public health. It accomplishes these goals through a variety of activities, including the publication of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the sponsorship of medical research, and the provision of medical services to the community.

The Association is also committed to the advancement of the medical profession. It provides its members with a wide range of educational and professional opportunities, including the opportunity to participate in the Association's annual convention, to attend its various seminars and workshops, and to receive its many publications.

In addition, the Association is actively involved in the development of medical legislation and the regulation of the medical profession. It works closely with government agencies and other medical organizations to ensure that the medical profession is held to the highest standards of ethical and professional conduct.

Through its many efforts, the American Medical Association has played a vital role in the advancement of medicine and the protection of the public health. It continues to be committed to these goals and to the service of the medical profession and the community.

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The American Medical Association's Role in the Development of Medical Legislation

The American Medical Association has played a significant role in the development of medical legislation in the United States. It has been instrumental in the passage of many laws that have shaped the medical profession and the delivery of medical care.

One of the most important pieces of legislation that the Association has helped to pass is the Medical Practice Act. This law, which was passed in 1910, established the medical board as the primary regulatory body for the medical profession. It also set standards for medical education and practice, and provided for the revocation of medical licenses for unethical or incompetent behavior.

The Association has also been instrumental in the passage of the Medical Education Act. This law, which was passed in 1913, established the American Medical Association as the primary accrediting body for medical schools. It set standards for medical education, and provided for the accreditation of medical schools that met these standards.

In addition, the Association has been instrumental in the passage of the Medical Research Act. This law, which was passed in 1915, established the National Research Service of Medicine. It provided for the funding of medical research, and established the National Research Council of Medicine as the primary body for the coordination of medical research.

Through its many efforts, the American Medical Association has played a vital role in the development of medical legislation in the United States. It continues to be committed to these goals and to the service of the medical profession and the community.



Vol. X

NOVEMBER 1, 1921

No. 6

A Memorable Birthday Party.

On October 8th, Uncle George celebrated his 75th birthday at Glen Cove. In spite of inclement weather twenty-five relatives and friends assembled to wish the President of the Family Society many happy returns of the day. At the conclusion of a buffet luncheon, Alanson, acting as master of ceremonies, called upon some of the members present for a few remarks. Montague in his finest oratorical style was the first to respond. He said:

"Some years ago, when I knew more than at present, and was ambitious to add to my knowledge, especially Nature study. I foolishly had the idea that by reading a few books and doing a little investigation. I could get to that point where I would know about one tenth what Uncle George knew; or at least understand what he was talking about.

It was he who first put the thought into my head that it would be interesting and quite impressive to possess some knowledge of astronomy. I remember him quoting verses from Job, I think it was where he speaks of Arcturus and Orion. That impressed me very much, as well as the glib manner in which he referred to the revolutions of the various planets. Thenceforth the observation of the stars had a constant source of delight and inspiration for me. In my astronomical studies, I learned that in the year 1846 the planet Neptune was born; I say in a figurative sense, because as far as we mortals are concerned this planet was unknown until that year. When astronomers in that most important year 1846, by means of the tele-

scope, viewed with amazement the light of Neptune, George Henry Fox saw the light of day.

There are many stars in the Fox family circle and one star differeth from another star in glory, although all are of the first magnitude; but planets are as few as in the firmament above, where there are millions and millions of stars and only eight planets.

Uncle George is a planet, unlike Neptune, in that it does not take a telescope to appreciate him, similar because he is big, grand and brilliant. He shone as a child, compelled attention as a youth, and when a man, became famous gracefully and easily. His luminosity is so effulgent that neither time nor age can ever dim its glimmering, glistening gleam.

Dr. George Fox, I would much prefer to say Dear Uncle George, I salute your attractive personality, I bow to your planet like mind, I reverently serenade your noble soul."

Mr. Charles Sumner Miller then read a poem entitled "At 75," after which Judge Robert Luce spoke as follows:

"To one portion of Captain Fox's introduction I take vigorous exception: I had esteemed myself more than a 'friend' of the family, and had flattered myself with the pleasing thought that I am a member of the family. On that assumption I am here today.

Dr. Fox confided to me that last Thursday he had worked with a pick, shovel, hoe, spading fork and rake from 8 A. M. until 6 P. M., had not loafed on the job, had rendered a day's work, and yesterday morning had arisen feel-

ing fine. No wonder. He was then only seventy-four.

It is not usually safe to differ with Doctors, particularly upon an essential theory he has propounded, but for once I am going to be a presumptuous youth and add one more explanation for his wonderful health. He is indeed a fortunate man, for he has continued to be the contemporary, chum and companion of his children, and now he is beginning all over again with his grandchildren. No man need grow old who chooses his juniors for his associates.

And now, Doctor Fox, please accept our congratulations upon your seventy-five happy and useful years, and may each recurring anniversary find you as well and happy as today, and may these anniversaries continue as long as health and faculties permit you to enjoy them."

Dr. Edward B. Bronson, a life-long friend of Uncle George, was then called upon and said:

"Had I known I should have to make a speech I fear my eagerness to be here would have suffered a chill. Yet I am very glad I came and to have heard all the good things you have been saying about my good friend Dr. Fox on this happy anniversary. Your congratulations and encomiums I would endorse with eloquent words, had I only this gift.

I read recently a delightful book, "The Americanization of Bok." Long before Bok retired from journalism he had made up his mind to do so when he was fifty years old. Then he would enter on what he called the "golden age of life." It is on our friend's entrance to that golden age that I want especially to congratulate him. Entrance to this age requires something more than years. The candidate must be qualified by versatility, by diversity of interests and tastes that cannot be satisfied in the rigid harness of a profession or fixed vocation. Such adaptation Dr. Fox has in notable degree, embracing as it does music, the propagation of plants together with a

long category of pursuits from gardening to genealogy. I congratulate him not only on his many successes and achievements, but also on his golden age and as an old and well tried friend, I love him. God bless him!"

Mr. Frederick E. Willits then concluded the speechmaking and said as follows:

"Our esteemed friend, kind and genial neighbor: We are glad to be with you this afternoon to join with other friends and relatives in commemorating this your seventy-fifth birthday. It seems to me that I have a decided advantage over those who have already expressed their good wishes from the fact that they are your relatives, who would naturally expect to be invited to be present and would also be expected to say only pleasant words about you, while I as a neighbor am justified in thinking that the invitation to Mrs. Willits and myself is based solely upon friendship. As a neighbor I am more free to express honest opinions than are those who are dependent upon your good graces for laudatory references in the Fox Genealogy. Much tribute has been paid to your great ability and learning as a physician. It has occurred to me that possibly as a dermatologist your great learning may be somewhat superficial and at the best only "skin deep."

"Some weeks ago it was my privilege to read your profound treatise upon the 'Derivation of some Common Words,' and the way you dug up Greek roots and discoursed upon their meaning is only exceeded by the vigor with which you pull up the roots of the Rhus Radicans and grow eloquent over the beauties of Foxglow Lake. The preeminence of your abilities have been so fully recognized and commented upon this afternoon that it may seem somewhat rash for me to question that preeminence, but like your cousin, George Washington, I must tell the truth, and the truth is that your preeminence as "last trick" champion is



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seriously questioned by the Dicksons, Mrs. Willits and myself. It is an open question.

Dr. Fox, we are glad to be here, we are glad to be your neighbors, we are glad to be counted among your friends."

The toastmaster then decided to let "George do it" and called upon the comparatively youthful looking gentleman of 75 for a response to the greetings of his friends. Uncle George, standing as straight as when he was a soldier in the Civil War, spoke as follows:

"My dear friends (whether kindred by blood, kindred by marriage or kindred in spirit): I have no speech to make befitting this occasion. At my age and with the varied experiences of seventy-five years of active life, I might perhaps have tried to rival Cicero by giving you a dissertation on old age. Cicero, however, wasn't really in my class, for he died when twelve years younger than I am.

I am ready to plead guilty to the charge of being an old man. My only defense is that I still feel young and frisky. We often hear of the infirmities of age. I rejoice to say that I am now more free from aches and pains than perhaps at any period of my life and am inclined to regard such as the infirmities of infancy and youth. I must admit that I cannot run as fast, jump as high or walk as far as I could a few years ago, but I hope that all of you will feel as young and as well as I do when you come to celebrate your seventy-fifth birthday.

And now let me thank you most heartily and most sincerely for the kind interest you have shown in coming here today. Would that I could find words to express my full appreciation of this and

the feelings of affection and friendship that lie deep in my heart. I can only say, using the delightful Friendly language, 'I thank thee,' and add like Rip Van Winkle 'Here's to you and your families and may they all live long and prosper.' God bless you!"

Many letters of congratulation were received from old friends who were unable to be present.

Mr. Bainbridge Colby wrote:

"It is wonderful to have had so many happy years of youthful living as has been your portion, and I sincerely hope you have many more in store for you. How many associations of my own and of those who are near and dear to me cluster around the name of Fox and the members of your family! We are almost kith and kin and your birthday anniversary is one of peculiar interest to me."

Among the many others who wrote were Mr. Datus Smith, Mr. Herbert Bridgman, Judge Henry E. Gildersleeve and Dr. Newton M. Shaffer. Mason Trowbridge, who was unable to be present, wrote:

"If my pick of fathers-in-law had not been determined of necessity by choice of a wife, I should not wish to have picked any other. I am sorry not to join in the celebration. Next time I'll be there."

The following relatives and friends were present: Aunt Cornelia, Aunt Annie, Cousin Louise Ivins, Cousin Marie Wait, Adaline, Helen, Charles, Montague, Noel, Harry, Howard and Alanson, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Willits, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. C. Tappan, Mrs. John W. Gammack, Dr. Edward B. Bronson, Judge Robert L. Luce, Mrs. M. R. Dickson and Miss Dickson.

"Auntie" Powers.

By Helen Fox Trowbridge

It always comes as a surprise to me that my family looks blank at references to Auntie Powers. She looms up on the

horizon of my childhood as a figure of antiquity in much the same class as Noah. I suppose that at that time she would have been in the prime of life had it not been for her delicate health, but she was the only older person with whom I was in intimate contact as a baby and she impressed me as being almost prehistoric. Her interests must really have been quite young when she took Alanson to the dog show as a very little boy and they became so interested that they stayed there all day.

My mother felt keenly her children's lack of a grandmother and Auntie Power's long visits on her trips back and forth from Florida did much to supply the want. She taught me to read and to recite the multiplication tables (though with no credit to her training in the latter branch). She also labored fruitlessly to make my hair curl over a long black stick. The portrait of her little daughter, Helen, now at 58th Street, shows more fortunate results. Mother was also always delighted to have Auntie Powers as a guest in the house in recognition of her many kindnesses to father and Aunt Libby when they were motherless children.

No objet d'art in a museum will ever impress me as being so desirable or of such artistic merit as did a little flexible gold fish which hung from Auntie Power's watch chain. It became as inseparable from her personality as her curls, shawl and knitting. I have a white, knitted bed spread, made of intricate squares, which she made for me over a course of several years and when she finished it she said: "Now you must be careful of this when you grow up," with the result that I keep it in the trunk with my wedding dress. It became an heirloom on the spot.

Toward the end of her life, Auntie Powers became very feeble and was bedridden much of the time. Our faithful Mary Kelly was very fond of her and would step into her room at every opportunity to adjust a window shade or



"Auntie Powers" (Mrs. Helen Fox Powers) and Helen Fox (Trowbridge.)

hand her a drink. Auntie kept a little box by her side and she would always open it and say, "Here, Mary, is a quarter for pin money." Mary would thank her with real gratitude and replace the quarter by sleight of hand. It would keep up day after day. Auntie's slightly clouded mind happy under the sense of being under no obligation.

Word Contest Won by Anna M. Fox.

With a total of 480 words, Anna was declared the winner of our grand word contest by Dr. and Mrs. Reese Satterlee who kindly acted as judges. Uncle George was second with 435 words, and Mr. S. Coleman third with 426 words. Several contestants, including Ethel and Anna, seemed a little apprehensive about allowing Kenneth to compete, owing to his elastic method of simplified spelling. Their fears were, however, groundless, as he did not enter the contest.

BORN.—To Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Fox Ivins, a son, on October 11th. He has been named Clinton Fox Ivins, Jr.

FOX FAMILY NEWS

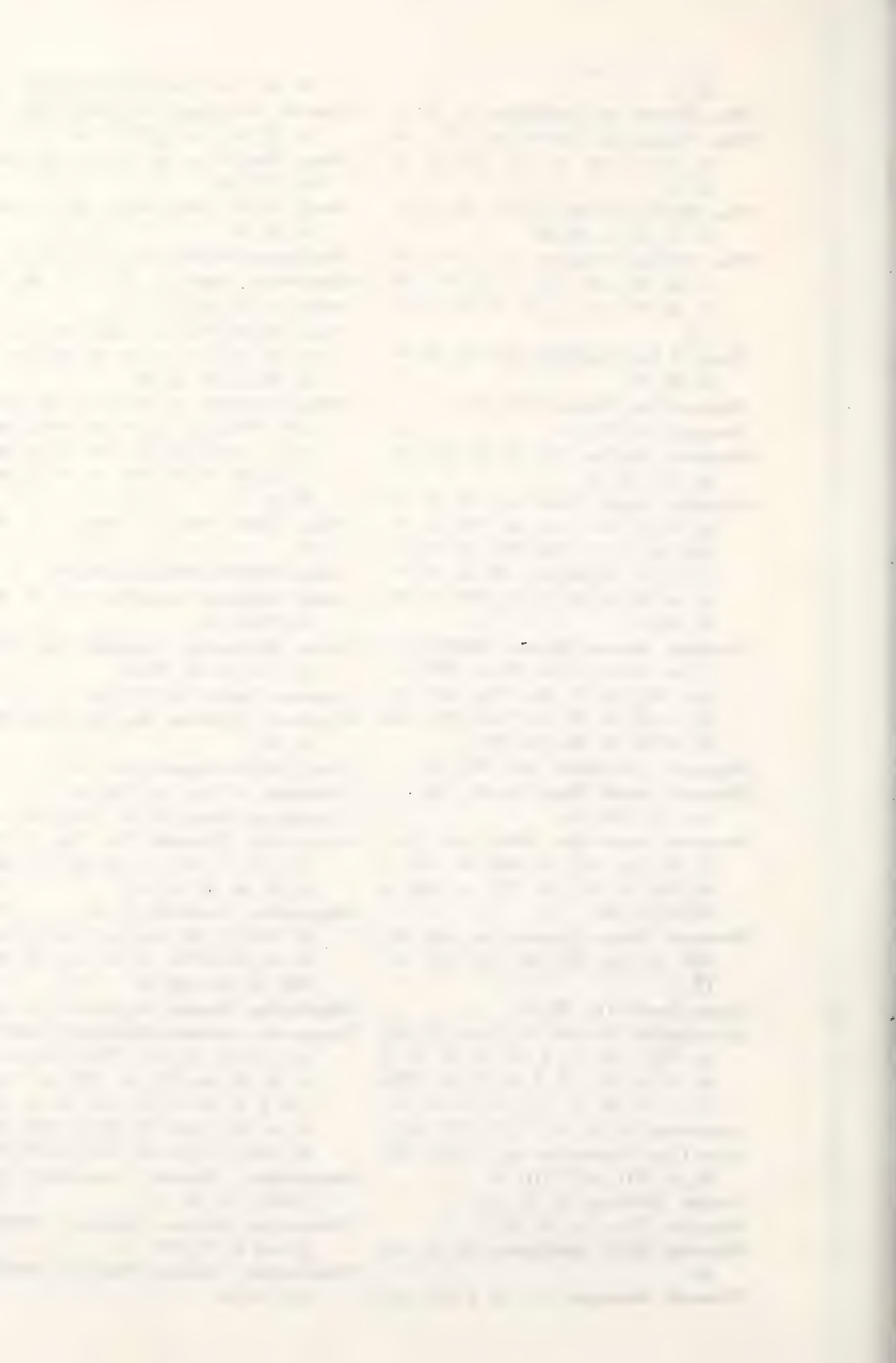
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The editorials and family notes in the News are written from the viewpoint of the grandchildren of Norman Fox, who was born in 1792. So his son or daughter is called uncle or aunt. In this index all members of the family are indexed under their last names and women under their married names regardless of how the names may appear in the original articles. Stars indicate the names of Norman and Jane Freeman Fox, their ancestors and descendants, and the husbands, wives and adopted children of their descendants. (a) indicates the author of an article, speech or letter, (p) the person or thing shown in a picture and (s) the subject of an article or paragraph on the page mentioned. Where two members of the family have the same first name the date of birth is given to aid identification.

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- *Fox, George Henry (1882), (p), V, 8; (s), II, 4, 20; IV, 30; V, 6, 16, 24; VII, 4, 20; IX, 3; X, 19.
- *Fox, Gertrude Olcott (a), VII, 20; (s), V, 6.
- *Fox, Hannah Brooks (s), V, 10; VII, 8, 11, 15.
- *Fox, Harriet Gibbs (1848), (p), IV, 17, 18; (s), IV, 16, 17; VI, 15.
- *Fox, Herbert Wright (1873), (a), III, 24; (s), I, 3, 4; VI, 20, 23; VII, 16; VIII, 16; IX, 3.
- Fox House at Ballston Spa (p), III, 20.
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- *Fox, Howard (1873), (a), I, 3, 18; II, 5, 9, 27; III, 5, 25; IV, 5; V, 6; VI, 5; VII, 5; VIII, 9, 17, 24; IX, 22; X, 5; (p), III, 26; VII, 12; VIII, 4; (s), I, 4; II, 12; IV, 22, 26; VI, 12, 16, 19, 23; VIII, 8, 20; IX, 1, 8, 12; X, 4, 19.
- *Fox, Isaac (s), IV, 23; V, 13.
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- *Fox, Jane Freeman (s), I, 9.
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- *Fox, Jehiel (a), I, 23; (s), II, 13; IV, 26; V, 5; IX, 15, 20; X, 3, 8.
- *Fox, Joseph Carrère (1916), (p), VI, 23; (s), V, 12.
- *Fox, Louise Wright (p), V, 8; (s), I, 12, 16, 20.
- Fox, Maria Ann Chapman (s), I, 10.
- Fox, Maria Chesebrough (1788), (p.), IV, 26; (s), V, 20.
- *Fox, Marion McCornac (1908), (a), VIII, 15; (p), II, 19.
- *Fox, Marvin Olcott (p), VII, 8; (s), VII, 4.
- *Fox, May Mitchell (s), IV, 30.
- *Fox, Noel Bleeker (a), II, 25; III, 17; IV, 2; V, 5, 27; VI, 7; VII, 14; VIII, 21; X, 10; (p), III, 26; V, 28, 32; VIII, 24; (s), I, 4, 23; IV, 4, 26; V, 8, 16; VI, 4, 16, 19; VII, 24; VIII, 8; IX, 1, 4, 19; X, 4, 19.
- *Fox, Norman (1792), (a), I, 12; IV, 1; V, 1; IX, 15; (p), I, 2; V, 4; (s), I, 1, 4, 12, 24; II, 1, 3; III, 13, 17; VII, 1; IX, 5, 9; X, 16.
- *Fox, Norman (1836), (a), II, 1, 13, 19; III, 13; IV, 19; (p), I, 18; V, 12, 24; (s), I, 17; IX, 20.
- *Fox, Norman (1912), (a), II, 7; (s), I, 12, 16, 20.
- *Fox, Norman Wright (1866), (a), VI, 16; VII, 19; (p), V, 8; (s), II, 4; III, 16; IV, 30; VII, 12; IX, 3, 19.
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- *Fox, Walter Wright (1878), (p), V, 8; X, 15; (s), I, 19, 20.
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